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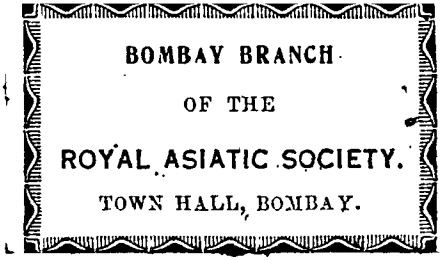

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FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE.

VOL. II.

FIFTY YEARS

OF

MY LIFE.

BY

GEORGE THOMAS, EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

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FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

I get my Commission.—Lansdowne House.—Am ordered to join my Regiment in Flanders.—Sir Colin Campbell.—Sir Guy Campbell.—Sir Neil Campbell.—Ostend.—My first day's March.—Join my Regiment.—My Commanding Officer.—The Fourteenth to the FRONT.—Our Brigade.—Sir Henry Ellis.—Our Cantonment.—Grammont Races.—We receive the "Route."—Waterloo.—Letter from Captain Turnor regarding the battle.

[1815.] IT was not without some trepidation that same afternoon that I knocked at the door of my father's house in Brook Street. The first person I saw there was my eldest brother, Bury, who had served in the Peninsula with the Foot Guards. He began quizzing me on my late adventure. I jokingly shook my fist at him. "What!" said he, "would you dare to raise your hand against your superior officer?" This was the first hint I received that the army was to be my profession.

CHAP. I.

Breaking bounds.

Just at the time that a Westminster boy, impatient of confinement within the narrow little back-yard of Mother Grant's boarding-house, was scaling the wall into College Street for the enjoyment of a freer range of his limbs, a truant on a much larger scale was also engaged in breaking the bounds which his masters had assigned him. On the 1st of March Napoleon Buonaparte landed from Elba on the coast of France. The first news of his escape was received by the Congress of the Allied Sovereigns with shouts of laughter. In England, too, the event was treated with a like contemptuous indifference. Beyond sending some troops into Belgium, no immediate action was taken by the Government. The earliest allusion in Parliament to the landing of Napoleon was made on the 7th of April. Wellington was in Vienna, and remained there the whole month of March. My father's opposite neighbour in Brook Street, Lord Uxbridge, fated a few weeks later to play no mean *rôle* in the European drama, was quelling Corn Law riots, or chaperoning his handsome daughters to London assemblies. The *Moniteur* was holding up to execration the "cowardly hero of Fontainebleau." Soult was calling upon the French troops "to rally round the spotless lilied banner at the voice of the father of his people," and Marshal Ney, the "bravest of the brave," was setting out to take

command of the army to stop the progress of the invader. CHAP. I.

The consequence of all these circumstances was that on the day that I quitted Westminster School, the British public were in a fool's paradise, and looked upon the progress of the Corsican adventurer as a matter in which they could have no possible concern.

Yet on that same Saturday evening the 20th of March, Napoleon, once more Emperor of the French, entered Paris, and was borne aloft amidst loud acclamation on the shoulders of his troops into the Palace of the Tuileries, from which Louis XVIII. had taken his departure a few hours before. *Napoleon at Paris.*

The news of this great event did not reach England till the beginning of the next week. It then became known that the most ardent of the supporters of the restored Emperor was the same Marshal Ney who had promised Louis XVIII. that he would bring back the usurper alive in an iron cage.

Thinking over those eventful times, I am reminded of an epigram of which, as I have been unable to find it in the broadsheets of the period, I must ask the reader to be content with my version:

> "When Boney broke loose, Ney swore to his King
> That, living or dead, he that traitor would bring.
> To be true to his oath, and to make his words sure,
> He brought him alive, crying, 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

CHAP. I.

I get my Commission.

My father had been given to understand that my name would appear in the Gazette of that same Saturday evening, but the Prince Regent, happening at that time to be in one of his most self-indulgent moods, could not be induced to spare a few moments from his pleasures to affix the sign-manual to the commissions of officers destined for the seat of war. It was not till five weeks after Napoleon had landed in France that a London Gazette appeared containing a batch of military appointments. In that Gazette was my name as Ensign in the Fourteenth regiment of Foot.

Lansdowne House.

Holding now a King's commission, I looked upon myself as a man, and was what young ladies would call "out." My first gaiety was a grand *réunion* at Lansdowne House. A less gay evening I have seldom spent. I still wanted two months of sixteen, and my fair complexion made me look still younger. In my excessive bashfulness, I thought that every one, whose eye I met, was speculating upon what business a mere schoolboy could have in such an assembly. To complete my confusion, I encountered my mother, who, still young and handsome, did not care to see a second grown-up son in society. "What, George!" she exclaimed; "who would have thought of seeing you here? There, run away, you'll find plenty of cakes and tea in the next room." I did run away, but not into the

tea-room; and some years elapsed before I again dared to put in an appearance at a London "at Home." CHAP. I.

On His Majesty's Service.

It was a salve to my wounded vanity to receive shortly after an official communication "On His Majesty's Service," ordering me forthwith to proceed to Flanders to join the third battalion of my regiment.

In obedience to the order, I, on the 27th of April, took my seat on the box of a stage coach which in due time set me down at the principal inn at Ramsgate.

Ramsgate.

The town was swarming with military destined, like myself, to the seat of war. Observing the respect shown by the men to commissioned officers, I donned my uniform and sauntered forth to come in for a share of the compliments due to my rank. There was no lack of salutes, but the irrepressible smile that accompanied them soon drove me back to my inn. To indemnify myself for my mortification, I ordered a dinner, the price of which would have enabled me to fare sumptuously for a week on the other side of the water. A kind friend in London had recommended me to the especial care of Colonel Sir Colin Campbell.[1] The Colonel

Sir Colin Campbell.

[1] Colonel Sir Colin Campbell, K.C.B., received the cross and six clasps for Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes de Oñoro, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, and Toulouse. To these decorations was to be added Waterloo.

CHAP. I. was chief of the personal staff of the Duke of Wellington, with the title of "Commandant at Head-Quarters." He was now about to proceed to Brussels to prepare for the reception of the Field-Marshal.

I had just finished dinner when Sir Colin arrived post from London, called for me at the inn, and took me with him on board a small cutter called the "Duke of Wellington" packet. The moment we reached the deck, the vessel weighed and sailed, and landed us at Ostend at daylight the following morning.

Sir Neil Campbell.

At the moment of setting foot on shore I found myself in company with three officers—all three Colonels, Knights, and Campbells—Sir Colin, Sir Guy, and Sir Neil. This last was a man of some celebrity, as having been one of the last Englishmen who had had speech of Napoleon before his escape. The year preceding, Sir Neil was appointed British Commissioner at Elba, and was directed to remain on the island till further orders, in case Napoleon should consider the presence of a British officer as of use to protect him from insult or attack. At first the Emperor admitted him freely to his presence, but latterly discouraged his visits. It was during Colonel Campbell's absence from Elba, between the 17th and 28th of February, that Napoleon took flight, and Campbell was popularly, but improperly,

pointed out as "the man who let Boney go." I remember hearing my father mention many of the criticisms which Napoleon made to Sir Neil upon some of our Generals — Lords Anglesey and Lynedoch among others. Respecting the great Captain, with whom he was about to come into conflict for the first and last time, he said, "Wellington is a good General, but he is too prodigal of his men." Campbell's countenance expressed surprise. "You think this strange as coming from me; I mean that he sends Englishmen on expeditions involving a great sacrifice of life, when Spaniards or Portuguese would answer his purpose just as well."

Depositing me at an inn, Sir Colin told me to be ready to start with him for Brussels at two in the afternoon.

After breakfast, as in duty bound, I reported myself to the Commandant, Colonel Lord Greenock, afterwards Assistant Quartermaster-General to one of the divisions at Waterloo. Lord Greenock told me that an Ensign of my regiment was on his way to join, and advised me to accompany him. If I had had a grain of worldly wisdom I should have stuck close to the skirts of the Commandant at head-quarters, but freedom of action was the ruling passion of the moment, and this I thought I should not obtain in the company of one so

CHAP. I. much my senior as Sir Colin, so I said nothing to Lord Greenock of my engagement to the Colonel, and cast in my lot with the Ensign.

Hiring a horse and cart for our baggage, Ensign —— and I set out on foot from Ostend. I had not proceeded far when I discovered that I had made a bad choice of a travelling companion. My brother Ensign was some two years older than myself, and a few weeks my senior in the regiment. He availed himself of this latter advantage to "come the commanding officer over me," and ordered me about as if I had been his fag. At Bruges I fell in with my cousin and school-fellow, Captain Frederick Keppel, of the Third Guards, who was returning to England with a detachment of invalided men. My kinsman was highly amused at my account of the young Martinet, whom he advised me to leave in the lurch. I did so then and there. We cousins passed a very pleasant evening together, and thus ended my first day's march.

The next night I slept at Ghent, then the residence of the ex-King of France. I here learnt that I should find my regiment at Acren, which place I reached the following day. Acren is a village on the left bank of the Dender, about two miles from Grammont, now a station on the Quievrain and Ghent Railway.

CHAP. I.

The third Battalion of the 14th Foot, which I now joined, was one which in ordinary times would not have been considered fit to be sent on foreign service at all, much less against an enemy in the field. Fourteen of the officers and three hundred of the men were under twenty years of age. These last, consisting principally of Buckinghamshire lads fresh from the plough, were called at home "the Bucks," but their *un*-buckish appearance procured for them the appellation of the "Peasants."

Our Colonel, Lieut.-General Sir Harry Calvert, bore the same name as a celebrated brewer, and as the Fourteenth was one of the few Regiments in the service with three Battalions, we obtained the additional nickname of "Calvert's Entire."

Colonel Tidy.

In my commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel Francis Skelly Tidy, I found a good-looking man, above the middle height, of soldier-like appearance, of a spare but athletic figure, of elastic step, and of frank, cheerful, and agreeable manners. He had been present at the reduction of all the French Islands in the West Indies, had served under Baird and Wellesley in Spain, in 1808, and in the Walcheren expedition the following year. When I reported myself, Tidy was in high spirits at having procured for his regiment a prospective share in the honours of the forthcoming campaign. The

CHAP. I. Battalion had been drawn up in the Square at Brussels the day before, to be inspected by an old General of the name of Mackenzie, who no sooner set eyes on the corps than he called out, "Well, I never saw such a set of boys, both officers and men." This was of a piece with my mother's speech to me at Lansdowne House. Tidy asked the General to modify the expression—"I called you boys," said the veteran, "and so you are, but I should have added, I never saw so *fine* a set of boys, both officers and men." Still the General could not reconcile it to his conscience to declare the raw striplings fit for active service, and ordered the Colonel to march them off the ground, and to join a brigade then about to proceed to garrison Antwerp. Tidy would not budge a step. Lord Hill happening to pass by, our Colonel called out, "My lord, were you satisfied with the behaviour of the Fourteenth at Corunna?" "Of course I was; but why ask the question?" "Because I am sure your lordship will save this fine regiment from the disgrace of garrison duty." Lord Hill went to the Duke, who had arrived that same day at Brussels, and brought him to the window. The regiment was afterwards inspected by his Grace and their sentence reversed. In the meanwhile a priggish staff officer, who knew nothing of the countermand, said to Tidy in

mincing tones. "Sir, your brigade is waiting for you. Be pleased to march off your men." "Ay, ay, sir," was the rough reply, and, with a look of defiance, my Colonel gave the significant word of command, "Fourteenth, TO THE FRONT! Quick march."

From henceforth our Regiment formed part of Lord Hill's corps.

Desperate were now my struggles to extricate myself from leading strings. My youthful appearance caused the Colonel to appoint me to the company of the oldest and steadiest officer in the regiment, Captain (afterwards General) William Turnor, who took great care of me—much too great, according to my then mode of thinking—made an inventory of my "kit," sent my clothes to the wash, and even superintended the darning of my stockings. All these acts of real kindness were repaid with ingratitude by me, and obtained for him in the regiment the nickname of "Keppel's dry nurse."

For four days in a week, from daylight to nine in the morning we were generally engaged in regimental drill. The other two days were devoted to exercise in Brigade movements.

Our Brigade.

Our Brigade, under the command of Brigadier Mitchell, was composed of the 14th, 23rd, and 51st regiments. The commanding officers of these corps had all been actively engaged against the

CHAP. I. enemy in various parts of the world. The most distinguished of them was Sir Henry Walton Ellis, K.C.B., Lieut.-Colonel of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers. For half his life his arms had used,

"Their dearest action in the tented field."

He had served in Holland, Egypt, America, the West Indies, Spain, Portugal, and France. He was wounded at the passage of the Helder, at Aboukir, at Badajoz, at Salamanca, at the Pyrenees, at Orthes—and at Waterloo a shot from a carbine put an end to his glorious career. Although frequently in the habit of seeing Sir Henry, I was not personally acquainted with him, but I used to hear much of him from his nephew, a volunteer in his regiment. He was a light-hearted man, of an affectionate disposition, and much loved by officers and men. He lies buried at Braine l'Alleud, within a few hundred yards of the spot where he fell. At the time of his death he was only thirty-three, and very young-looking for his age.

Acren. Time hung somewhat heavily on the hands of us officers in the Acren cantonment: a swim across the Dender, or a stroll into Grammont, where we made acquaintances with the 23rd, 51st, and 52nd regiments, formed our principal recreations.

Our men were more agreeably and usefully employed: they were quite at home with the "Peasants," upon whom they were billeted, and clubbed their rations of bread, meat, and *schnapps*, with the vegetables, cheese, butter, and beer of their hosts. Whenever not on duty they were to be seen assisting the *Boers* and *Boerrinen* in their various labours. Before they left the cantonment, they had weeded the flax and the corn, and the potato crop of that year was entirely of their planting.

My Birthday.

Races on a grand scale came off at Grammont on the 13th of June. There was a strong muster of men of all ranks and of all arms. On that day, I completed my sixteenth year, and passed my birthday very pleasantly with some "Old Westminsters." Everybody seemed determined to make the most of his holiday. Perhaps the pleasure of the assembled thousands would not have been without alloy, if they had known that, within two days' march of us there lay, concealed behind the low hills of Avesnes, a hostile army 122,000 strong, commanded in person by the greatest Captain of the age.

Lord Hay.

I was standing close to Lord Uxbridge, when a cheer from the neighbourhood of the judge's stand announced the winner of a sweepstakes. I thought I had hardly ever seen so handsome a lad. He

CHAP. I.

was beaming with health and spirits, as he took his place in the scales in his gay jockey dress. It was Lord Hay, an ensign in the first regiment of Guards, and aide-de-camp to General P. Maitland. The races were on a Tuesday; on the Friday young Hay was killed at Quatre Bras, and the following Sunday, the gallant veteran by my side left a leg on the field of Waterloo.

June 15th.—I was this afternoon, about sunset, one of a group of officers assembled near the principal inn at Acren, when a Belgian, dressed in a blouse, told us that the French had crossed the frontier. I well remember the utter incredulity with which his statement was received by us all, but it proved to be perfectly correct. At daylight that morning Napoleon opened the campaign by attacking the first corps of the Prussian army, commanded by Count Zieten, in the neighbourhood of Charleroi.

The "Route."

June 16th.—The following morning as I was proceeding to fall in with my company as usual, I found the regiment in heavy marching order, and all ready for a start. They had received the "route" to Enghien. The Wellington despatches show that this route was in obedience to the Duke's order for the two divisions of Lord Hill's corps, the 2nd and 4th, to proceed to that place, and that the order was written just as the Field-

Marshal was setting out to attend the ball given at Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond. CHAP. I.

Hurrying back to my billet, I swallowed hastily a few mouthfuls of food, and with the assistance of my weeping hostesses packed up my baggage. I then placed it on my bât horse, and consigned it to the care of the baggage guard. I had taken my final leave of both horse and baggage. Thus when I entered upon the Waterloo campaign, all my worldly goods consisted of the clothes on my back.

As we passed through the village, our drums and fifes playing, "The girl we left behind us," or some such lively air, we were greeted with the cheers of the men and the wailing of the women. Their leave-taking was as if we were their own countrymen, sallying forth in defence of a common "Vadérland."

At Enghien, we received a fresh route for Braine-le-Comte. During this afternoon we could hear the booming of the artillery at Quatre Bras. I know nothing of Braine-le-Comte, for I entered the town long after dark and left it before the break of day.

June 17th.—We were now ordered to Nivelles. As we approached the town we met several spring carriages of the Royal Waggon Train, full of the men wounded at Quatre Bras. As I shall not have occasion to speak again of this admirably conducted branch of the service, I may just mention the

CHAP. I. *sobriquet* of its chief—a man of colossal form, whose real name was Carpenter, but who was known in the army as Magna Carta (Carter).

We were detained two hours at Nivelles to allow some Belgian cavalry to pass through our ranks. We resumed our march at three in the afternoon. Before we reached our ground, the rain came down in torrents, and in a few moments wetted us to the skin.

Waterloo. Ascending the rising ground on which the village of Mont St. Jean is situated, the Colonel pointed to a spire in the distance. "That," said he, "is Waterloo." I had never heard the name before, and could not resist giving utterance to a pun, so execrable, that were it not for the time, place, and occasion in which it was perpetrated, I should not dare to repeat it. Pointing to our drenched clothes, I said, "We have plenty of 'water' now, we shall have plenty of something in 'loo' (*lieu*) of water to-morrow."

Prior to taking up our position for the night, the regiment filed past a large tubful of gin. Every officer and man was, in turn, presented with a little tin-pot full. No fermented liquor that has since passed my lips could vie with that delicious *schnapps*. As soon as each man was served, the precious contents that remained in the tub were tilted over on to the ground.

We soon after halted and piled arms on the brow of a hill.

Looking to the south, that is to say in the direction of the ground we had lately traversed, we heard heavy firing to our left. This proceeded from La Haye Sainte, where Picton had ordered two brigades of artillery to play upon the French infantry, which was pressing upon the Anglo-Allied forces in retreat upon Waterloo from Quatre Bras. It was probably then that Napoleon, who was with this portion of his army, first understood that Wellington was in position, and prepared to receive him on the morrow.

Heavy rain.

For about an hour before sunset, the rain that had so persecuted us on our march relieved us for a time from its unwelcome presence, but as night closed in it came down again with increased violence, and accompanied by thunder and lightning. For a time I abode as I best could the pitiless pelting of the storm: at last my exhausted frame enabled me to bid defiance to the elements. Wearied with two days of incessant marching, I threw myself on the slope of the hill on which I had been standing. It was like lying in a mountain torrent, I nevertheless slept soundly till two in the morning, when I was awoke by my soldier-servant, Bill Moles. Rising from the bivouac, I followed him into a small cottage, where fragments of chairs,

CHAP. I.

tables, window-frames, and doors were heaped into the chimney-place. Around the fire made of the fuel thus supplied, were three men seated on chairs and drying their clothes. Not a word was spoken, but room was made for me. I followed their example. When they resumed their uniforms, I found one of them to be Colonel Sir John Colborne, then in command of the 52nd regiment, afterwards General Lord Seaton, G.C.B. He had known my brother Bury, in the Peninsula. Towards morning his servant brought him his breakfast, of which he asked me to partake, but the portion was so infinitesimally small that, hungry as I was, I could not bring myself to take advantage of an offer that could only have been made in courtesy.

Waterloo.

June 18*th.*—During the first hour after sunrise on the morning of the 18th our regiment, like the rest of the troops, were occupied in cleaning and drying their arms, a very necessary business after such a night as we had passed through. That done we had a rigid inspection of every musket and ammunition-pouch. We then piled arms and fell out till the bugle recalled us to the ranks.

If I were asked what were my sensations in the dreary interval between daylight and the firing of the first cannon-shot, on this eventful morning, I should say that all I can now remember

on the subject is, that my mind was constantly recurring to the account my father had given me of his interview with Henry Pearce, otherwise the Game Chicken, just before his great battle with Mendoza, for the championship of England. "Well, Pearce," asked my father, "how do you feel?" "Why, my lord," was the answer, "I wish it was *fit* (fought)." Without presuming to imply any resemblance to the Game Chicken, I had thus much in common with that great man—I wished the fight was *fit*.

There was, I should suppose, hardly any British soldier in the field that morning, who did not understand that we were there, not to give, but to receive battle, and who was not surprised that hour after hour should pass away without any indication from the enemy that he intended to pay us a visit.

Jomini, passing in review Napoleon's plan of operations for the battle, says, "Il eût beaucoup importé à la réussite de ce projet de pouvoir brusquer l'attaque *dès le matin*."

After refuting the Emperor's plea for delay, set forth at St, Helena, namely, that in consequence of the rain that had fallen in the night, some hours sunshine was necessary to dry the ground so as to enable him to bring his guns into position, the celebrated strategist adds, 'Dans la situation

CHAP. I.

des affaires ce retard de quatre heures *fut une faute.*"[1]

In common with the rest of the British public, I was puzzled for sixty years to account for this "retard de quatre heures."

The enigma has at length found a solution.

From an able article on the "Memoirs of the Count de Ségur," in the *Quarterly Review*, it appears that for several years the Emperor had been the victim of a painful malady, which during its paroxysms prostrated the energies alike of his mind and body: that there were four or five occasions on which the destinies of the empire and the world were more or less influenced by this complaint.[2]

Napoleon's delay explained.

For several of these occasions I must refer to the *Review* itself; I quote only that which bears upon this narrative:

"A few days before he left Paris for Waterloo, the Emperor told Davoust and the Count de Ségur, *père*, that he had no longer any confidence in his star, and his worn, depressed look was in keeping with his words." Then follows Ségur's account. I borrow the Reviewer's translation: "Some days later, at Charleroi, the morning of the battle of Fleurus (Ligny), the Emperor having sent for

[1] Jomini, "Campagne de 1815," pp. 198-9.

[2] *Quarterly Review*, for January, 1876.

Reille, this General on seeing him was affected by a painful surprise. He found him, he told me, seated near the fire-place in a state of prostration, asking questions languidly, and appearing scarcely to listen to the replies; a prostration to which Reille attributed the inaction of one of our Corps upon that day, and the long and bloody indecision of this first battle. CHAP. I.

"As to the second, that of Waterloo, Turenne and Monthyon, general of division and sub-chief of the staff, have told me a hundred times, that during this battle, which was deciding his fate, he remained a long time seated before a table placed on this fatal field, and that they frequently saw his head, overcome by sleep, sink down upon the map before his heavy eyes. Monthyon added that, when the catastrophe was declared, he, and the Grand Marshal Bertrand, could only enable the Emperor to make good his retreat to Charleroi by holding him up between them on his horse, his body sunk (*affaissé*) and his head shaking, overcome by a feverish drowsiness."

The Reviewer adds, "M. Thiers admits that Jérome Buonaparte and a surgeon in attendance told him that at Waterloo Napoleon was suffering from the malady described by M. de Ségur." [1]

My son Lord Bury, who was in 1870 the

[1] *Quarterly Review*, for July 1875, p. 225.

CHAP. I.

representative at Rouen of the Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded in the war then raging between France and Prussia, became acquainted there with General Gudin, [1] the commandant of the garrison. This officer, who was *page d'honneur* in waiting upon the first Napoleon at Waterloo, told Bury that the Emperor ordered his horses to be ready at seven in the morning. The order was obeyed, but time wore away and the Emperor made no sign. At last the *Grand Ecuyer* came down to the assembled staff and told them that his Imperial Majesty was in his room, that he spoke to no one, that he was seated and in a pondering attitude which forbade question or interruption. It was nearly noon when the Emperor descended the ladder that led to the sleeping-room and rode away.

General Gudin.

"Do you know, mon général," asked Bury, "whiy the Emperor was so dilatory? He must have known, what all the world knows now, that minutes were of the highest importance to him on that day."

"Certainement," answered the General, "tout le monde se le disait. Il avait joué son coup et—il le savait perdu."

Gudin also told Bury that when Napoleon came

[1] General Gudin was, on the advance of the Prussians, transferred to Paris, where he was killed, it is said, in a sortie.

down from his apartment to mount his horse, the equerry in waiting had stolen away to get some breakfast; the duty therefore of assisting the Emperor to mount devolved upon Gudin, who gave him such a vigorous hoist under the elbow that his Majesty nearly rolled off on the other side. "Petit imbécile," exclaimed Napoleon, "va-t-en à tous les diables," and rode off, leaving the unlucky page, overwhelmed with confusion, to mount and to ride sadly on in the rear. They had ridden a few hundred yards when Gudin saw the staff open right and left, and the Emperor came riding back. "Mon enfant," said he, putting his hand kindly on the lad's shoulder, "quand vous aidez un homme de ma taille à monter, il faut le faire doucement." CHAP. I.

The recollection of the implied apology, and the kindness which induced one in Napoleon's position to think at such a moment of a young man's feelings, brought tears into the old General's eyes as he told my son the story.

We had been under arms for six hours, when a numerous cavalcade appeared on the crest of the opposite hill—evidently some great man and his suite: they were so near that a small body of Volunteer Riflemen of the present day could easily have emptied every saddle. My comrades and I made sure that we had seen Napoleon himself—we

CHAP. I. were wrong: it was Jérome Buonaparte, whose division was posted on the extreme left of the French line, facing Hougoumont; he had just received his Imperial brother's order to give the signal of battle. Almost the moment he disappeared from view a single cannon-shot was fired; a pause of two seconds was distinctly perceptible, and then arose a roar of artillery, which did not cease for the next eight hours.

Mrs. Ross. For some time after the firing had begun, Mrs. Ross, our Quartermaster's wife, remained with the regiment. She was no stranger to a battle-field, and had received a severe wound in Whitelock's disastrous retreat from Buenos Ayres (1807), at which time her husband was a Sergeant in the 95th (now Rifle Brigade). She was loath to quit the field, "accidents might arise," she told us, "that would render her services useful." At last it was suggested to her that what was right and proper in a sergeant's wife, was not so becoming in an officer's lady. Upon this hint she withdrew and passed the rest of Sunday in a neighbouring church, not in the aisle, in attendance upon divine service, but in the belfry, where she enjoyed a better view of the battle than could have been obtained by the Commander of either army.

From the spot we then occupied we could see neither friend nor foe. Our arms were piled and

we were waiting for orders to fall in. I was one of a group assembled round our sergeant-major, James Graham, who was fighting some of his Peninsular "battles o'er again." Suddenly the spokesman fell to the ground, a chance musket-ball had struck him on the neck. Although in great pain, nothing would induce him to leave the field.

As junior ensign, I had carried one of the colours on the first two days' march, and when the bugle sounded to fall in, I proceeded to take my usual post in the centre. Inasmuch, however, as there were no less than sixteen ensigns of "Calvert's Entire," in the field, and the service entailed some additional labour, the Colonel determined that the duty should be performed by roster, and Ensigns Newenham and Fraser relieved me and my comrade. A colour-sergeant of the name of Moore, who had served with the regiment in the Peninsula, thought this would be a good opportunity for instructing the two military neophytes in what they had to expect. "Now you see," said he, "the enemy always makes a point of aiming at the colours, so if anything should happen to either of you young gentlemen, I ups with your colour and defends it with my life." One of the first casualties of the day happened to Sergeant Moore. He did not belong to my company, and I know not what became of him afterwards, but as he was carried

Sergeant Moore's advice.

CHAP. I. off the field, I heard the Colonel say, "Serve him right for talking such nonsense to the boys."

Colville's division, the 4th, to which we properly belonged, was posted at Hal, eight miles distant from the field. We were therefore attached for the day to the 2nd Infantry division, commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir William Clinton.

I must borrow Siborne's account of our first position:

Siborne's account.

"Along a portion of this road,[1] principally consisting of a hollow way, were posted in advance, some light troops of the Anglo-Allied army. They formed a part of the fourth brigade of the fourth division (under Colonel Mitchell) attached to the second corps commanded by Lieutenant-General Lord Hill. The brigade consisted of the third battalion of the 14th British regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Tidy; of the 23rd Fusiliers, under Colonel Sir Henry Ellis,[2] and of the 51st British Light Infantry (under Lieutenant-Colonel Rice), in the following manner: Along that portion of the Hougoumont avenue which is nearest to the Nivelles road, was extended the light company of the 23rd Regiment. On its right was an *abattis*

[1] A narrow road leading from the Nivelles *chaussée* across the plateau in the direction of Braine l'Alleud.

[2] Colonel Sir Henry Walton Ellis, K.C.B., was killed in this battle.

which had been thrown across the great road, and close upon the right of this artificial obstacle, a company of the 51st was posted. Four more companies of this regiment, and the light company of the 14th, were extended along the hollow way alluded to as stretching across the ridge on the extreme left of the French position. The remainder of the 51st stood in column of support, about two hundred yards in rear of the hollow way. The 23rd regiment was stationed on the left of the Nivelles road, on the reverse slope and immediately under the crest of the main ridge, in rear of the second brigade of Guards. The 14th regiment was posted in column on the southern descent of the plateau, on which was assembled the second British division." [1]

To arrive at this position we descended the plateau we had hitherto occupied, and entered upon a narrow ravine covered with brushwood. Shot and shell came occasionally into the ravine, but as we were out of sight of the French artillery, they did us no harm. How long we remained in this place I have no idea. It is now known that at about three in the afternoon, Napoleon, who in the early part of the action had directed his principal attack on our left and left centre, sent

[1] Siborne's "Waterloo," vol. i., pp. 347-8.

CHAP. I. strong reinforcements to his troops engaged in attacking Hougoumont—that part of the field in which we were posted. As a consequence General Byng carried his brigade to assist his brother guardsmen in the Château. His departure left an open space between Halkett's and Kemp's brigades. Sir James Shaw Kennedy pointed out the chasm to the Duke, who said to him, "I shall order the Brunswick troops to the spot, and *other troops* besides; go you and get all the German troops of the division to the spot where you are, and all the guns that you can find." [1]

I presume that our regiment formed a portion of the "other troops," whom the Commander-in-Chief sent to fill up the hiatus, for it must have been about this time that Captain Bridgeman, one of Lord Hill's aides-de-camp, brought us the order to advance. We marched in columns of companies. Emerging from the ravine we came upon an open valley, bounded on all sides by low hills. The hill in our front was fringed by the enemy's cannon, and we advanced to our new position amid a shower of shot and shells. Turnor, the captain of my company, writing home, "June 19th: from the Field of Battle," says, "The whole day we were exposed to the fire of several batteries of artillery, and particularly two pieces brought to bear upon

[1] Kennedy's "Waterloo," p. 128.

us." I can well remember the interest I took in those two pieces—an interest heightened by the consciousness that I formed part of that living target against which their practice was pointed.

Fifteen years after the battle I was present at Paris at the Grands Couverts, the annual dinner which the older Bourbon Princes were in the habit of eating in public. A French officer on duty entered upon a subject of his own choosing, but one generally avoided by his countrymen —"Waterloo." He told me that he was an artillery officer posted in that action on the extreme left of the French line, and that his orders were to fire upon three British regiments the colours of which were respectively blue, buff, and green, thus proving, beyond all doubt, that it was against our brigade that his practice had been directed.[1]

But to resume; we halted and formed square in the middle of the plain. As we were performing this movement, a bugler of the 51st, who had been out with skirmishers, and had mistaken our square for his own, exclaimed, "Here I am again, safe enough." The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when a round shot took off his head and

[1] The French officer's statement corroborates Garrod's account of the relative positions of the 23rd, 14th, and 51st at Waterloo.

CHAP.

spattered the whole battalion with his brains, the colours and the ensigns in charge of them coming in for an extra share. One of them, Charles Fraser, a fine gentleman in speech and manner, raised a laugh by drawling out, "How extremely disgusting!" A second shot carried off six of the men's bayonets, a third broke the breast-bone of a lance Sergeant (Robinson), whose piteous cries were anything but encouraging to his youthful comrades. The soldier's belief that "every bullet has its billet," was strengthened by another shot striking Ensign Cooper, the shortest man in the regiment, and in the very centre of the square. These casualties were the affair of a second. We were now ordered to lie down. Our square, hardly large enough to hold us when standing upright, was too small for us in a recumbent position. Our men lay packed together like herrings in a barrel. Not finding a vacant spot, I seated myself on a drum. Behind me was the Colonel's charger, which, with his head pressed against mine, was mumbling my epaulette, while I patted his cheek. Suddenly my drum capsized and I was thrown prostrate, with the feeling of a blow on the right cheek. I put my hand to my head, thinking half my face was shot away, but the skin was not even abraded. A piece of shell had struck the horse on the nose exactly between my hand and my head, and killed him

Charles Fraser.

Narrow Escape.

instantly. The blow I received was from the embossed crown on the horse's bit.[1] CHAP. I

The French artillerymen had now brought us so completely within range, that if we had continued much longer in this exposed situation I should probably not have lived to tell my tale. We soon received the order to seek the shelter of a neighbouring hill. As I was rising from the ground, a bullet struck a man of my company, named Overman, immediately in front of me. He, falling backwards, came upon me with the whole weight of knapsack and accoutrements, and knocked me down again. With some difficulty I crawled from under him. The man appeared to have died without a struggle. In my effort to rejoin my regiment I trod upon his body. The act, although involuntary, caused me a disagreeable sensation whenever it recurred to my mind.

Our new position was further in advance, but less exposed to the enemy's fire. We were now about a hundred yards from the Nivelles *chaussée*, near to the *abattis*, spoken of by Siborne, on which *abattis* the left wing of our right company rested. In our front were some riflemen in grey uniforms faced with green, their hats looped up on one side, and bearing the Hanoverian badge of the white horse.

[1] This adventure is mentioned by the late Mrs. (Colonel) Ward in her "Recollections of a Soldier's Daughter."

CHAP. I. They lined the road, and were engaged with some French skirmishers in the corn-fields on the opposite side.

On our right flank, and a little in advance, was a brigade of artillery, which I find from a recent publication, was the 9th, under the command of Captain Mercer, who in describing his position also marks ours. "Thus," says he, "we were formed *en potence* with the first line, from which we (my battery) were separated by some hundred yards. In our rear the 14th regiment of infantry (in square I think) lay on the ground." [1]

Looking back to the part of the field we had lately quitted, we saw another brigade of artillery hurrying into position—a howitzer shell had penetrated one of their ammunition waggons which exploded, drowning for a moment the roar of the artillery, and dealing death and destruction on all around. Our sympathies were for the moment principally excited by the sufferings of some poor horses, which were the principal sufferers by the catastrophe, and were galloping about the field. Some would suddenly stop, and nibble the grass within their reach till they fell backwards and died. One poor animal, horribly mutilated, kept hovering about us, as if to seek the protection of our square.

The steadiness of our peasant lads, which had

[1] General Mercer's "Waterloo," vol. i., p. 300.

already been tolerably tried, was about to be subjected to another test. There appeared on our right flank an armed force, some thousands strong, who advanced towards us singing and cheering. They wore the dress which the prints of the day described as belonging to the French army. Charles Brennan, an Irish lieutenant, who had served all through the Peninsular War, called out, "Och then, them's French safe enough!" "Hold your tongue, Pat," thundered out our Colonel; "what do you mean by frightening my boys?" but the expression of his countenance showed that he shared Pat's apprehension. They were neither of them singular in their belief. The attention of our neighbours, the 9th Brigade of Artillery, was directed to the same phenomenon. "For a moment," says General Mercer, "an awful silence pervaded that part of the position, to which we anxiously turned our eyes." "'I fear all is over,' said Colonel Gould, who still remained by us. Meantime the 14th, springing from the earth, had formed their square, whilst we, throwing back the guns of our right and left divisions, stood waiting in momentary expectation of being enveloped and attacked. The commanding officer of the 14th, to end our doubts, rode forward and endeavoured to ascertain who they were, but soon returned assuring us they were French. The order was already given to fire, when Colonel Gould recognised them as

CHAP. I.

Charles Brennan.

CHAP. I. Belgians."[1] The new comers were General Chassé's Dutch and Belgian division, who had been posted in the early part of the day at Braine l'Alleud and were now ordered to the front. They had so recently formed a part of Napoleon's army that the slight change in their old uniform escaped the notice of the casual observer.

Towards evening, the 14th was the right hand infantry regiment of the British line. We were placed there by Lord Hill's brother, Sir Noel Hill. Our instructions were to keep a good look-out upon a strong body of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard.

We now occupied the crest of a gentle eminence, and looked down upon what, from a few blades still standing, was shown to have been in the morning a field of rye, ripe for the sickle. It had now, from the action of horse, foot, and artillery, been beaten down into the consistency and appearance of an Indian mat.

Charge of Cuirassiers.

From the reverse side of the hill in front of us there now appeared the enemy our Colonel had been taught to expect. They were a magnificent body of horsemen, wore black helmets, and, if my memory does not deceive me, black cuirasses. As soon as they reached the ascent of our hill they advanced towards us at the *pas de charge*. For a

[1] General Mercer's "Waterloo," vol. i., p. 301.

moment they left us in doubt which square they intended to honour, but gave the preference to our left-hand neighbour, a regiment of Brunswickers, which was at wheeling distance from ours. After one or two vain attempts to pierce the square, they went some fifty paces to our rear. Their presence amongst us procured us a momentary respite from the fire of the enemy's artillery. They now repassed between the two battalions. As soon as they were clear of our battalion, two faces of the attacked square opened fire. At the same instant the British gunners on our right who, at the approach of the Cuirassiers had thrown themselves at the feet of our front rank men, returned to their guns and poured a murderous fire of grape into the flying enemy. For some seconds the smoke of the cross fire was so dense that not a single object in front of us was discernible. When it cleared away the Imperial horsemen were seen flying in disorder. The matted hill was strewed with dead and dying, horses galloping away without riders, and dismounted Cuirassiers running out of the fire as fast as their heavy armour would allow them.

This is the last incident that I remember of that eventful Sunday. The next day I wrote to my father a detailed account of the scenes of which I had been an eye-witness. My letter created a great sensation in the family. If it should re-appear, it

CHAP. I. will, I think, be seen that my reminiscences agree tolerably with the observation made on the spot. In the account which I now give, I have been assisted by Major-General Thomas Holmes Tidy, the son of by good old commanding officer, himself the wearer of a medal for his services with the 14th at the capture of Bhurtpore. To the General's kindness I am indebted for the perusal of letters from my Colonel and the Captain of my company, addressed to a friend in Northamptonshire. By these documents I am enabled to give to our corps a very different position to that assigned to it in Siborne's celebrated model of the battle-field.

At sunset I found myself at Hougoumont, in the immediate neighbourhood of which I had been posted the greater part of the day. I bivouacked that night under a tree facing the entrance to the Château. When about a quarter of a century ago I visited the field of battle in company with my son Bury, I looked in vain for the tree the roots of which had served me for a pillow. It was gone. The battle had been alike destructive of vegetable and animal life. The whole range of those fine elms which formed the avenue to the Château had died of wounds received in the action.

In the absence of my letter to my father, which was lost, I give the following letter from the captain

of my company, William Turnor, my "dry nurse" as he was called by his comrades, addressed to his friend, J. P. Clarke, Esq., Welton Place, Daventry: CHAP. I.

"MONT ST. JEAN,
"THE FIELD OF BATTLE TEN MILES FROM BRUSSELS,
"*19th June*, 1815.

"Tho' the papers will give you better information relative to the sanguinary conflict of yesterday, I am unwilling to permit a courier to proceed to England without acquainting you that your friends in the 14th are well. The contest just terminated commenced at twelve o'clock, and lasted without intermission till nine in the evening. It was the most bloody as well as the most decisive battle that has been fought since the commencement of the French revolution, and its result will be more important than even that of Leipsic. The cannonade was tremendous on both sides. The French fought with desperation, and I am fully convinced that no troops on earth except the English could have won the victory. They are in action *savagely* courageous. The cavalry of the enemy particularly distinguished themselves, and charged our infantry when in squares of battalions, four, five, six times, but they were not to be broken. Our infantry has immortalized itself, and its conduct has never been surpassed, indeed never equalled. We are so fortunate as not to have suffered very great loss, having been posted on the

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right of the line to hold in check a very strong body of the Imperial Guard. The whole day we were exposed to the fire of several batteries of artillery, and particularly to that of two pieces brought to bear upon us. The situation was trying in the extreme, but our young soldiers behaved well. They would have been glad to have been led against the infantry, but we dared not lose sight of the cavalry. Many regiments both of infantry and cavalry are almost annihilated, but it is said that some regiments of dragoons were not so forward as they ought to have been. One regiment of hussars is particularly mentioned as having refused to charge. The field of battle exhibits this next morning a most shocking spectacle, too dreadful to describe. Every effort was made by Buonaparte to turn our right, within 200 yards of which we were posted; he showed the greatest courage, led in person many charges both of infantry and cavalry. Those officers who were in the Peninsula describe the battles there as mere *combats* in comparison with that of yesterday, and this may easily be credited when we reflect that Napoleon fought for a crown, and was opposed to the greatest General of the age. The escape of Lord Wellington is next to a miracle, for he was exposed the whole day to the hottest fire. We know not the extent of our loss, but it must be great indeed."

CHAPTER II.

Ça ira.—A False Alarm.—Our General's Congratulations.—Commandant of Head-Quarters.—Attack on Cambray.—Louis XVIII.'s Proclamation.—Open Right and Left.—Hare-hunting extraordinary.—First Sight of Paris.—A "Ghost."—A Catastrophe.—Mr. Alexander Adair.—Bonapartists.—Bummelo.—General la Bedoyère.—A Dinner at the Louvre.

June 19th.—ALL was as still as the grave on the morning of the 19th. The Prussians had gone the night before along the Charleroi road in pursuit of the enemy. The British army was ordered to Nivelles, a distance of only nine miles. As the troops were marching upon one road, we were some time moving off the ground. Some of my comrades went over the field of battle. I set out with the same intent, but soon returned to the Château from the deep depression which the scene produced upon me. One sight especially riveted my attention. It was the body of a boy, who from his appearance could not have been more than fourteen years of age. The finely-chiselled features of the poor lad

CHAP. II.

contrasted strongly with the coarse lineaments of corpses in his neighbourhood, which had been rendered still more grim by the agony of the death-struggle. Like the bodies around him, no vestige of dress remained to show his rank or nation. From his peculiarly fair hair it may be assumed he was a German, from his small white hands, that he was of gentle race, and from the heaps of dead horses around him that he had fallen in a charge of cavalry. I have looked over the lists of the killed and wounded, but can find no one answering his description. The probability is that he was a "freiwilliger," or volunteer, some of whom were attached to most regiments, British or Prussian. One thing it proved to me, that there was in the field one younger than myself.

Our motley appearance.

The 14th bears on its colours the name "Tournay." It was a distinction granted to the regiment for their conduct in the action fought near that town in the War of the Revolution, on the 8th of May, 1793. In marching to the attack, the band, as a mark of defiance, played the Jacobin air of *Ça ira*, which thenceforth became the quick march of the corps. To that un-English tune we marched into Nivelles. Nor was this our only eccentricity; our lads had decked themselves in the spoils of the vanquished, and presented a motley group of Imperial cuirassiers, hussars, and

grenadiers à cheval. One young fellow was conspicuous as the wearer of the cumbrous cap of a "tambour major." CHAP. II.

The old hands quizzed our "Johnny raws" for voluntarily imposing upon themselves such burdens. They told them that with a little more experience in campaigning they would find their kit, arms, accoutrements, and sixty rounds of ball-cartridge quite enough to carry for any man's amusement, without gratuitously adding to these incumbrances.

In marching to our ground we passed the first Regiment of Foot Guards drawn up on one side of the street. From them I learned the fate of Lord Hay, the winner of the sweepstakes at Grammont races, and of a kinsman of my own, Ensign the Honourable Samuel Barrington, who also fell at Quatre Bras. The names of these two young men will be found on the monument in the church at Waterloo erected by the officers of the regiment to the memory of their comrades who fell on the 16th and 18th of June. I heard at the same time that two of my Westminster schoolfellows, Croft and Fludyer, ensigns in the same regiment, had been severely wounded.

My Colonel's billet was on a most charming house with a bay-window looking out on an ornamental garden. Turnor and I were his guests for the day. Our breakfast was a most sumptuous one, not the

CHAP. II.

less acceptable as being almost the first food we had tasted since we left our cantonment. Meals on the march to Paris were few and far between. Indeed if it had not been for an occasional hard-boiled egg from the pistol holster of a friendly field-officer, I should have hardly imbibed sufficient nourishment to sustain life. Even Tidy, an old campaigner, and likely from his position to have his full share of what was procurable, says in one of his letters, "I am quite well, though sleeping out and going often without food."

Mons.

June 20th.—On the 20th we bivouacked in the neighbourhood of Mons. The next day we first set foot on French territory. As we were entering a wood we heard several discharges of musketry, at the same time some clerks of the British Commissariat came running towards us, telling us that the French were drawn up in line and hotly engaged with our troops. We dashed through the wood at "double quick;" but when we came to the outside "we met no foe to fight withal." The only person I saw was a tall young man standing at the door of the village inn, who was said to be a Belgian officer of rank. A few years ago I met at Torquay, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, who commanded one of the Belgian divisions of Lord Hill's corps. Upon my mentioning to him this occurrence on the French frontier, His Royal

Highness told me that he was the officer whom I had seen, and that our double quick march was caused by the Colonel of one of his regiments who had determined to celebrate the entry of his men into France by firing a *feu de joie*. No one was more astonished than the Duke of Wellington himself, who thought that a part of his army had fallen into an ambuscade. CHAP. II.

Our night's halt was in the neighbourhood of Valenciennes.

The next day we arrived at the heights above Le Cateau Cambresis.

The services of our brigade had been acknowledged by the Duke in his despatches, by Lord Hill, to whose corps we belonged, by Lieut.-General Sir Henry Clinton, to whose division we had been attached, and at Le Cateau the following order was read at the head of every regiment of the brigade, from the Commander of our own division :—

Our General's order.

" Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Colville cannot deny himself the satisfaction of adding to those of Lord Hill, his own most hearty congratulations to Colonel Mitchell and the 4th brigade on the share they so fortunately had on the glorious and ever memorable battle of the 18th instant.

" From every statement it appears that the 23rd and 51st regiments acted fully up to their former high character, while the very young battalion

CHAP. II. of the 14th displayed a gallantry and steadiness becoming veteran troops."

Le Cateau. The Duke was this day at Le Cateau. Staff-Officers, dressed in their best, were parading the town. They had been dining at head-quarters, where they met Louis XVIII. and the Duc de Berri. Among the guests I recognized the fag-master who had given me such a terrible licking for hiding in the coal-hole. I addressed him by his name: he bowed coldly as he turned upon his heel, and said that "I had the advantage of him." The reverse was the fact—he had greatly the advantage of me. He was well fed, well dressed, and well lodged, whereas I had scarcely tasted food since I left Nivelle, and my wardrobe, consisting of the clothes on my back, was none the smarter for five days' bivouacking. I was chewing the cud of resentment at this rebuff when who should make his appearance but Colonel Sir Colin Campbell, his breast blazing with stars and other military distinctions. He immediately thrust his embroidered sleeve into my ragged one. "Holla, youngster," he called out, "what did you mean by giving me the slip at Ostend? But never mind that now. What can I do for you?" "Give me something to eat," was the reply. He immediately took me to a *traiteur's*, where I had food to my heart's content. Having thus played the part of a good

Samaritan, Sir Colin returned with me into the principal street. The pride I felt at being seen in such company could only be understood by those who know how wide was then the social gulf that separated the staff from the regimental officer. Every one, I suppose, has "the proudest day of his life." Mine unquestionably was that on which I walked through the streets of Le Cateau with the Commandant of head-quarters leaning on my arm. CHAP. II.

June 23rd.—A general halt of the Prussian and British armies.

June 24th.—Sir Charles Colville was ordered to proceed with his division, consisting of our brigade and two others, to the attack of Cambray. I give Colonel Tidy's account of the part our regiment took in the affair :—

Capture of Cambray.

"Two of the brigades were ordered to attack it (Cambray) on one side, whilst ours, the 4th, the only one of the division engaged on the 18th, were to make a *feint* on the other, which we did accordingly, but having got close to the wall with a few *haystack* ladders tied together we resolved to try our luck on a real attack. My position happened to be on the bridge with a great part of the 51st and all my own, who were getting over the top of the gate, which being tedious we knocked at it, and an inhabitant actually let down the bridge and we walked in and marched in sub-divisions to the

CHAP. II. Grand Square in the most regular order in columns of battalions."

June 25th.—We remained at Cambray on the 25th, for although we were in possession of the town, the citadel still held out. Its Governor, Baron Roos, proposed an armistice which was refused. He then made an offer to surrender to Napoleon II., which was also rejected. Whereupon Comte d'Audenarde was despatched to Roos to summon him to surrender in the name of Louis XVIII. The last summons was obeyed.

It was said of the Bourbons in 1814 that they returned to France along with the "foreigner's baggage." The same phrase would have been equally applicable to them the following year. Thus at Cambray we marched out at one end while the Duc de Berri entered it in the French King's name at the other.

The town was the only one in France which then owned allegiance to the ancient dynasty. It was decided by Louis XVIII.'s Councillors that a proclamation should be issued; Count Beugnot, in his autobiography, says that the duty of drawing one up devolved upon him. In the performance of this task he endeavoured to preserve "the moderation and dignity which he thought should never be departed from when the King of France is made to speak." The Count thought perhaps that a modest

demeanour would more especially befit a king lacking a kingdom. Louis XVIII. thought otherwise. Another draft of a proclamation was adopted which certainly did not err either on the side of modesty or moderation. It is dated Cambray, the 28th of June, 1815. It purports to be in the twenty-first year of the King's reign. In this document, His Majesty hastens to bring his misguided subjects to their duty. It asserts that "treason had summoned foreigners into the heart of France," that "the King owes it to the dignity of his crown, to the interests of his people, and to the repose of Europe, to except from pardon the instigators and authors of this horrible plot." CHAP. II.

An unpopular individual.

When a soldier has to march from sunrise to sunset on a broiling midsummer's day, in a cloud of dust raised by the simultaneous action of several thousand pairs of feet, he does not view with complacency any aggravation of his discomfort. Thus there was an intense amount of grumbling each time that we were momentarily compelled to leave the crown of the road for some passing carriage or horseman. "Open right and left" had always for us a peculiarly distasteful sound. One day these words came upon us from the rear, accompanied by hissing, hooting, and yelling. I looked round to see the object of such universal execration, and beheld, mounted on a grey pony,

CHAP. II.

a hideous-looking man with an enormous head, a pale pasty complexion, small cunning grey eyes, and a disagreeable expression of countenance. His cocked hat, silk sash, and silver epaulette bespoke him to be an officer, but no dress could have made him look like a gentleman. It was the Provost Marshal. He was accompanied by half-a-dozen drummers who held on to his horse by straps attached to his saddle. They were in the lightest marching order, carrying nothing but their drum cases, which were slung across their shoulders. These, I was told, contained either cat-o'-nine-tails or some well-soaped ropes with nooses all ready for immediate use.

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

The reception that the Provost Marshal experienced was somewhat similar to that which we Westminsters used to give to the boy bringing in a fresh supply of birch to the "birch-room."

Our division halted on the night of the 27th at Puzeaux, of the 28th at Petit Crèvecœur, of the 29th at Clermont, and of the 30th between La Chapelle and Senlis.

On the 1st of July, my regiment and some other troops of Colville's division were ordered to occupy the heights above St. Denis, one of the advanced posts of the British army. Three light companies

of our division were thrown into the neighbouring village of Aubervilliers, which, in the course of the day, had been alternately in the hands of Prussians, French, and English; for although French commissioners were striving to induce the allies to agree to an armistice, there was no intermission of military operations.

Ascending a small hill we came to the ornamental grounds of a handsome château. Loud cheering of those in advance of me announced that there was something extraordinary to be seen. It was Paris. The rays of the setting sun were throwing a brilliant light on the gilded dome of the Hôtel des Invalides. I thought we should never have ceased hallooing.

A welcome tip.

At this moment, a staff officer, whose neatness of dress bespoke a fresh arrival from England, inquired for a Mr. Keppel. Upon my answering to the name, he touched his hat, put into my hand a small packet, which he said an elderly lady at an evening party had given him in charge, and immediately disappeared. The packet contained twenty golden guineas—a present from my grandmother Albemarle. As, in consequence of the war indemnity, each of these gold coins was at a very high premium in the French money market, I was probably the most flush of cash of any man of my corps.

CHAP. II. Our position for the night was in the centre of a well stocked game preserve. As the sun went down, swarms of hares came out to graze. Officers and men simultaneously gave chase. The poor animals, attacked in front, flank, and rear, fell a prey to their numerous enemies, not however till they had afforded abundance of sport. Anyone who had seen our soldiers a few hours before, listlessly dragging one weary leg after another along the dusty *chaussée*, would hardly have known them again in the active merry lads, who with peals of laughter were tumbling over each other in the eagerness of pursuit—I question whether a single hare escaped. Sure I am that there was not a camp-kettle in which one of them was not seething into soup. Tidy, Turnor, and M'Kenzie, my brother subaltern and I were in the same mess. The *potager* of the château supplied us with vegetables; some flour from a neighbouring mill was converted into Norfolk dumplings. The canteens of such of us as had not lost their baggage were laid under contribution for brandy, of which commodity the owners, now that we were approaching a land of plenty could afford to be generous. The glass, I should rather say the tin pot, was passing merrily round, when a soldier rushed forward, with a "Please, sir, one of our men has been poisoned by flour from the mill. He is lying dead close by."

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," said the Colonel, his usual expression in moments of excitement. Our faces lengthened. We went to see the defunct comrade, whose fate we feared we should soon share. The man was dead in one sense—dead drunk.[1] CHAP. II.

July 2nd.—Attention to our creature comforts had prevented us from bestowing a thought upon the Château the night of our arrival. We now paid it a visit. The Prussians, whom we succeeded, had left their mark behind them. The broad mahogany hand-rail of the banisters was hacked apparently with swords from top to bottom. Fragments of gilt ornaments were strewed over the *parquet* floors. The green and yellow silk hangings were torn down. Pier glasses which had reached to the ceiling were smashed to pieces. The *salle à manger* was semi-circular and surmounted by a dome. The walls had been tastefully decorated in *fresco*, with representations of mythological subjects. These were half obliterated by the smoke of the fires of the Prussian camp-kettles. Some of Nassau's contingent were there when we entered, and busy preparing their dinners. The Château had been gutted of its furniture before we arrived, but oddly enough, the marauders had forgotten to take a peep

[1] This anecdote is recorded in Mrs. (Colonel) Ward's "Reminiscences of a Soldier's Daughter."

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at the cellar. We found it full of the choicest wines, some bottles of which we made free to appropriate to our own use.

Château de St. Ouen.

I have been at some pains to find out the name of our resting-place on the night of the 1st of July. The late Hon. Henry Wodehouse, when an *attaché* of the British Embassy at Paris, suggested to me that our bivouac must have been in the grounds of the Château of St. Ouen, and the conjecture is, I think, strengthened by an entry in the diary of Miss Cornelia Knight.

By this it will be observed that Louis XVIII. "rebuilt" the Château in 1815, a presumption that the former edifice had been somewhat roughly handled, and his Majesty might very naturally have been desirous that there should remain no evidence of the sort of friends that had helped him to recover his crown.

"*Aug.* 1*st*, 1827.—Went to St. Ouen to visit the Countess of Cayla and her daughter the Princess of Craon. Their house is in the midst of extensive grounds. On Louis XVIII.'s return in 1815 he rebuilt the house, or rather erected the very beautiful villa, and made all the plans himself. He presented it to Madame de Cayla as a residence for her life. The present king (Charles X.) allows her 2,500 livres a year to keep up the place." [1]

[1] Cornelia Knight, vii. p. 167.

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St. Ouen is a place of historical interest. When the Bourbons were on the throne, the Château was a royal residence. In the time of Louis XV. it was occupied by Madame de Pompadour. A few days before Louis XVIII. fled from his capital in 1814, he gave the Château to Madame de Cayla to prevent its being confiscated as state property. It was at the Château of St. Ouen that Louis XVIII. slept in 1814, the night before he made the public entry into the capital of his forefathers. It was from this same Château that he issued the famous "Declaration" that goes by its name—a declaration in which he made those promises to the French people which, if he had but kept, he would probably not have been sent a few months later on his travels.

To St. Denis.

July 3rd.—In the afternoon, and just as we had begun to test the merits of our looted wine, the order came to proceed immediately to the attack of St. Denis. Leaving our scarcely tasted meal, we fell in; soon the bugle sounded the advance. Descending from our eminence we came to a road which lay between stone walls that had at intervals been pierced for musketry. At these apertures we could not avoid casting sundry oblique glances, for we expected every moment to see hostile fire issue from them. Within a few hundred yards of the outworks we learned that an armistice had been

CHAP. II. agreed upon, and that we were to take military possession of the town. We were detained a couple of hours at the entrance, for the bridges had been blown up, and we were obliged to wait till temporary ones could be substituted.

With a view to ensure the peace of the town it was arranged that parties consisting of an equal number of our men and of the *Garde Nationale*, and commanded alternately by an officer of one or the other nation, should patrol the streets throughout the night. I was one of those told off for this duty, and not a little proud did I feel at being in the momentary command of a body of armed Frenchmen.

July 4th.—In accordance with the military convention signed the day before, the French army retired behind the Loire, and that portion of the allied troops to which I belonged was encamped outside the walls of St. Denis. We remained there three days.

While in this neighbourhood I visited the hospitals, then full of French soldiers who had been wounded at Waterloo.

The Bois de Boulogne.

On the 7th my division (the 4th) took up its encampmont in the Bois de Boulogne. We lined the road through the wood from the Barrière de Neuilly to the town of Boulogne. The officers' tents were pitched on the eastern, or Paris side, those of the men on the other.

I know not what others did, but for my part I lay awake all night thinking of the pleasure in prospect on the following day. CHAP. II.

July. 8th.—Long before sunrise this morning a party of us set out on foot for Paris. So early were we that we found the whole space lying between the gardens of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, then called Place Louis XV., covered with a Prussian bivouac.

I entered Paris barefooted and in rags. For the tattered condition of my uniform there was no immediate help, but the defects of the other parts of my wardrobe were at once remedied by the bootmaker and haberdasher.

After a bath and a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, we sallied forth to the Louvre, to view the finest collection of pictures that the world ever saw, or will probably ever see again. Towards evening, hunger drove us from this enjoyment into the *restaurant* of Verey's, then the most celebrated in Paris. Chance placed us at the same table with some Prussian officers, one of whom spoke a little English. We became companions for the rest of the evening. After a sumptuous dinner we accompanied our associates to the *parterre* of the theatre of the Palais Royal. The first piece was nearly over when we arrived. One of our newly-made German friends, inspired probably by

CHAP. II. champagne, started up from his seat, and asked for "God save the King." The call met an immediate response; actors and actresses, some in plain clothes, others dressed in character, rushed upon the stage and sang the familiar song in a manner that made it not the least amusing of the night's performances. I was puzzled to think why my friend preferred the English to the Prussian national anthem, not being then aware that "God save the King" and the "König's Hymne" are one and the same air. If this interruption had been caused by a British officer, his commission would probably have paid the forfeit. But the Prussians were "chartered libertines" at this time. Blücher, their chief, was bent on pulling down the column in the Place Vendôme, and the train was already laid which was to blow up the Pont de Jena.

Visit the Tuileries.

July 8th.—The next day Captain Turnor and I strolled into the Tuileries. Huissiers in embroidered uniforms were posted at the doors of the several apartments, but we were allowed to pass unquestioned. While we were gazing at the pictures, a body of gentlemen in court-dresses advanced towards us from the opposite end of the room. The only one in plain clothes we at once recognized by his portraits as Louis XVIII. The King was dressed like an English country gentleman of the period—a blue coat with gilt buttons, pantaloons

and Hessian boots. We had only just time to draw up on one side, to assume the attitude of "attention," and to greet his Majesty with a military salute as he passed—a mark of respect which was acknowledged by a bow and the most gracious of smiles. CHAP. II.

Why we were permitted thus to penetrate into the Royal *sanctum* is to me a riddle. Perhaps the King—he had only been twenty-four hours on the throne—had given orders to allow British officers a *passepartout*. It was exactly one year before that he had acted in the same spirit when holding a drawing-room at Grillion's Hotel in Albemarle Street. His attendants proposed to shut out the crowd. "No," exclaimed the King, "open the door to John Bull, he has suffered a good deal in keeping the door open for me."[1]

A "Ghost" in the Bois de Boulogne.

July 24th.—The 24th of each month was pay-day. After the morning's muster, not an officer, except the orderly one, was to be seen in camp. All the others were off to Paris to get rid of their money, a process which the *rouge et noir* tables made easy and speedy. On the 24th of July I was orderly officer. I well remember the date. Towards sunset I was sitting at the door of my tent when I saw a private soldier coming towards

[1] Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

CHAP. II. me by the path on the officers' side of the road. This was of itself an unusual circumstance. As he approached I saw to my horror the deadly pale countenance of Thomas Overman, the man upon whose body I had unintentionally trod at Waterloo. The figure saluted me as it passed. I put my hands before my eyes to shut out the apparition from my sight: when I removed them it had vanished. I spent an unusual time in visiting my sentries, but was at last compelled to retrace my steps with the prospect of being haunted by the ghost the live-long night. I now remembered that the sergeant-major's tent was close to mine. Thither I went for company's sake. Unspeakable was my relief in hearing from him that some wounded men had just arrived from Brussels; amongst others was Thomas Overman of my company.

Camp. life. As each pay-day came round, there was a like exodus from the camp. Happy the man who, at the end of the first week, had saved a few francs wherewith to buy vegetables to season his tough ration pound of meat, or provide himself with some more palatable beverage than the very ordinary wine that was served out to him.

Our chief amusement in these camp-days was to swim our *bât*-horses over to an island in the Seine. On the bank of the river was the brigade of artillery

attached to our division. One day as a party of us bathers were approaching the artillery camp, we heard a loud explosion, and the next moment learned the cause. Two men had been employed in unloading live shells from an ammunition waggon, and were passing them over to each other, two at a time, in the manner in which I have seen men, in London, treat bundles of firewood. Two of these shells coming in contact had exploded and blown one of the men so completely to pieces that a tarpaulin had been thrown over his remains. The other man was still alive, but the flesh was completely stripped off both his arms. What astonished us was that he appeared to suffer no pain, and when we came up to him, he was calmly bequeathing to his comrades the contents of his kit. He survived the accident four hours. CHAP. II.

Our dress off parade was of the lightest description—a forage cap, a shirt, a pair of trousers, and a pair of slippers. Once, when thus attired, I was busy felling trees to make a stable for my *bât*-horse, I heard my name called. Hatchet in hand, I jumped into the road, and saw a carriage full of pretty Englishwomen dressed in the height of the fashion. As they were strangers to me I was about to return to my work, but was arrested by a voice saying: "Come back, Mr. George," and from among the huge Oldenburgh bonnets there emerged the *Mr. Adair.*

CHAP. II. small familiar face of Mr. Alexander Adair, the wealthy army agent of Pall Mall. I was again rushing back to put on my uniform, but my old friend called out, "Stop where you are; these young ladies see plenty of smart officers in Paris, and I promised them I would show them one *en déshabille*, and I think," he added, eyeing me from top to toe, "I have kept my word."

The Adairs of Flixton, Suffolk, were a junior branch of the family of which my friend Lord Waveney, now the inheritor of the estate, is the head.

For a century the greatest intimacy subsisted between the Adairs and the Keppels. It began before my friend Mr. Alexander was born, and he lived to the age of ninety. William Adair, his uncle, owed his success in life to my grandfather's influence with the then Duke of Cumberland. Frequent reference to this William is made in my family papers.

If his nephew Alexander had lived in the days of *Vanity Fair*, he would not have escaped the notice of the inimitable "Ape." He was a very small man, wearing his back hair plaited and twisted into what was called a "club," as great a singularity then as the pigtail would be now.

Adair, who almost idolized Lord Keppel, was fond of telling how, sauntering one day down

Wardour Street, he saw in a window a portrait of the Admiral, which he knew to be an undoubted Sir Joshua. In the same shop was a picture of himself. Pretending to be wonderfully taken with his own likeness, he looked with an air of indifference upon that of his friend, and asked the man what he would take for the two. "Ten guineas," was the reply, "is my price for the officer, but, if you will not attempt to beat me down, I will make you a present of the other fellow."

This picture, which I frequently saw in the saloon at Flixton Hall, was a half-length *replica* of the full-length portrait in the possession of the Queen, now in one of the state apartments of St. James's Palace, and hanging in company with the portraits of Howe, St. Vincent, and Nelson. The picture belonging to Mr. Adair shared the fate of his mansion, which was burned down in 1847.

Mr. Adair was probably one of the last persons who had learned "to ride the high horse:" he was a bold and skilful rider. His kinsman Lord Waveney has heard of his clearing a turnpike gate. I have been told that when nearer eighty than seventy, he would, as a Captain of Suffolk yeomanry cavalry, leap over his own deer hurdles in full uniform, and invite his troop to follow him. He had a villa near Croydon. Hyde Park was then surrounded by wooden palings. It was his frequent

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practice to jump over the enclosure as a short cut to his office. A young Suffolk groom attempting to follow him one day got a bad fall. The poor lad was immediately collared by the park-keeper, who said, "I will not let you go till you tell me the name of your fool of a master."

"Bonapartists."

The follies of the Bourbons during their short reign of 1814 led many Englishmen of liberal tendencies to believe that the French would have been more likely to obtain constitutional government from Napoleon, than from their own incorrigibly stupid race of legitimate princes. Men so thinking were called "Bonapartists." My father was of this school, and fully indoctrinated me with his opinions. I have before me a miniature of the great Corsican captain, which used to hang in his dressing-room. On its frame he caused to be inscribed in gilt letters the words "Magnæ virtutes, nec minora vitia." If my good sire had known as much of this self-styled "ATTILA"[1] as, since his time, history has revealed to us, he would, I think, be puzzled not only to enumerate these *virtutes*, but even to point out a single redeeming trait in the character of one so utterly devoid of human sympathy. For my own part, I

[1] "Je serai un *Attila* pour Venise," words addressed by General Bonaparte to the deputies of the Venetian Republic, April 19th, 1797.

have long recanted this youthful heresy, but I thought differently when an Ensign in the Bois de Boulogne, and was fond of sporting my opinions to whomsoever would grant me a hearing. One man I brought to my way of thinking, and as he was a type of a numerous class of his countrymen, I give him a place in my Memoirs. He was the fruit-seller of the camp, called by our men "Bummelo," the sound produced on their ears by the cry of the staple of his wares, "Bons melons." CHAP. II.

Bummelo.

Bummelo, a squat, black-muzzled Frenchman with rings in his ears and a white cotton cap on his head, used to make us aware of his presence by his vociferous loyalty. "Vive le Roi! vivent les Bourbons!" was his constant cry, and then would follow the eternal "Vive Henri Quatre!" a royalist air with which our ears were nauseated morning, noon, and night. One day a party of brother subs. and I, meeting Bummelo, told him that he was much mistaken if he supposed we cared a rush for his Louis XVIII.—that all our sympathies were with "Napoléon le Grand." The conversion produced by this speech was instantaneous. Seizing his cap by the tassel, Bummelo waved it over his head and began screaming at the top of his voice "Vive l'Empereur! à bas les Bourbons! à bas Louis dixhuit! à bas ce vieux cochon!" and forthwith favoured us with a parody on "Vive Henri Quatre!"

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At the time I made the above jotting I could not call to mind the exact words of this song, but I find them in "Haydn's Correspondence and Table Talk," who says that the song was sung at Fontainebleau in 1814.—They run thus:—

"Vive Bonaparte!
Vive ce grand conquérant!
Ce diable de Bonaparte
A bien le talent
De votre Henri Quatre
Et tous ses descendants."

General La Bedoyère.

With Englishmen the belief that Napoleon was capable of sustaining the novel character of first magistrate in a limited monarchy, was a mere speculative opinion. On the other side of the Channel it was a vital principle. There were Frenchmen who looked upon "Liberty and the Emperor" as the war-cry of a cause in which they believed, and for which they were ready to shed their blood: they were for the most part men who had shared in the victories of Austerlitz and Jena. A conspicuous example of this class of politicians was General La Bedoyère, who, in violation of the treaty of Paris, was put to death one evening shortly after our entry into the French capital.

A veteran in point of military service, although only twenty-nine years of age, covered with wounds one of the handsomest men of his day, of engaging

manners, of the most amiable disposition, La Bedoyère, whatever may have been the errors of his political opinions, was guided in his actions by an ardent love of country. CHAP. II.

This officer, it will be remembered, was the first who in March of this year, brought an entire regiment under the standard of the Imperial adventurer. At the moment that he approached Napoleon at the head of his men, he gave vent to the feeling uppermost in his mind. He openly assured Napoleon that Frenchmen would no longer lend themselves to his schemes of ambition, but that they expected to live under his rule a free and happy people. The inchoatê sovereign smiled at the enthusiasm of the youthful patriot, for before the Colonel had ended his harangue his regiment had donned the tricolor. When in the month of June La Bedoyère found himself a peer of France, general of division, and aide-de-camp of the Emperor, he could not conceal his astonishment. "Mais," exclaimed he, "je n'ai rien fait pour l'Empereur; j'ai tout fait pour la France."

Among the last to quit the field of Waterloo, La Bedoyère hurried to Paris to endeavour to obtain the throne for the son of the abdicated Emperor, as the best bargain he could make for his country. Finding he could produce no impression on that assembly, he cried out, "Quant á moi,

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mon sort n'est pas douteux." His words were prophetic.

An old school-fellow.

It was at the moment when all Paris was execrating this act of perfidy, that I met in the streets Count Alfred de Vaudreuil, an old Westminster school-fellow and brother-boarder. He afterwards became Secretary of Embassy to the British Court under the reign of Charles the Tenth. His elder brother had borne a commission in one of our hussar regiments.

These de Vaudreuils were of the same family as the Marquis of that name who ceded Canada to the British in 1757, and as another Marquis de Vaudreuil who commanded a line-of-battle ship in d'Orvillier's action with Admiral Keppel in 1778.

On Alfred de Vaudreuil's invitation, I dined with his father at the Louvre, of which palace he was Governor.

A dinner at the Louvre.

The Count, an old man bordering upon decrepitude, had served throughout the "Seven Years' War" against Frederick the Great, as aide-de-camp to Marshal Soubise. Besides his post of Governor of the Louvre, he was Grand Fauconnier and Pair de France. The Countess, many years his junior and still handsome, was a friend of my grandmother de Clifford, and, if I remember right, an Englishwoman. I met at dinner Alfred's elder brother, and a man between forty and fifty years of age, whom

the young men addressed as "mon oncle." This gentleman, as I gathered from his conversation, had passed his time under the Consulate and the Empire, and was, as may well be imagined, not particularly pleased with the new order of things. Unfortunately, politics cropped up. In the course of dinner, "mon oncle" came to high words with the Governor, and the two young Royalist sons were struggling for the honour of fighting their Imperialist kinsman. Madame de Vaudreuil took me aside, and, with tears in her eyes, begged me to help her to get rid of her foolish boys, then said aloud to them, "Pray show Mr. Keppel the sights of the Palais Royal." Although this was just the locality in which I had no need of a cicerone, I took the Countess's hint and carried off her sons, for although more of a Bonapartist than a Bourbonite, I could not help feeling with Mercutio,

"A plague of both your houses."

We three young men now sauntered into the Palais Royal. In every print-shop was a picture of La Bedoyère. Our conversation naturally turned upon the event to which I have just alluded. As I had been oftener in the habit of calling my old schoolfellow "Froggy" than by his real name, I did not scruple to tell him that I looked upon the execution of La Bedoyère as a

CHAP. II. judicial murder. Whereupon the brothers, like two furies, turned upon me at once. "I was worse than '*mon oncle.*' Did I mean to insult them by espousing the cause of such a traitor to his lawful sovereign?"

Somehow I managed to escape from the two young Legitimists with a whole skin, but I at once dropped my acquaintance, and came to the conclusion that an ill-dressed ration in camp was better than a feast in a palace with such combative hosts.

CHAPTER III.

Our March through Paris.—Ordered Home.—Our Cold Reception.—The *Sea Horse*—Its Fate.—Our reflections thereupon.—"Calvert's all Butt."—Property-tax Repealed.—Princess Charlotte at the Chapel Royal.—Our Waterloo Medals.—Zante.—Santa Maura.—Corfu.—"King Tom."—Military Execution.—Deaths of Princess Charlotte and my Mother.—A Ghost Story.—Set sail for Mauritius.—The Island during the Reign of Terror.—The Slave Trade.—A Hurricane.—Cape of Good Hope.—Lord Charles Somerset.—Dr. James Barry.—St. Helena.—Napoleon's Last Moments.—Return to England.

The March.

WE remained in camp till the cold became so intense that the troops could no longer be kept in safety under canvas. On or about the 1st of November our division was ordered into cantonments. Our line of march was by the Barrière de Neuilly and the Champs Elysées, past Place Louis Quinze, up Rue Royale through the Boulevards des Italiens and Poissonière, and out of the Porte St. Martin, our bayonets fixed, our drums beating, and our colours flying. My company, which formed a part of the head-quarters of the regiment, was

CHAP. III. billeted on a village to the north of Paris called
Le Massy. Le Massy.

"We have come," writes Colonel Tidy to his friends in Northamptonshire, "into a place successively occupied by Prussians, Cossacks, and Austrians, and, would you believe it, of the three they (the French) prefer the Cossacks? When we came in they expected to have everything eaten and drunk up, and prepared accordingly; but our fellows, having been paid the day before, began to pull out their five-franc pieces. The villagers are actually enriching themselves."

In this village we assembled as a mess for the first time since the regiment left England. There was no end to the schemes that the division did not form for its winter amusements; amongst others, one for setting up a pack of foxhounds.

In a letter, dated Le Massy, November 4, 1815, Colonel Tidy writes:—"I am at length settled in a village nine miles from Paris, with six companies of the 14th; the other four divided between two smaller villages, in one of which resides the Lieutenant-General, Sir Charles Colville, commanding the division, who has taken our two flank companies for his own guard."

In the above paragraph my good Colonel speaks of being "settled;" such a word ought to have no place in a soldier's vocabulary. Within a few

weeks of the date of Tidy's letter we were ordered home. CHAP. II.

A cold welcome.

We landed at Dover in the latter end of December. Public feeling in England had undergone a great revulsion in regard to us soldiers. The country was satiated with glory, and was brooding over the bill that it had to pay for the article. An anti-military spirit had set in. Waterloo and Waterloo men were at a discount. We were made painfully sensible of the change. If we had been convicts disembarking from a hulk we could hardly have met with less consideration. "It's us as pays they chaps," was the remark of a country bumpkin as our men came ashore. The very atmosphere contributed to the chilliness of our reception. It was on a bitter winter day that we landed. No cheers like those which greeted the Crimean army on its return, welcomed us home. The only persons who took any notice of us were the Custom-house officers, and they kept us for hours under arms in the cold while they subjected us to a rigid search. These functionaries were more than usually on the alert at this time, because a day or two before a brigade of artillery with guns loaded to the muzzle with French lace had just slipped through their fingers.

Our treatment throughout the day was all of a piece. Towards dusk we were ordered to Dover

CHAP. III. Castle, part of which building served as a prison. Our barracks were strictly in keeping with such a locality—cold, dark, gloomy, and dungeon-like. No food was to be had but our "ration." No furniture procurable but what the barrack stores afforded. In this bitter winter's night, the first of my return from campaigning, I lay on a bed of straw.

[1816.] One day early in January, 1816, we marched to Hythe. With the aid of the upholsterers of the town we had made ourselves tolerably comfortable in our weather-boarded barracks when we received our route for Deal. At Deal we met with like treatment; we were ordered at a moment's notice to Ramsgate, there to take shipping for the south of Ireland. We had accordingly embarked our baggage on board the *Sea Horse* transport. That same morning an order arrived for the disembarkation of our baggage and the immediate disbandment of our battalion.

Deep were the lamentations of those of my brother officers whose military career had been thus brought to a close; but it may be surmised that they became reconciled to their fate when they learned the still heavier calamity from which the decree of the Horse Guards had probably saved them.

On the 26th of January of this year, the *Sea*

Horse sailed from the Downs, having on board, instead of my regiment, the head-quarters of the 59th, and a few days later was wrecked off Kinsale. The numbers on board, counting women and children, amounted to 394. Of these, 365 were drowned; among the saved was neither woman nor child. CHAP. III. *Fate of the "Sea Horse.*

The troops that relieved us at Deal met a like fate.

The *Lord Melville* and the *Boadicea* transports sailed at the same time with the *Sea Horse.* Like their consort, they also were lost off Kinsale. The *Lord Melville* saved all her crew but seven. Out of 280 in the *Boadicea*, only 60 were saved. *Unseaworthy transport ships.*

Beyond a short paragraph in the papers, no public notice was taken of the catastrophe. There was then no Plimsoll in Parliament to inquire what were the circumstances that caused those vessels taken up by Government and nearly 600 soldiers to go to the bottom. But if such a calamity were beneath the notice of the Legislature, it was by no means a matter of indifference to us, who were so nearly becoming its victims. Perhaps our apprehensions made us judge unfairly, but I well remember the language of the mess-table. We argued that with the return of peace, soldiers had become a drug in the market, while freight was a costly commodity, that hence our rulers were much

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disposed to accept the lowest tender for tonnage without examining too closely into the seaworthiness of the ships engaged, and that consequently vessels unfit to carry coals from Newcastle to London were taken up to convey troops to all parts of the world. Nor was the demeanour of the skippers of these transports reassuring; they were generally men of very little education—their dialect showed that they belonged to the "black country," and though they seemed to have a practical knowledge of the soundings in the Channel, it was a question whether, to many of them, the use of a Hadley's quadrant was not an unknown science. It was frequently my lot, as a subaltern, to sail in one of these coal-tubs; and often in a gale of wind I have fervently wished that the craft in which I was a passenger might prove a better swimmer than—the *Sea Horse.*

The 14th Regiment, stripped of its third battalion, lost its nickname of "Calvert's Entire," or rather exchanged it for that of another malt liquor "Calvert's all Butt" (but)—

Being "out of the break," I was told to hold myself in readiness to join a detachment of the regiment about to proceed to the Ionian Islands, where our second battalion was stationed. Previous to embarkation I was granted a few weeks' leave of absence.

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The property-tax.

When I arrived in London the opposition party in Parliament were engaged in a fierce war against the property-tax. After a struggle of six weeks a majority of thirty-seven declared in favour of its repeal. I was not altogether uninterested in the decision of the Legislature, for by it I came, for the first time, into the enjoyment of the full pay of an Ensign: heretofore I had been mulcted fourpence out of my day's pay of five shillings and threepence as my contribution towards the expenses of the war.

Princess Charlotte.

The public was at this time wholly engrossed with the approaching marriage of the Princess Charlotte. A short time before the wedding, Her Royal Highness went in state to the Chapel Royal. On that same morning I went to the peers' seat in the chapel, and could not resist looking furtively up at the Royal pew. It was five years since I had seen the Princess. I wished to observe what changes that lapse of time had wrought in her. In form she was considerably altered, but a glance showed me that in other respects she was the same Princess whose playmate I had had the honour of being in my under-school days. She knew me immediately, and from under the shade of her hands, which were joined together over her face as she knelt, she made me sundry telegraphic signals of recognition in her own peculiar manner. The

CHAP. III. moment the service was over I rushed to the corner of St. James's Street to see her pass. She kissed her hand to me as she drove by, and continued doing so till her carriage turned out of Pall Mall. Up to the moment that I lost sight of her, I could see her hand waving from the window.

I saw her for the last time.

When, after an absence of eighteen months, I returned to England, the flags of the ships in the Channel were hung half-mast high, and the whole nation was mourning for her, whom it had fondly looked upon as its future Queen.

My leave expired, I joined a detachment of my regiment then quartered at Chichester. The good people of that town were very hospitably disposed towards our little garrison. At a ball given by one of them, we "Waterloo men" wore for the first time the medals which had just been distributed to us. Towards the end of the month we marched to Portsmouth. Here I embarked on board the *Kennersley Castle* transport: on or about the day that the Princess Charlotte was married to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, my ship set sail for Zante. In due course we landed in that very pretty island.

Zante. The ladies of Zante led the lives of Mohammedans rather than of Christians. When I was quartered in their town, we soldiers could never get a glimpse

of their proverbially pretty faces, save through the bars of the latticed windows, at which they used to pass their days. We did all in our power to entice them from their *zenanas*. First, we tried to see what our band in the piazza would do for us. But our music had no charms for them. Failing to make an impression on their ears, we attacked another sense. When the *beccafico* came into season we invited the *élite* of the island of both sexes to a feast, of which that delicious bird formed the staple; but no; the gentlemen indeed gorged the hook greedily enough, but their kinswomen would not rise to the bait. CHAP. III.

Thus thrown on our own resources, we passed our time in boating and swimming, and were almost as much on, or in, the water as on dry land.

After some weeks of this amphibious life, my company was ordered to Santa Maura, another of the Ionian Islands, the Leucate of ancient history.

From Zante to Santa Maura.

Taking leave of the *Fiore di Levante*, as its inhabitants fondly call Zante, we embarked on board the *Leonforte*, a Neapolitan man-of-war schooner. Our course was the same that Virgil assigns to the hero of his immortal poem.

Had I been a pupil in *Tom Brown's School Days*, and had for tutor a Thomas Arnold, instead of a William Page, I should doubtless have thoroughly enjoyed following in Æneas's wake; but that "*pius*"

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worthy was so painfully associated in my mind with my old Westminster taskmaster, that I did not fully appreciate my advantage. Even, however, with this drawback, it was impossible not to admire the faithful delineation of the aspect the surrounding country presented.

Like Æneas, we continue some time in sight of the "Zacynthian woods;" we sail past the "rocky Neritos;" we avoid "Ithaca's detested shore."

> "At length Leucate's cloudy top appears,
> And Phœbus' temple, which the sailor fears."

While gazing upon "Leucate's cloudy top," the *Leonforte* runs aground. Thus, at one and the same moment we are enabled by sight and feeling to test the fidelity of the Roman poet's description.

Amaxichi by moonlight.

The bump ashore was attended by no other inconvenience than preventing us from reaching Amaxichi, the capital of the island, till after dark. For this delay we were indemnified by the beautiful appearance which the lighted town presented as it lay reflected on the water by a bright Mediterranean moon. But Amaxichi could not stand the scrutiny of open day. It is, or more properly speaking was, a collection of wooden two-storied houses, small, low, and rickety, having verandas to the front. Nearly the first time I set foot in Amaxichi the inhabitants were on

their knees in prayer. There was at that moment, although I did not perceive it, a slight shock of earthquake. The poor people had good reason to be alarmed at such a phenomenon. Nine years later their town was destroyed by an earthquake, and in 1870 its successor was a heap of ruins from the same cause.

Our new quarters.

My quarters lay in the old fort of Santa Maura, separated from the town by a large lagoon some miles in circumference, and nearly a mile across. The lagoon is spanned over by a stone causeway, consisting of some three hundred and odd arches. The causeway has no parapet, and is not a safe road even for a sober man. It was the cause of more than one of our tipsy soldiers finding a watery grave.

Greek convicts.

The first objects that met my eye on entering the fort were five Greeks in irons, who now came under our especial surveillance. They were murderers, whose capital sentence had been commuted to hard labour for life. Upon them devolved the scavenger work of the fort. They all wore the picturesque dress of their nation—the red skull-cap, the short embroidered jacket, the sash round the waist, the Albanian belt, the greave-shaped leggings, and the sandals of undressed hide secured by thongs.

One of the five, a short, thick-set man, looked

CHAP. III. the villain he was. With this exception, they were bright, intelligent-looking men, of the usual Ionian type:—orange complexions, oval faces, highly-developed foreheads. They had thick moustaches, and wore their long black hair flowing down their backs. Their gait was erect, and their step in spite of their fetters, elastic.

If a romance writer had wanted a den for his robbers, he could have hardly found one better suited for description than the actual abode of these convicts. It was a huge cave hewn out of the solid rock, against which the sea used to break with a perpetual roar.

It was my duty, as orderly officer, once or twice a week to pay a visit to this dungeon in the still hours of the night. I was accompanied by a sergeant who with an iron bar would strike every link or ring of the prisoners' fetters, in order to ascertain that they had not been filed through.

We were as ill off for society at Santa Maura as at Zante. The only house open to us was that of Sir Patrick Ross, the Capo del Governo of the island; but the broad lagoon that lay between us prevented our visits from being very frequent. Shooting was our principal amusement, and of that we had abundance. The lagoon swarmed with water-fowl, and on the island there was no lack of partridge. The contents of our sportsmen's bags

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An economical mess.

helped greatly to lighten our weekly bills. We had a Scotch brother officer for our caterer, one Lieutenant M'Kenzie, and he managed admirably. A cow fed on the line wall supplied us with milk and butter. We had a pound of meat each for our ration. Fish, wine, and fruit were nearly at nominal prices. Our money contributions to the mess rarely exceeded fivepence halfpenny a day.

Santa Maura has no rivers, but numerous mountain rills. Whenever the snow descended below a certain line in the mountains, well-known to the natives, the sportsmen used to be in a state of great commotion. They knew by this token that the rills were frozen over and that the woodcocks would descend into the plains in search of food. Once, when the snow had passed below this line, Sir Patrick Ross invited some Greeks and the officers of the garrison to accompany him on a shooting excursion on the coast of Acarnania. We were escorted by several *guardianos* to protect us from quarantine, and by a number of our own men to act as beaters. Our place of meeting was the skirts of an olive grove extending two or three miles along the sea-shore. The place literally swarmed with game. There appeared to be a bird under every tree. In point of skill we were perhaps rather below the average of fowlers, yet game so abounded that the slaughter was immense.

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I have forgotten the quantity killed; it was so large that at the time I dared not mention the actual amount for fear of being supposed to indulge in a traveller's privilege. The garrison had more than it could consume, and for some days our Greek fellow-sportsmen glutted the market of Amaxichi with their share of the game.

The only time that I sat at table with any of the Santa Mauriote gentry was at a state-dinner given by the Capo del Governo to the Bishop and the notabilities of the island. Sir Patrick discovered when too late that his invitation had been issued for one of the 191 fast days of the Greek Church.

Accordingly a good supply of eggs and fish were provided for the native guests, and a noble sirloin for the English. But the scent of the savoury joint no sooner reached the nostrils of the worthy prelate than he gave himself and his co-religionists permission to eat meat. Of this they amply availed themselves by picking the sirloin to the bone, and by leaving us to become the vicarious observers of their fast.

Corfu.

Towards the close of the year I was ordered by Sir Thomas Maitland, the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, to proceed to Corfu to join the head-quarters of my regiment, then stationed in the island.

On my arrival I went to report myself to the

redoubtable Lord High Commissioner—"King Tom," as he was universally called. I saw a soldier-like, stout built man, with a stern expression of countenance, and a pair of penetrating grey eyes that seemed to dive into your very thoughts. He was somewhat uncouth in his manners, and his homeliness of language was rendered still more homely by the broad Scotch accent in which his blunt phrases were uttered. CHAP. III. *"King Tom."*

A strait scarcely a mile broad separates Corfu from the mainland. The short distance proved a sore temptation to the soldiers of the garrison. The desertions were so numerous that Maitland, who was Commander-in-chief as well as Lord High Commissioner, declared that he would make an example of the next offender. In defiance of this warning, one Thomas Pryke, a private of the 10th Regiment, deserted to the Albanian coast. He was brought back, tried by a court-martial, and condemned to be shot. The whole garrison were ordered out to witness the carrying into effect of the sentence. The column halted opposite the condemned cell, which, like the Santa Mauriote prison, was hewn out of the solid rock. The prisoner here took his place in the procession. *Desertions from Corfu.*

Then was enacted the sad tragedy in all its grim details. The muffled drums, the band playing the "Dead March in Saul," the black coffin, and the *A military execution.*

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living man performing the chief mourner in his own funeral. The troops formed three sides of a square. The fourth side was occupied by the condemned. The sentence was read, a discharge of musketry followed, the prisoner fell, the garrison marched past the lifeless corpse, and then, as is usual in like cases, they returned to their private parades to the merriest of tunes.

That same day I lunched with the Lord High Commissioner. I had expected to find his spirits visibly affected by the course which a sense of duty had compelled him to adopt. Not a bit of it—a "Graham of Claverhouse" or a General Hawley could not have shown less concern.

Ordered Home.

In the autumn of the year we were ordered home. We encountered a heavy gale in the Bay of Biscay, and had afterwards to grope our way up Channel in a thick November fog. As the haze dispersed, we saw every vessel, whether under weigh or at anchor, with its colours half-mast high. The Princess Charlotte had died in childbirth a few days before. In addition to the sorrow I felt for the loss of one who had been so associated with my boyish recollections, I had a still heavier grief to bear, for almost at the same time that I learned the national calamity, I received intelligence that my mother had died within a fortnight of the

Princess, also after giving birth to a still-born child. We anchored off the Isle of Wight on the 23rd of November. I obtained immediate leave of absence, and reached home a few hours before the funeral of my mother, who was followed to the grave by her eleven surviving children. CHAP. III.

The late Lady Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope, then Miss Coke, told me that in the month of November, 1817, being then under her father's roof at Holkham, she saw while in a dream a funeral procession pass under her windows, and was at the same time conscious that it was not that of any member of her family. A few days after, my mother arrived at Holkham in high spirits and apparently in excellent health: she died that same night, and within a week the funeral procession passed under Miss Coke's windows in the manner she described. As Walpole says in relating the story of the ghost which appeared to my great grandmother, I would say, "I do believe the dream happened, and happened right, among millions of dreams that do not hit."

The second battalion of the 14th Regiment was disbanded at the moment of disembarkation. As I was this time "within the break," I lost my full pay and Sir Harry Calvert his "All Butt" as well as his "Entire."

[1818.] My next appointment was to an Ensigncy

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in the 22nd Regiment of foot. In January, 1818, I joined the dépôt at Chatham. Here also were the dépôts of several other regiments, the head-quarters of which were, like mine, doing garrison duty in some of the more distant British possessions.

At Chatham I passed several pleasant weeks, and was buoying myself up in the hope that I was at length comfortably settled in an English country quarter, when a circumstance occurred to dispel the illusion.

There were, at the time I am speaking of, periodical shipments of convicts to Botany Bay. The charge of the felons in their passage thither usually devolved on a subaltern of the Chatham consolidated Dépôts. The officer next above me on the roster was ordered on this duty. Not knowing how soon, if I continued in the garrison, my turn might come for such an employment, I obtained leave from the Horse Guards to join the head-quarters of my regiment, and in a few days I found myself on board a vessel bound indeed for the Southern Hemisphere, but not for that part of it which Sydney Smith used to call "the fifth or pickpocket quarter of the globe."

When our ship reached the line, the sailors had their usual holiday. The sun was in the meridian, eight bells were struck, the log was heaved, and the watch called. A voice from the forecastle called

"Ship ahoy!" Neptune was announced, and invited on board. The representative of the water deity, a man of colossal form, wore on his head a huge indented crown made of tin. In his right hand he grasped dolphin grains by way of a trident. He had a long oakum wig and beard; his body from the waist upwards was painted to represent scales of fish. He was seated on a gun carriage covered with flags, and drawn by six amphibious-looking monsters of the same type as himself. As if to mark our latitude, a little Mauritius slave-boy, grinning from ear to ear, was perched on a dicky behind Neptune. Mr. Markham, surgeon of the 56th Regiment, who had been well ducked in a voyage to the West Indies, vowed that he would not submit to the repetition of the ordeal. So when his name was called he accosted Neptune as an old acquaintance. "Well, doctor," said that functionary, "I may have seen you somewhere about the tropics, but this 'ere is the first time as you have visited me at the *ekynoxial*." Before my friend could answer, he was on his back in a huge tub of water. My turn came next. "Keppel?" said Neptune, with a ruminating air, while he ran his fingers through his dripping beard; "sure I must have seen Mr. Keppel afore. Scratchetary (secretary), just cast your eye over my list." "Please your honour," was the reply, "you must mean the gen'leman's

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uncle, the Admiral, who, you must remember, was always a crossing o' your line." "Just so," rejoined Neptune, "a little salt water will do his nevy no harm;" in a trice, I was floundering alongside the doctor.

After three dreary months on shipboard, our sailors thought by their reckoning that we must be somewhere in the latitude of the Mauritius. Ever since the early dawn of one day we had been straining our eyes for this speck on the ocean. Just as the sun was dipping below the horizon there was seen on its disk something resembling the profile of a man's head and neck. "Land! land!" resounded from all quarters. We had caught sight of the summit of "Peter Booth," the principal mountain of the Mauritius, which, from whatever point it is seen, always presents this singular appearance.

The next morning we sailed into the harbour of Port Louis. A boat came alongside almost as soon as we anchored; it was manned by some eight or ten negroes, all of whose backs bore marks of the recent infliction of the whip. They were maroons—runaway slaves—in the temporary custody of the government police—to be returned to their respective owners within a given time.

Notables Habitants.

The boat which came alongside brought on board two planters—*notables habitants*—as they were

called. One of them, addressing himself to me, wished to know what was the general state of feeling in England respecting the important subject which was agitating the breast of every colonist. Now geography formed no part of the Westminster *curriculum*. At the time that I ought to have been learning this useful branch of science, Dr. Page was whipping me into "longs and shorts." I could not therefore give my querist a direct answer without wounding his vanity as well as my own, for I should have been obliged to confess that so far from understanding the nature of his question, I was not even aware of the existence of his island until I was appointed to a regiment which formed part of its garrison. CHAP. III.

In course of time I became better informed. I discovered that the Mauritius, small as it is, has a history of its own, and that it is not an uneventful one will be shown by a few extracts from its annals :—

The Mauritius during the "Reign of Terror."

The island was discovered by the Portuguese early in the sixteenth century. From them it passed to the Spaniards, and then to the Dutch, who called it Mauritius after Prince Maurice, then Stadtholder. The Dutch abandoned it on account, it is said, of the rats by which it was infested. For three years it was wholly deserted. The French then took possession of it, gave it the

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name of the Isle of France, and called its capital Port Louis, after their reigning sovereign. For three-quarters of a century the colonists lived under the ancient dynasty of France happy and contented—and well they might, for from all those ills which drove the mother country into rebellion the Mauritians were happily free. Here there were no titles, no seignorial rights, no rivalry between the spiritual and temporal authorities, no classes exempt from taxation, no *lettres de cachet*, no Bastille, no corvée,—none at least for the white man. The colonists were in the full enjoyment of these immunities, when, on 30th January, 1792, there anchored in the port a vessel from Bordeaux. It was observed that the captain and crew wore red, white, and blue cockades. In a few moments the island learned the meaning of this adornment. As a bull at the waving of a red rag, so were these impulsive islanders roused to instant fury at the sight of the tricolor. They straightway abjured all further allegiance to their Sovereign, proclaimed the "one and indivisible Republic," assumed the badge of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, and compelled the General in command of the Royal garrison to do likewise. Nor did they stop there, they formed themselves into a Constituent Assembly, dispossessed Louis XVI.'s civil officers, and filled their places by their own retainers. At the same time,

the soldiers of the garrison, who had thrown off all discipline, sent delegates to the self-appointed government to assure them of their adhesion to the new order of things.

The Assembly now sent deputies to France, in order to obtain a sanction to their proceedings; but apprehensive lest the Admiral on the station, Count de Macnémara, a stout Royalist, might intercept them in their passage, they required as a guarantee that he should send on shore the rudder of his ship.

As soon as the vessel containing the deputies was safe out of port, four hundred soldiers, seizing the boats in the harbour, went on board the *Thetis* —the flagship—to secure the person of the Admiral. That officer would fain have received them with a broadside, but his men fraternized with the soldiers and refused to fire upon them. Making a virtue of necessity, Macnémara accompanied the soldiers ashore, first arming himself with a brace of pistols, of which his valet without his knowledge had drawn the charge.

On arriving in the Rue Royale, the Admiral came in sight of a gibbet, from which was suspended a lanthorn. Aware now of his danger, he rushed into a watchmaker's shop. He was followed by some soldiers, at whom he snapped both his pistols, and was immediately put to death; his

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head was severed from his body, fixed upon a pole, and carried in triumph through the streets.

Throughout the "Reign of Terror," these slave-holding apostles of freedom endeavoured to ape the follies and atrocities of their European cousins. Under the name of "Les Chaumières," they formed themselves into assemblies on the Jacobin model, and when they heard that the National Assembly had issued assignats, the Mauritians had likewise recourse to an inconvertible paper currency. To complete the horrible farce, they erected a guillotine in the square, and were about to bring some of the officials of the *ancien régime* under its knife, when the news of the downfall of the Robespierre government defeated their intentions, and in some degree restored the isle to its propriety.

During the "Revolution war" the Mauritians made most successful inroads upon our commerce. It is computed that, in the first ten years of the war, the value of British ships and cargoes taken by the privateers of the island amounted to two millions and a half sterling. This profitable venture of course ceased when in 1810 the island surrendered to British arms.

A Pro-Slave-Trade Governor.

But there was another lucrative employment which was also threatened with deterioration by the capture. The colonists were busily employed

in importing negroes from the island of Madagascar—a commodity for which there was a great demand, in consequence of the mortality of the slaves, caused by excess of work and insufficiency of food. An Act of the British Parliament was in force by which traffic in slaves was punishable by transportation. But the Mauritians were not slow to discover that they had not much to apprehend from a too rigid enforcement of the law on the part of the Governor, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Townsend Farquhar. If, therefore, their slavers could elude the vigilance of the British war-cruisers off Madagascar, the difficulties of landing their victims would be nearly nominal. Farquhar was an almost undisguised advocate for a continuance of the trade. I have before me some of his despatches that were laid before Parliament. In one of them he laments over "the great deficiency of labourers in consequence of the strict blockade of these islands." He expresses his fears, that "unless some means be speedily devised for supplying these colonies with hands, they cannot continue in cultivation, and must become deserts." He assures the Minister of the Colonies that "without a fresh importation of slaves, these islands, he is given to understand, and is led to believe, cannot continue in cultivation." His Excellency had not far to go in search of persons who

CHAP. III. gave him thus to understand and led him thus to believe, for Belombre, the largest slave estate in the colony, was the joint property of three members of his family, one of whom, his aide-de-camp, Captain Thomas le Sage, was an officer in my regiment, and the immediate neighbourhood of Belombre was one of the favourite creeks of the slavers for running their contraband cargoes of human flesh. The result of this connivance was that, in contravention of the Act of Parliament, fifty thousand negroes were smuggled into the island during the first ten years that the Mauritius became a dependency of the British Crown. Farquhar was in high favour with the Prince Regent and with Louis XVIII. The one made him a baronet, the other invested him with the Legion of Honour. It is hardly necessary to add that he was a zealous supporter of the Tory Government. He used to boast in Parliament of the "series of measures he had passed to better the condition and alleviate the oppression of the slave." One of these alleged alleviations was the abolition of the public flogging of women. No document was produced in proof of this assertion, for the simple reason that none such ever had an existence. I was an eyewitness of one of these whippings. It took place in the market-place. The poor woman was tied to a ladder placed against the wall of the theatre. The punishment was inflicted by a negro

government policeman. Another assertion of Sir Robert was that the Belombre estate was one of the best regulated in the island.

Now the average mortality of the free black and coloured population in the Mauritius from 1816 to 1821 was about $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. By a return laid before Parliament, the mortality among the slaves of the Belombre estate averaged for a series of years 16 per cent.

What a cruel expenditure of human life, and what a fearful amount of human suffering do not these figures reveal?

Major-General Hall.

The year before I arrived in the island, Farquhar went to Europe on account of his health. Major-General Gage John Hall, Commander of the troops, became Governor *ad interim*. The new functionary soon became convinced that not only his predecessor in office, but that all those whose duty it was to carry out the provisions of the Slave-Trade Abolition Act, were resorting to every expedient to make it a dead letter. Acting upon these convictions, Hall suspended the Chief Justice and the Attorney-General, dismissed several civil servants from their posts, and established domiciliary visits to planters' "habitations," in search of newly-imported negroes. Remonstrances against his proceedings by the colonists to the mother-country procured his immediate recall; and this brings me to the

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question put to me by the *notable habitant* in Port Louis harbour,—namely, whether the removal of the obnoxious Governor was to be construed into a virtual admission on the part of the British Government that the planters were to have no further let or hindrance to their free importation of "hands."

In the month of December, General Hall embarked for Europe, having first surrendered his post to the commanding officer of my regiment, Colonel, afterwards Major-General, Sir John Dalrymple; and I became so far benefited by the change of administration that I was appointed aide-de-camp to the new Governor.

[1819.] My chief resided for the most part at Mon Plaisir, a country-house situate in that beautiful Shaddock Grove, where Bernardin de St. Pierre has placed the cradles and the tombs of his Paul and Virginia. One event only occurs to me as worthy of record during the six weeks I abode in this pleasant retreat. This was a hurricane—a visitation to which this island is unfortunately liable. It commenced on the 25th of January, at about six in the evening. The sea-breeze had subsided, and the land-breeze came not, as on ordinary occasions, to replace it. Over our usually clear atmosphere there hung a lurid haze. In the midst of a dead calm, a sudden gust of wind blew off the tops of

A Hurricane.

the cocoa nut-trees, which came bounding over the country with the lightness of thistledown, presenting the appearance of huge artichokes engaged in a steeple-chase. In common with other houses in the island, Mon Plaisir was built entirely of wood. As the storm increased, which it did towards midnight, the timbers of the building cracked and groaned like those of a ship at sea in a heavy gale of wind. It was an anxious night that we passed, for every moment we expected the walls would fall in and bury us in the ruins.

Major-General, afterwards Sir Ralph Darling, who had been appointed from home to succeed General Hall, arrived in the island early in February, and continued me in my post of aide-de-camp. I now shifted my quarters from Mon Plaisir to Réduit, another charming country house, where I resided till June, when my regiment embarked for England.

Arrive at Simon's Bay.

As we approached the Cape of Good Hope, called by its early discoverers "Cabo Tormentoso" (the stormy cape), we encountered the most violent tempest I ever witnessed. The lightning was awful. Wet blankets were placed at the foot of each mast. Every moment we expected that a thunderbolt would send us to the bottom. But we providentially weathered the gale, and came safe to anchor in Simon's Bay.

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A Visit to Cape Town.

As soon as we set foot on shore, we started off on a visit to Cape Town. In a few minutes our "wagen" drew up before our inn-door — a most unwieldy concern, fitted up with benches, and covered with a canvas hood resembling a huge gipsy tent on wheels. On a board in front, and on a level with the horses, sat the driver. By his side was his mate, whose sole business it was to keep his horses up to the collar. This man was armed with a whip, the handle of which was of bamboo and the thong of rhinoceros-hide, roughly plaited together, and of sufficient length to reach the foremost horses of the team.

The "wagenvoerman" belonged to a race of people called at the Cape "Bastaards," the offspring of a Dutch boer and a female Hottentot slave. He was of huge dimensions, and inherited the peculiar form respectively attributed to the race of both his parents.

In the first half of our journey, which led principally along the seashore, we were almost stifled by the effluvia arising from the carcasses of dead whales which lay rotting on the beach.

A Sixteen-in-hand Coach-man.

The manner in which our coachman managed his sixteen-in-hand was something marvellous. He piloted us with great dexterity over a rough, rocky road, full of boulders. It was with a nervous

admiration I saw him wheel our cumbrous vehicle into the inn-yard of "George's Half-way House." CHAP. III.

While at the Cape I became a frequent guest of the Governor-General, Lord Charles Somerset, a man of considerable humour, and possessing that easy, engaging manner which seems to sit so naturally on the House of Beaufort. When I first saw Lord Charles he was full of a visit from Theodore Hook, the famous *improvisatore*, who had made a short stay at the Cape on his way home from the Mauritius. Dining one day at the Government House, Hook was asked to give a sample of his talent. He had been previously furnished with the names and peculiarities of his fellow guests. For each of them he had a verse which set the table in a roar. He, however, made no allusion to Lord Charles himself. "No, no, Mr. Hook," said his Excellency, "that won't do. I do not choose to be passed over." Upon which Hook said, or rather sang:—

"When we come to a Governor,
Silence is best,
So we'll tip him a *Summerset*,
And pass on to the rest."

There was at this time at the Cape a person whose eccentricities attracted universal attention —Dr. James Barry, staff-surgeon to the garrison, and the Governor's medical adviser. Lord Charles *Dr. James Barry.*

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described him to me as the most skilful of physicians, and the most wayward of men. He had lately been in professional attendance upon the Governor, who was somewhat fanciful about his health ; but the Esculapius, taking umbrage at something said or done, had left his patient to prescribe for himself. I had heard so much of this capricious, yet privileged gentleman, that I had a great curiosity to see him. I shortly afterwards sat next him at dinner at one of the regimental messes. In this learned Pundit I beheld a beardless lad, apparently of my own age, with an unmistakably Scotch type of countenance—reddish hair, high cheek bones. There was a certain effeminacy in his manner, which he seemed to be always striving to overcome. His style of conversation was greatly superior to that one usually heard at a mess-table in those days of *non*-competitive examination.

A mystery attached to Barry's whole professional career, which extended over more than half a century. While at the Cape he fought a duel, and was considered to be of a most quarrelsome disposition. He was frequently guilty of flagrant breaches of discipline, and on more than one occasion was sent home under arrest, but somehow or other his offences were always condoned at head-quarters.

In Hart's *Annual Army List* for the year 1865 the name of James Barry, M.D., stands at the head

of the list of Inspectors-General of Hospitals. In the July of that same year, the *Times* one day announced the death of Dr. Barry, and the next day it was officially reported to the Horse Guards that the Doctor was a woman. It is singular that neither the landlady of her lodging, nor the black servant who had lived with her for years, had the slightest suspicion of her sex. The late Mrs. Ward, daughter of Colonel Tidy, from whom I had these particulars, told me further that she believed the Doctor to have been the legitimate grand-daughter of a Scotch Earl, whose name I do not now give, as I am unable to substantiate the correctness of my friend's surmise, and that the *soi-disant James Barry* adopted the medical profession from attachment to an army-surgeon who has not been many years dead.

Cape Wine.

Before I left the Cape I paid a visit to Constantia, and had the pleasure of drinking at the fountain-head some of the celebrated wine which derives its name from the place. Very different from the luscious Constantia was a cheap and nasty beverage, called Cape Madeira, of which our mess laid in a stock for consumption on the voyage home. My palate retains an unpleasant recollection of its disagreeable earthy flavour. Doomed for three months to taste the juice of no other grape, I can enter into the fun of a *travestie*

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of "Romeo and Juliet," in which the author makes his hero poison himself with a bottle of South African wine.

I was rejoicing at the prospect of a run with the Cape foxhounds when I was informed that "Blue Peter" was flying at the masthead of my transport, so I hurried back to Simon's Bay, and was soon in full sail out of the harbour.

St. Helena.

Our next trip on shore was at St. Helena, a gloomy little island, consisting of huge masses of arid rocks rising abruptly from the sea a thousand or fifteen hundred feet. He must have been a bold adventurer who first thought of settling in so uninviting a locality. When viewed from the sea there does not appear a spot level enough to build a house upon—even Jamestown, the only town in the island—occupies the bed of a deep, narrow, and almost perpendicular ravine. The first appearance of the place produced upon me a deep feeling of depression, aggravated doubtless by reflecting on the fate of that extraordinary man whose prison it then was.

Napoleon and Miss Brooke.

During my stay on the island, I was the guest of Captain Power, brother of the late Ladies Blessington and Canterbury. He was just married to Miss Brooke, the prettiest woman in the island, and daughter of the Secretary of the Government. When Napoleon first arrived at St. Helena, and

before Longwood was ready for his reception, he took up his residence with Mrs. Power's father, and showed by his manner how much he was struck with the beauty of his young hostess; but his attentions were received with a coldness and reserve that, said the St. Helenians, the ex-Emperor could ill brook (Brooke).

O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena."

O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena" had exasperated all Europe against Sir Hudson Lowe for his alleged ill-treatment of his illustrious prisoner. There was probably much exaggeration in the charges of the Irish doctor against that functionary, but I do not believe them to have been altogether without foundation. Whatever may have been the merits of Sir Hudson as a brave officer in the field, he appears to have been ill fitted for the difficult and delicate duties he was called upon to perform. When in the Ionian Islands, I was quartered with the Royal Corsican Rangers, of which regiment Lowe was a long time in command, and several of the officers who had served under him[1] spoke of him to me as a man of churlish manners and an irritable and overbearing temper. Nor did his personal appearance speak much in his favour. Cruikshank's sketch of Ralph Nickleby in Dickens's novel forcibly recalls Sir Hudson to

[1] One of these officers was Captain Susini, a native of Ajaccio, and a second cousin of Napoleon.

CHAP. III. my mind—the large head and small body, the beetle brow, the shaggy projecting eyebrows, the forbidding scowl on the countenance.

My brother officers, having obtained leave from the Governor, went to Longwood, in the hope of getting a glimpse of the Emperor. My principles as a Buonapartist would not allow me to be of the party. I lost nothing by my forbearance. My comrades returned much disappointed, and with a certain feeling of injury. "The beast," they said, "would not stir out of his den."

Napoleon's last Moments.

Two years after I quitted St. Helena, Napoleon had ceased to breathe. His body, it will be remembered, after lying nearly twenty years in the island, was taken from its tomb and reinterred with great pomp in the Hôtel des Invalides. Comte de Jarnac, the late French ambassador to our Court, was one of the Commissioners deputed by King Louis Philippe to convey the body to France. Associated with him in the Commission was Field-Marshal Bertrand, that faithful servant of Napoleon, who had fought by his side, and was with him in his last moments. Comte de Jarnac, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure to make some years ago at Woburn Abbey, gave me a most interesting account of the process of exhumation.

Shortly before Napoleon's decease, as the Marshal

was leaning over his bed to learn his wishes, the Emperor said feebly, "C'est vous, Bertrand, qui me fermerez les yeux." The Marshal heard the words, but did not seize their import. "Parce que," added Napoleon, "naturellement ils restent ouverts." In mentioning this incident to de Jarnac, Bertrand added, "C'est singulier, mais je ne le savais pas" —singular indeed, that such a well-known phenomenon should have escaped the notice of one so conversant with battle-fields!

The landing of a corps of officers, even for a couple of weeks, created quite a sensation in the *beau monde* of Jamestown. But *the* gay season was when the East Indiamen used to anchor in the harbour for water and provisions. A young lady of the island dancing with a Captain of one of these vessels, said to him, "How dull London must be when all you gentlemen are away!"

My regiment landed in England in the middle of November.

CHAPTER IV.

Appointed Equerry to the Duke of Sussex.—The Duke's Political *dêbut*.—A Regal Canvasser.—Accompany the Duke to Holkham.—Coke of Norfolk.—A Norwich Corn Law Riot.—The Norwich Fox Dinner.—The Trumpet of Liberty.—The Taylors of Norwich.—Death of the Duke of Kent.—The Holkham Sheep-shearing.—Lord Erskine.—Queen Caroline.—A Ball at the Argyll Rooms.—Attend the Queen's Trial.—Her Personal Appearance and Demeanour.—Witnesses for the Prosecution.—The Queen and Teodoro Majocchi.—Lord Albemarle to Lady Anne Keppel.—Brougham and Lord Exmouth.—A Letter from Lord Albemarle.—House of Lords adjourns to the 3rd of October.—Letters from Lord Albemarle.—Second Reading of the Bill.—Brougham, Denman, Gifford, and Copley.—Vice-Chancellor Leach.—"Othello" and the Queen's Trial.—Beefsteak Club.

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Appointed Equerry to the Duke of Sussex.

[1820.] EARLY in this year I was appointed Honorary Equerry to the Duke of Sussex. The labours of my new office were light and agreeable. My attendance on his Royal Highness was not to interfere with any engagements, whether of duty or pleasure. I had free quarters in Kensington Palace, access to an excellent library, and

admission on terms of intimacy to the society of one who was among the best-natured of men and the best-instructed of Princes. CHAP. IV.

The Duke's Political début.

During a long life the Duke of Sussex was, as is well known, a consistent asserter of popular rights. As he used to tell me, he was an early sufferer in the good cause. When only seven years old, he was, by order of the King, locked up in his nursery and sent supperless to bed for wearing Admiral Keppel's election colours.

A Windsor Election.

The youthful politician had doubtless been instigated to this display of partisanship by his uncle, William Henry, Duke of Cumberland, an enthusiastic supporter of the Admiral. The occasion was the contest for the borough of Windsor in 1780—a contest without a parallel in election annals. In the preceding year Admiral Keppel had been brought to a court-martial and honourably acquitted. He had represented Windsor in Parliament for twenty years. His brother, Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter, who was also Dean of Windsor, had considerable property in the town. On the dissolution of Parliament the Admiral asked his constituents for a renewal of their suffrages. He found that he was opposed by a candidate of the King's own choosing, and that the Court and Government had united their influence against his return. Erskine, under the signature of "A Freeholder," affirmed

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that the highest power of Government, not content with having deprived the nation of his (Keppel's) abilities in his profession, made itself a party to rob it of his zeal and honesty in the senate. Walpole says, "all the royal brewers and bakers voted against Keppel." I have heard my father and the late Sir Robert Adair repeatedly affirm that George III. canvassed the town in person against their uncle. The Admiral himself, in his speech from the hustings, affecting to treat as a rumour what he knew to be a fact patent to an assembly whom he addressed, said, "This cannot be true, it OUGHT not to be believed—it MUST not be believed." Special mention used to be made of a certain silk mercer, a stout Keppelite, who would mimic the King's peculiar voice and manner as His Majesty entered his shop and muttered, in his hurried way—"The Queen wants a gown—wants a gown. No Keppel—no Keppel."

Accompany the Duke to Holkham.

In January, 1819, my father presided at a grand public dinner at Norwich, ostensibly to celebrate the birthday of Charles Fox, but in reality to raise a feeling against the unconstitutional conduct of the Tory administration. In the autumn of the same year ministers had succeeded in carrying through Parliament the famous "Six Acts," which placed the liberties of England in a state of suspension. With a view to elicit a strong expression

of disapproval of these arbitrary measures, Lord Albemarle was requested to resume the chair at Norwich, at the next anniversary of the great Whig statesman's birthday (1820). To give the meeting a national character, men of rank and station were invited from different parts of the kingdom to take part in the proceedings. The Duke of Sussex was one of those who responded to the call, and the first act of my Equerryship was to accompany His Royal Highness into Norfolk for the purpose of attending the dinner. CHAP. IV.

Louise de Stolberg.

Our second day's journey landed us at Holkham, where we found assembled the Duke of Norfolk and other leaders of the movement. I now first became acquainted with the owner of the mansion, the late Earl of Leicester, then so well known as "Coke of Norfolk." He was in his sixty-sixth year, and retained much of that prepossessing appearance which in his youthful days had procured for him at Rome the appellation of the "handsome Englishman." Among the most ardent of his admirers in the eternal city was Princess Louise de Stolberg, wife of the Count of Albany, James II.'s unfortunate grandson, "Prince Charlie." As an acknowledgment of the impression which young Coke's good looks had produced on the Countess, she insisted upon making him a present of his own portrait, which is now at Longford Hall,

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Derbyshire, the seat of his second son, Mr. Edward Coke. He is represented with a mask in his hand, and in a pink-and-white masquerade dress. The Countess has caused herself to be typified by the statue of a reclining Cleopatra, at the moment that the love-sick queen is applying the asp to her arm. Under date of August 18, 1774, Horace Walpole writes: "The young Mr. Coke is returned from his travels, in love with the Pretender's queen, who has permitted him to have her picture."[1] It was probably the Cleopatra in the background of Mr. Coke's own picture to which Walpole alludes.

On his return from Rome, Mr. Coke became member for Norfolk, and was for many years "Father of the House of Commons."

Sidney Coke's Picture by Gainsborough.

Over one of the chimney-pieces in the saloon at Holkham is a charming full-length picture of Coke, by Gainsborough, the last portrait, I believe, painted by that artist, who thenceforth confined himself to landscapes. Mr. Coke is depicted in the act of loading a gun; a dog is at his feet. He wears long boots, a broad-brimmed hat, and the shooting-jacket of a century ago. Apart from its merit as a work of art, it has an historical interest, as exhibiting the actual dress in which Coke appeared before George III. when, as knight of the

[1] Letter to Conway.

shire, he presented an address from the county of Norfolk, praying that monarch to recognise the independence of the American colonies. CHAP. IV.

A Corn-Law Riot.

The high price of wheat and the low price of wages in 1815 led many of the working classes in the provincial towns to hold tumultuous meetings for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Mr. Coke, as a true disciple of Fox, was no believer in Adam Smith's doctrine respecting a free trade in grain, and always voted, in common with other county members, for "protection to agriculture." In the month of March, 1815, he and my father attended a Cattle Show in the Norwich Castle Ditches. On the same day an Anti-Corn-Law mob paraded the streets, preceded by a man bearing a small loaf on a pole. Mr. Coke was immediately recognised. "Let us seize the villain," cried some of the weavers, "and before night we will have his heart on a gridiron." At the same moment they made a rush towards their intended victim. In the crowd a stalwart poacher, whom my father had once befriended, formed with his body a temporary barrier between the mob and the object of their resentment. Coke and my father took advantage of the momentary respite, and, amidst a shower of stones, scrambled over some cattle-pens. A butcher named Kett, seeing their danger, opened the door of one of his pens and, having first

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twisted the tail of a large bull, let him loose on the crowd. The beast, maddened with pain, went bellowing and galloping down the hill. The mob dispersed in a trice, but quickly reassembled in greater force. The Riot Act was read, and the military—a regiment of Black Brunswickers (soon to deal with a more formidable foe)—was called out. One trooper was wounded by a stone.

In the meanwhile the two fugitives made their escape to the "Angel," now the "Royal" Hotel. The gates were closed; the Anti-Corn-Law rioters assembled round the inn. It was whispered that Coke would be found in the boot of the London night coach, now about to take its departure. The gates were opened, the coach was searched—no Coke was to be found. He and my father, having escaped by the back way, were on their road to Quidenham, where they arrived safely the same evening.

The Fox Dinner.

[1820.]—On our arrival in Norwich from Holkham on the morning of the 23rd of January, such alarming accounts were received of the illness of the Duke of Kent, that his royal brother gave up the intention of attending the dinner; but a more favourable report arriving in the evening, he adhered to his original plan.

The dinner, over which Lord Albemarle presided, was held in St. Andrew's Hall, a noble edifice built

by Sir Thomas Erpingham, that gallant old Norfolk knight who gave the signal of battle to the English army at Agincourt. CHAP. IV.

I give in inverted commas some of the toasts that were proposed from the chair, and enthusiastically responded to by the assembled guests, as marking the excited state of public feeling at this period.

"THE KING, IN SOLEMN SILENCE."

This was probably the last time that the health of George III. was given at a public meeting. He was known to be rapidly sinking, and he died a few days later.

"THE PRINCE REGENT, IN SILENCE."

In deference to our illustrious visitor, the following words that usually accompanied this toast were omitted: "May he never forget those principles which placed his family on the throne of these realms." On one occasion when the health of the Regent with the above affix was proposed, the band struck up the well-known air "Hope told a flattering tale."

"THE CONSTITUTION, ACCORDING TO THE PRINCIPLES OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1688."

"THE MEMORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX, IN RESPECTFUL SILENCE."

"THE RESPECTABILITY OF THE CROWN, THE

CHAP IV. DURABILITY OF THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT."

"THE SPEEDY AND FINAL EXTINCTION OF ALL LAWS, WHEREVER THEY EXIST, WHICH TEND TO OBSTRUCT THE SACRED RIGHTS OF CONSCIENCE."

"THE CAUSE OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY ALL OVER THE WORLD."

"THE CAUSE FOR WHICH HAMPDEN BLED ON THE FIELD, AND SYDNEY AND RUSSELL ON THE SCAFFOLD."

"MAY THE EXAMPLE OF ONE REVOLUTION PREVENT THE NECESSITY OF ANOTHER."

In the next toast from the Chair, my father declared himself an advocate for the Ballot and Triennial Parliaments.

"A FULL, FAIR, AND FREE REPRESENTATION OF THE PEOPLE IN PARLIAMENT."

"MAY WE LIVE TO SEE THE RIGHT OF PETITION RESTORED."

In the intervals between the toasts and speeches several songs were sung, principally composed for the occasion by John Taylor of Norwich. One of these, in honour of Fox's birthday, set to music by his son Edward, was quoted by my father in one of his speeches—

"Come to his tomb, but not to weep;
Here Freedom's holiday we keep.
The sacred altar let it be,
Round which we vow to Liberty."

Nor must I pass over in silence another song, also by John Taylor, and sung by Edward in his majestic bass voice, to music of his own composing. Here is the first stanza :—

"The Trumpet of Liberty sounds through the world,
And the universe starts at the sound;
Her standard Philosophy's hand has unfurled,
And the nations are thronging around.
The cruel dominion of priestcraft is o'er,
Its thunders, its fagots, its chains;
Mankind will endure the vile bondage no more,
While Religion our freedom maintains.
Fall, tyrants, fall! fall!
These are the days of Liberty!
Fall, tyrants, fall!"

The chorus was taken up by the guests upstanding. Among the five hundred voices raised on the occasion, that of the Duke of Sussex was distinctly audible.

"The Trumpet of Liberty" had a good forty years' run, and only fell into disuse when the restoration of the people to their rights and liberties deprived the song of its point.

As this song appeared in England at about the same time as the Jacobin air the "Marseillaise" in France, it was supposed to have been intended to commemorate the French Revolution, whereas it was written for the centenary of the English

CHAP. IV. Revolution, and sung by its author in 1788 at a Norwich dinner in celebration of that event.

Edward Taylor, who has edited some "Hymns and Miscellaneous Poems" of John Taylor, says, in reference to "The Trumpet of Liberty,"—"while my father was singing this song in Norwich, Dr. Priestley's house and laboratory were destroyed by a 'Church-and-King mob.'"

In the early part of the present century, when unwieldy double-bodied coaches afforded to country folks the ordinary access to the metropolis, the inhabitants of large towns were more dependent upon themselves for society than in these days of easy locomotion.

Norwich, as has been described by Sir James Mackintosh, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Opie, and Henry Crabb Robinson, stood pre-eminent among provincial towns for the intellectual character of its leading citizens. The Taylors, of whom I have just had occasion to speak, formed the centre of its social circle. The first representative of the family came to Norwich a century and a half ago. Dr. John Taylor was a well-known Presbyterian divine, author, among other works, of a "Hebrew Concordance of the Old Testament." Literary talent seems to have descended on his posterity as an heirloom. It is a saying in Norfolk, that if a collection were made of the works of the Taylors

of Norwich, it would form a respectable library. By the marriage of the Doctor's son Richard, the family became connected with the Martineaus, from whom descended Harriet, the historian and political economist. One of the Doctor's great-grandsons, Edgar, was a writer on Law and History. Edgar's sister, who died in 1872, was long known for her poems and several excellent works for children. The wife of John Taylor, a woman of extraordinary energy and power, was styled in the language of the day the "Madame Roland" of Norwich.

Among the children of this union were Richard, editor of "The Diversions of Purley;" Edward, Gresham Professor of Music; Mrs. Austin, the well-known authoress, and Philip Taylor of Marseilles. This last, who died in July, 1870, the friend of Jean Baptiste Say and Richard Cobden, was himself distinguished as the founder of an important public company, called "La Société des Forges et Chantiers de la Méditerranée." Philip Taylor's kind and judicious treatment of his excitable Marseillaise workmen procured for him the title of "Le Père des Ouvriers."

Henry Reeve of the Council Office is the sole surviving representative of the literary tastes of the sixth generation of this gifted family. A few years ago the Taylors could boast of that most

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charming of letter-writers, my kinswoman by marriage, Lucie Austin, the late Lady Duff Gordon.

Death of the Duke of Kent.

The post of the morning after the Fox dinner brought the news of the death of the Duke of Kent. I had to break the sad intelligence to my chief. His Royal Highness was much affected. Of all his brothers, the Duke of Kent was the one to whom he was most warmly attached, and with whom he agreed most cordially in political sentiment.

Demeanour of the crowd towards the Duke.

The Duke had taken up his abode for the night at the house of Mr. William Foster. An immense Norwich crowd assembled on the morning round the door to see the first Prince of the Blood who had honoured their town with a visit. They had intended to greet His Royal Highness with three hearty cheers, but the intelligence of his bereavement having reached them, they, with much good taste and feeling, observed a respectful silence when he made his appearance, and remained with their heads uncovered so long as his carriage was in sight.

The Duke my father's guest.

The Duke was my father's guest that same evening. A large party had been invited to meet His Royal Highness, but in consequence of his brother's death he dined by himself, and the next morning returned to Kensington alone.

[*June.*] Early in June I accompanied the Duke

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Holkham Sheep-shearing.

of Sussex for a second time to Holkham. The occasion was the famous annual sheep-shearing. Here were assembled men from all parts of Europe to witness the practical working of a system of husbandry of which Mr. Coke was considered to be the founder. We sat down each day upwards of five hundred to dinner in the state apartments. There were plenty of speeches—principally on the science of agriculture. An exception to the rule was one from Lord Erskine, who afforded much amusement from the manner in which he dealt with a subject of which he was so profoundly ignorant. One of the theories broached in the morning was that crushed oyster-shells would prove an excellent manure. The opinion was erroneous, but it was not then so considered. "Gentlemen," said Erskine, "we lawyers have been accused of eating the oyster and of giving the shell to our clients. The charge is true; but our host has shown this morning that we only take a fair share of the bivalve."

The dinner, an early one, was followed by a supper for the guests who remained in the house. Erskine, the soul of the party, recited some humorous poetry of his own composition. The Duke of Sussex—and some of us who were not so gifted with an ear for music—sang songs, sentimental, bacchanalian, or comic; and,—not the least amusing part of the performances,—the foreigners

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made speeches in broken English. Altogether we passed several pleasant evenings.

The sheep-shearing lasted till the 6th of June. At this period occurred an event which set the whole nation in a flame—the return to England, after an absence of six years, of the unhappy Caroline of Brunswick.

Arrival of Queen Caroline.

Her Majesty landed at Dover on the 5th. Her journey to London was a perfect ovation. On the afternoon of the 6th she arrived at Alderman Wood's, No. 77, South Audley Street, a house nearly opposite to that of my grandmother De Clifford; and this ordinarily quiet neighbourhood, which usually knew no sounds but those of carriage-wheels, became for several days the rendezvous of the noisy "roughs" of London, who passed the nights in breaking the windows of such of the inhabitants as refused to "light up," and the days in cheering the Queen and calling upon her to show herself on the balcony.

A Ball at the Argyll Rooms.

This summer I fell in with Sir Jacob Astley, afterwards Lord Hastings. We were for six years form-fellows at Westminster. At a later period we sat together as Members for Norfolk in the first Reformed Parliament. I have a special reason for remembering a grand fancy ball which he gave at the Argyll Rooms, and at which I was present. Uniforms were admitted, and I was very proud of

mine. Two maiden ladies connected with Norfolk, but well known in the West of London assemblies, attracted universal attention. They were plump, dark-complexioned, and elderly; they appeared as Swiss shepherdesses, wore broad-brimmed straw hats profusely decorated with ribands and flowers, scarlet bodices tastefully ornamented, and skirts which, if worn on the stage, would have drawn down upon the wearers the censure of the Lord Chamberlain. The Swiss costume admits of much latitude, and of this they freely availed themselves. To heighten the effect of their charms the rouge-pot had been called into requisition. The ball was kept up with great spirit till long after daylight. As in duty bound, I was among the last to go. I was hurrying downstairs when my name was called and my assistance claimed in the shrill accents of my spinster friends. "Their coachman had played them false; no hackney-coach was on the stand. Would I escort them home on foot?" There was no help for it—off I set, with a shepherdess on each arm. As ill-luck would have it, we encountered a crowd of bricklayers on their way to work. Their comments on the trio may be imagined, but must not be repeated. With a soldier's gallantry, I stuck to my shepherdesses; but the epithets with which they and I were pelted are still ringing in my ears.

CHAP. IV.

[*August 16th.*] My father, wholly engrossed with his farm, was forced to tear himself away from its attractions in obedience to a summons of the House of Lords to be in his place to take into consideration "A Bill intituled An Act to deprive Her Majesty Queen Caroline Amelia Elizabeth of the title, prerogatives, rights, and privileges of Queen Consort of this realm, and to dissolve the marriage between His Majesty and the said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth." With a heavy heart he set out on the journey on the 16th of August. I accompanied him. We arrived late in London. My father took me to Brooks's. Only one member was present, but he the most popular man in all England—Henry Brougham, Attorney-General to the Queen, the fearless advocate who in public estimation had sacrificed all prospects of professional advancement in order to defend the cause of a cruelly persecuted woman. Brougham was in the highest spirits. I was thrown much in his company in after-life, and frequently enjoyed the brilliancy of his conversation, but never did he shine forth as on this evening when my father and I comprised his whole audience.

[*August 17th.*] I started at nine the next morning for the House of Lords. In passing through St. James's Square I saw a large assemblage of persons waiting for the arrival of the Queen from her villa

on the Thames. During the trial she occupied a house on the west side of the Square, within two doors of King Street. She was within a stone's throw of the residence of her husband—of that palace into which, five-and-twenty years before, she had entered as bride, buoyant with the prospect of eventually becoming the Queen Consort of the greatest kingdom in the world. Her wish had been realized to the letter, and she had now to learn the vanity of human wishes.

With the exception of the day on which the present Queen was crowned (on which occasion I had the honour of forming part of the procession), I never beheld so dense a crowd as that which assembled between Pall Mall and Westminster Abbey on the morning of the 17th of August. The Household Cavalry, the City Light Horse, and the Horse Police patrolled the streets; a regiment of Guards were posted in Westminster Hall and the avenues of the Law Courts, and the approach to the Houses of Parliament was lined with infantry. The mob seemed to make a shrewd guess at the manner in which almost every Peer would vote, and received with groans or cheers the supposed supporters or opponents of the Ministerial measure. The Duke of Sussex met with a most enthusiastic greeting from them.

The fine tapestries representing the Spanish

CHAP. IV. Armada which hung on the walls of the House of Lords were almost obscured from view by the temporary galleries which had been erected for the accommodation of the Peers. Except a narrow passage for the witness, interpreter, and short-hand writer, the space below the bar was divided between the Law Officers of the King and Queen—His Majesty's on the left, and Her Majesty's on the right fronting the throne. A gallery led from the Peers' chamber to the apartment allotted to the Queen—a many-angled room looking upon the leads of the portico of the Peers' entrance.

The Duke of Sussex having been excused from attendance, on the plea of his consanguinity to both parties in the suit, immediately set off for Tonbridge Wells. Thither I followed him in a few days; but as His Royal Highness was naturally desirous of hearing how the trial was proceeding, he frequently sent me to London to bring him the earliest intelligence. Mr. Ellice, the Member for Coventry, always lent me his carriage to and from Sevenoaks; the rest of the journey I performed on a fast-trotting horse belonging to the Duke. Thus I became an eye and ear witness of all the principal events in that celebrated cause.

[*August* 18*th.*] Denman, as Solicitor-General of the Queen, was addressing the House, on the morning of the 18th, against the principle of the

Pains and Penalties Bill, when a confused sound of drums, trumpets, and human voices announced the approach of the Queen. Beams a foot square had been thrown across the street between St. Margaret's Church and the Court of King's Bench; but this barrier Her Majesty's admirers dashed through with as much ease as if they had been formed of reeds, and accompanied Her Majesty to the entrance of the House. She was received at the threshold by Sir Thomas Tyrrwhitt, Usher of the Black Rod. The Queen had known him while she was living under her husband's roof. "Well, Sir Thomas," she is reported to have said, "what is your master trying me for? Is it for intermarrying with a man whose first wife I knew to be alive?"

The Peers rose as the Queen entered, and remained standing until she took her seat in a crimson and gilt chair, immediately in front of her counsel. Her appearance was anything but prepossessing. She wore a black dress with a high ruff, an unbecoming gipsy hat with a huge bow in front, the whole surmounted with a plume of ostrich-feathers. Nature had given her light hair, blue eyes, a fair complexion, and a good-humoured expression of countenance; but these characteristics were marred by painted eyebrows and by a black wig with a profusion of curls, which overshadowed

CHAP. IV. her cheeks, and gave a bold, defiant air to her features.

My post of Equerry to the Duke of Sussex procured me admission behind the throne, and occasionally to a seat among the Queen's law advisers.

Brougham as Queen's Attorney-General.

Brougham was fond of implying that he had ample materials for recriminating on the King. "If," said he, "this necessity should be imposed upon me, I should act directly in the teeth of the instructions of this illustrious woman [here with a theatrical wave of the hand he pointed to the Queen, who sat immediately below him]; I should disobey her solemn commands; nor is it my purpose to resort to it, unless driven to it by an absolute and over-ruling compulsion."

In the course of the trial, the cashier of Coutts' bank was called to attest Queen Caroline's signature. He was retiring when Brougham called him back: "You say, Sir, you know Her Majesty's handwriting. Perhaps you know His Majesty's also?" He was answered in the affirmative, whereupon he brought out from the bottom of a bag a heap of letters which he arranged in his hand after the fashion of a conjuror showing a trick on cards, and then asked the cashier, "Is this the King's handwriting?—and this,—and this,—and this?" keeping his eyes

all the while fixed on the Peers with a look of indescribable archness. CHAP. IV.

The old Houses of Parliament.

The old Houses of Parliament were separated by a building which, with its inclosure, was called Cotton Garden. The front faced the Abbey, the rear the Thames. It was the residence of the Italian witnesses against the Queen: I should rather say, their prison, for they would have been torn in pieces by the populace if they had ventured beyond its precincts. The land entrance was strongly barricaded. The side facing Westminster Bridge was shut out from the public by a wall run up for the express purpose at a right angle to the Parliament stairs. Thus the only access was by the river. Here was erected a causeway to low-water mark; a flight of steps led to the interior of the inclosure. The street side was guarded by a strong military force, the water side by gun-boats. An ample supply of provisions was stealthily (for fear of the mob) introduced into the building; a bevy of royal cooks were sent to see that the food was of good quality, and to render it as palatable as their art could make it. About this building, in which the witnesses were immured from August till November, the London mob would hover like a cat round the cage of a canary. Such confinement would have been intolerable to the natives of any other country, but it was quite in unison with

CHAP. IV. the feelings of Italians. To them, it realized their favourite "*dolce far niente.*" Their only physical exertion appears to have been the indulgence in that description of dance that the *Pifferari* have made familiar to the Londoner. When these fellows appeared at the bar of the House they looked as respectable as fine clothes and soap and water could make them. Those persons who saw them before they emerged from the chrysalis into the butterfly state, described them as swarthy, dirty-looking fellows, in scanty, ragged jackets, and greasy leather caps.

There was something irresistibly comic in the manner in which Brougham with mock solemnity apologised for seeking to elude a Bill "supported by so respectable a body of witnesses as those assembled in Cotton Garden. Judging from their exterior," said Brougham, "they must be like those persons with whom your Lordships are in the habit of associating. They must doubtless be seized in fee-simple of those decent habiliments—persons who would regale themselves at their own expense, live in separate apartments, have full powers of locomotion, and require no other escort than their attendant *lacquais de place.*"

[*August* 21*st.*] I was present on the morning of the 21st of August at the celebrated interview between Queen Caroline and Teodoro Majocchi

the prevaricating postilion of "Non mi ricordo" notoriety. The moment she saw him, she raised her hands above her head and, uttering a loud exclamation, bounced out of the House of Lords in a most unqueenlike manner. What that exclamation was intended to convey is still a mystery. Some said the word was "Teodoro," others "Traditore." To me it seemed to be simply the interjection "Oh!" as expressive of disgust at seeing in her accuser one whom she had known as a dirty, discharged menial, but who was now transformed into a clean-looking gentleman, dressed in the height of the fashion. CHAP. IV.

Since making the above note, I have become possessed of several of my father's letters, written during the trial. They are addressed to my sister Anne, afterwards Countess of Leicester. The Cokes and Keppels lived at this time as one family. My sisters Anne and Mary were guests at Holkham during the constrained absence of their father from home.

WILLIAM CHARLES LORD ALBEMARLE TO LADY ANNE KEPPEL.

"London, *Sunday, August 20th*, 1820.

"My dearest Anne,

"I sat this morning half an hour with Lady Anson,[1] and though I did not find her as I wished

[1] Anne Margaret Coke, daughter of Mr. Coke of Holkham,

CHAP. IV. to see her, still I did find her much better than I expected from the report I had heard—better in looks, and better in spirits. One could not judge of her health by seeing her for so short a time; but I am positive that I have seen her much worse, and hope that her illness will be of short duration.

"We are now embarked in this trial.

"To-morrow we begin with the witnesses, and as their evidence must pass through an interpreter, it will go on slowly.

"I think, if we sit daily, only for six hours, from ten to four, some weeks must be wanting to get through it. I am going to-morrow till Thursday to Holland House; we shall come into London every morning, but it will be pleasanter to dine and sleep in the country. Tell Miss Coke[1] I hope I have her pity in being obliged to breakfast every morning at half-past eight. This is worse than Dr. Rigby, and very disagreeable and unwholesome.

"I do not think it likely that I shall have anything new for Mr. Coke for some days, as the trial will go regularly on; but I shall leave this

wife of Thomas, Viscount Anson, and grandmother of the present Earl of Lichfield, died May 23, 1843.

[1] Elizabeth Wilhelmina Coke, youngest daughter of Mr. Coke, married, in 1822, John Spencer Stanhope of Cannon Hall, Yorkshire, Esq.

open till five to-morrow for the chance. I am anxious for an account of the Norwich meeting. CHAP. IV.

"Ever, my dearest Anne,

"Your affectionate Father,

"ALBEMARLE."

"*Half-past* 5, *Monday* [*August* 21*st*].

"Just returned. When the first witness was called in, the Queen stood up close to him. She threw her veil completely back, held her body very backward, and placed both her arms in her sides. In this posture, she stared furiously at him for some seconds; there was a dead silence, and she screamed out *Theodore*, in the most frantic manner, and rushed violently out of the House. It appeared to be a paroxysm of madness. The witness was then examined, and there is left a strong case against her. I think she is insane, for her manner to-day chilled my blood. She appeared no more to-day, nor can we guess what she will do to-morrow.

"I am going to Holland House."

While Brougham was cross-examining this same Teodoro Majocchi, he was interrupted by some Peer making a remark. Looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, he fixed a withering glance on Lord Exmouth, who had been previously examining

CHAP. IV. witnesses against the Queen, with all the zeal of a counsel for the prosecution. The expression of Brougham's face at this moment is indescribable; his eyes flashed with real or pretended fury, while his nose, to which nature had given such an extraordinary motive power, seemed by its contortions to sympathise with the resentment of its owner. The noble and gallant Admiral claimed the protection of the House from the insulting gaze of the learned counsel; but he got no redress, and the cross-examination was resumed amid a suppressed titter at the expense of the captor of Algiers.

Throughout the trial it was the evident object of Brougham to express by word, look, and gesture the contempt he felt for the tribunal which was sitting in judgment upon his client. He even made the interpreter a medium for conveying the feeling. This man was a teacher of Italian—by name Nicolas Dorien Marchese di Spineto. In all the examinations Brougham would insist upon addressing him as "Marquis," implying that he held him to be equal in social position with Peers bearing a like title.

WILLIAM CHARLES LORD ALBEMARLE TO LADY ANNE KEPPEL.

"FROGNALL,[1] *Sunday, September 3rd.*

"MY DEAREST ANNE,

"We are still in uncertainty; perhaps to-morrow may lead us to guess at the time of our release. I therefore shall keep this open till the day is over. In the meantime, I think it likely the prosecution may finish about the middle of the week, and we may adjourn for two months. Let me know by return of post whether you left the imperial belonging to the chaise at Lexham. If you have, I can call for it on my way to Holkham, as it will be scarcely out of the way; the moment I am released I intend to go to Grey's[2] for one night, and then to Lexham,[3] and from thence the following morning to Holkham. I will just stop to tell my story, and then wish to hurry home to see the remainder of my harvest, for it will scarcely be over. Coulson[4] writes me word that he shall never have done carting barley; there are two barns filled with wheat and twenty-two large wheat-stacks. The wheat on

[1] Frognall, Kent, the seat of my mother's brother-in-law, and my godfather, John Thomas, second Viscount Sydney.

[2] Earl Grey, afterwards Prime Minister.

[3] Lexham Hall, Norfolk, seat of Frederick Keppel, son of the Honourable and Right Reverend Dr. Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter.

[4] Lord Albemarle's bailiff.

CHAP. IV. the new land turns out less injured than we expected. It was always right to get good out of evil if possible; and this good will result from my present attendance in the House of Lords, namely, that when this forced attendance is over I will never again attend voluntarily, at least whilst the present system prevails. Tell Mr. Coke it is certain the House will pass the Bill, but the Commons *dare not.*"

"*Half-past* 5.

"Report says one or two days will finish the Prosecution. I think it is going much in favour of the Queen."

On Saturday, the 9th of September, the case for the prosecution closed, and at the request of the Queen's counsel the House adjourned to the 3rd of October. My father passed the interval in Norfolk, and I returned to the Duke of Sussex's, "Wellington House, Tonbridge Wells."

On the morning of the 3rd of October the Duke's hack set me down at the House of Lords, in time to hear Brougham enter upon the Defence.

The following day Lord Albemarle writes to Lady Anne Keppel.

"*Wednesday, October 4th.*

"I am writing this in the House of Lords, where Mr. Brougham has just finished a very fine

speech, and Mr. Williams is beginning to open the case of the Queen, which will take up the remainder of the day; the examination of witnesses cannot begin before to-morrow, so our progress is not rapid. This will find you just arrived at Holkham; as to saying anything of the time I am likely to be detained, it is useless to guess. I am going to-day to Holland House, where I shall stay till Sunday. I return then to dine at Paddington.[1] George[2] came to London yesterday to hear Brougham's speech, and is to-day gone back to the Duke of Sussex. Sophia[3] continues still well."

Lord Liverpool.

Private letters which have since found their way into print bear record to the treatment which members of the Government experienced from the populace. Lord Chancellor Eldon, once the friend, now the bitter foe of Caroline of Brunswick, was greeted even at his own country seat with cries of "Queen for ever." When Castlereagh and Sidmouth walked arm-in-arm together to Westminster amidst the execrations of the mob, the former

[1] Dowager Lady de Clifford's villa at Westbourne Green, Paddington.

[2] The writer of these Memoirs.

[3] My sister, wife of Mr. James Macdonald, M.P. for Calne, son of the Right Honourable Sir Archibald Macdonald, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, by Louisa, eldest daughter of the first Marquis of Stafford.

CHAP. IV. exclaimed, "Here go two of the most popular men in England." To this trio unpopularity was familiar, and they submitted to it with more or less philosophy. Not so Lord Liverpool, who had hitherto been treated with sigular forbearance; but he too, at last, was doomed to take his share of the popular odium. The effect it had upon him was visible to every beholder. When he rose to address the House, it was with all the timidity of a nervous young Peer making his maiden speech. Nor could he have given utterance to his words at all without the aid of large doses of ether, the odour of which reached the nostrils of us who were standing on the steps of the throne.

WILLIAM CHARLES LORD ALBEMARLE TO LADY ANNE KEPPEL.

"*Sunday Night, October 15th.*

"I can begin my letter with the satisfactory news that Sophia has got a very fine boy,[1] and that they are both perfectly well. This event happened at half-past seven this evening. I have made use of my holiday, and have seen Lady Andover in good health, and also Lady Anson looking in my opinion and to my infinite

[1] The boy to whom my sister gave birth is the present Sir Archibald Keppel Macdonald, of Woolmer Park, Hants, Bart.

satisfaction remarkably well. I have this instant got a very kind note from her in return for one I wrote announcing Sophia's happy state. CHAP. IV.

"I must wait till five to-morrow before I can say anything about the Queen. I have been so much occupied this day with matters which interested me so much more, that I have not once thought of the Queen, nor of Mr. Coke's friend—His Majesty.[1]

"To-morrow I must buckle to again. I went yesterday to dine with Wilbraham[2] and had a pleasant day.

"I feel very proud in being a grandfather, and your consequence is increased by becoming an aunt; we shall have Uncle John and Aunt Caroline talked of at Christmas. George is come up for a day, but he is so fond of the Duke of Sussex that he returns to him to-morrow. Grandmamma De Cliford goes to-morrow to Bath, rather, I hope, to prevent an illness, than on account of an actual one. She complains of feeling ill, but she looks better than I have seen her.

"God bless you both. Ever, my dearest Anne,

"Your affectionate father,

"ALBEMARLE."

[1] Before George Prince of Wales became Regent, he was a frequent guest at Holkham.

[2] Roger Wilbraham, Esq., of 11, Stratton Street, Piccadilly.

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"*Five o'Clock, Monday, October 16th.*

"We have had a very dull day—nothing material. Sophia and child quite well."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*Thursday, October 26th.*

"We can now guess when, but not how, our business will end. In ten days it must be decided.

"I think the second reading will be carried, and if it is, I fear rioting is unavoidable in London.

"Prince Leopold has just returned from calling at Brandenburg House.

"Lady Fitzwilliam is going to the Queen as soon as the Solicitor-General has finished.

"If the Lords decide against the Queen, I shall go to pay my respects to her, being convinced of her innocence. If she is acquitted by the Lords, I shall not go, being determined to go to no Court. I have heard enough in forty-two days to be determined not to trouble myself about kings or queens."

Second reading of the Bill.

On the evening of the 6th of November the House divided on the second reading. Contents 123, non-contents 95,—majority 28. With the second reading of the Bill the judicial part of the proceedings were brought to a close, and the gentlemen of the long robe retired from the scene. To speak

of the four principal performers in this drama, the palm of oratory would, I suppose, be awarded to Brougham; yet to my mind the eloquence of my honoured friend Thomas Denman was scarcely less effective than that of his gifted leader. His noble cast of features, the honest expression of his countenance, the deep-toned melody of his voice, the happy choice of his language, his dignified irony, his consistent political conduct, and his irreproachable private character,—all these, together with the belief that he was firmly convinced of the innocence of his client, combined to produce a most favourable impression upon his hearers.

Sir Robert Gifford.

It was greatly to the disadvantage of Sir Robert Gifford, the King's Attorney-General, that he had to follow such a speaker, for he lacked the external graces which rendered the addresses of his professional adversary so attractive. Sir Robert was a red-faced little man, wanting dignity in manner and appearance; his language seemed ill-chosen, his voice was painfully shrill, and an incorrect ear caused him to place the accent mostly on the wrong word.

Sir John Singleton Copley.

Although a much better speaker than his principal, Sir John Singleton Copley, the Solicitor-General, could not bear a comparison with either Brougham or Denman. He had a disagreeable expression of countenance—a sort of scowl, which, however, wore away as he advanced in years. His manner had

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not the naturalness of his opponents, it was too theatrical, and his style of speaking suggested to me the spouting manner which schoolboys acquire by reciting pentameter verses.

A quarter of a century later it was my delight to listen to the finished orations of Lord Lyndhurst, but I could hardly persuade myself that the "Nestor of the House of Lords" was the same person whom I had heard plead at its bar for a verdict against Queen Caroline.

Perhaps I may have been influenced by my political prejudices in forming so low an estimate of Copley's oratorical powers, but I shared with my party the feeling of dislike with which he was then regarded by them. He was a recent deserter from the Liberal camp. His conversion had been sudden. Before he became a Court lawyer he was what in more modern times would have been called a "Radical," he was also a Bonapartist of the ultra type: his theory was that nations could not be happy unless all the then existing thrones were overturned.

When the news reached London that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, Copley is said to have been walking in the streets and to have thrown up his hat in the air exclaiming, "Now is Europe free!"

On Tuesday, the 7th of November, my father writes to my sister Anne:—

"I am afraid to reckon the day of my liberation: but it cannot be very distant.

"The instant the attendance is over I shall set off for Holkham, where I am anxious enough to see you all again. Not one moment's voluntary attendance will I give for either of the persons engaged in this wretched squabble. And I look, though not with much confidence, to a release on Friday night or Saturday. It has just come into my head to ask whether you recollected to write to Miss Rawlins.[1] If you have not written, you should write now. I thought of the *battue*[2] yesterday; and was glad the day was so fine. To-day and to-morrow we have holidays, and this relaxation is useful, for I am nearly done up. The want of air and exercise for such a length of time affects me a great deal, and particularly my spirits; and I find upon comparing notes with others that they are also so affected. I never was engaged in any business so irksome, in which I felt so little interest, and which so fatigued and disgusted me."

Lord Erskine on the Pains and Penalties Bill.

People used at this time to speculate how many sickly or elderly Peers would owe their death to the Pains and Penalties Bill. I remember hearing

[1] My sister's governess.

[2] The Holkham *battues* began the second week in November, and continued to the last day of the shooting season.

CHAP. IV. some verses which I attributed to Lord Erskine, but which I see, from an article in the *World*, are from the pen of Earl Grey:

"In this terrible matter which brings us to town,
We shall all be knocked up if we are not knocked down;
None surely will gain by this call of the house,
Save eldest sons, witnesses, lawyers, and grouse."

WILLIAM CHARLES LORD ALBEMARLE TO LADY ANNE KEPPEL.

"*November 8th.*

"WE drag on slowly, but the end cannot be far off. We have got through Committee to-day—to-morrow will be the Report, and the Bill will pass on Friday. I shall therefore set off on Saturday morning; but as the journey at this time of the year is too long for a day, I can only promise to reach Holkham by dinner-time on Sunday.

"Tell Mr. Coke the Opposition have this day played off a manœuvre against the Bill which may possibly defeat it altogether. Eight or nine Bishops and two or three other Lords have declared that they could not vote for the Bill if the Divorce clause continued in. The Archbishop of York moved that it should be left out; those most inveterate against the Queen were for retaining it. The Opposition in a body joined the latter party,

and with their force have carried the Divorce clause, voting for it with a view to make the Bill as odious as possible. If there is honesty in a Bishop, ten or twelve who voted for the second reading with an implied promise from Lord Liverpool that the Divorce clause shall be left out, must now vote against the third reading, as the Divorce clause is retained; and thus the majority will be reduced to five or six. But I have no faith in such honesty."

The Bishops vote on the Second Reading.

The sequel showed that my father had not formed too harsh a judgment of the Episcopal bench. Although several Bishops had publicly declared that they had scruples, on religious grounds, in voting for the Divorce clause, yet, when the matter came to a division, ten out of thirteen of them voted for the third reading of the Bill—Divorce clause included.

Dr. Vernon, Archbishop of York, who had opposed the Bill in all its stages, could only obtain the support of two prelates, Dr. Beresford, Archbishop of Tuam, and Dr. Ryder, Bishop of Gloucester.

Vice-Chancellor Leach.

Among the persons who acquired an unenviable notoriety for their share in the proceedings against the Queen was Sir John Leach, an equity lawyer of

CHAP. IV. eminence, previously distinguished for his zealous advocacy of Whig principles, but who had quitted the ranks of the Opposition to become a confidential adviser of the then Regent. It was upon his suggestion that persons were sent to Italy to collect evidence criminatory of the Princess of Wales, with a view to procure a divorce for his royal master. While the second "delicate investigation" was in progress Leach had the imprudence to visit the country in which it was being carried on; and as he in the same year (1819) was appointed Vice-Chancellor, the public were impressed with the belief that he had personally suborned witnesses to give evidence against the Princess, and that he had received the judicial appointment as a reward for this special service.

The resemblance of Leach's name to that of a certain animal used for medical purposes furnished a ready-made pun for the squib-makers, and there was scarcely a caricature relating to the trial in which was not to be seen the black worm with a human head in a lawyer's wig.

Towards the close of the trial I went to Drury Lane to see Edmund Kean in *Othello*. It was his farewell performance prior to his departure for America, whither he was about to proceed to fulfil a theatrical engagement. Here was the first actor of his day, and in his masterpiece. But this

evening the audience had neither eyes nor ears for their favourite. Their whole interest in the play was concentrated in those passages which bore or appeared to bear some analogy to the event which was absorbing the public mind.

In the second scene of the fourth act Emilia informs Iago of the opprobrious epithets which Othello has been heaping upon Desdemona. Iago asks :—

> How comes this trick on him?
>
> DESDEMONA. Nay, heaven doth know.
>
> EMILIA. I will be hanged if some eternal villain,
> Some busy and insinuating rogue,
> Some cogging cozening slave, to *get some office,*
> *Hath not devised this slander.*

Hereupon there arose in the gallery yellings and hootings, intermixed with cries of "Leach! Leach!" The uproar continued some minutes. When silence was in some degree restored, the actors resumed their parts.

> IAGO. Fye, there's no such man! it is impossible.
>
> DESDEMONA. If any such there be, heaven pardon him.
>
> EMILIA. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones.
> * * * * *
> The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,
> Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
> Oh heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
> And put in every honest hand a whip
> To lash the rascal naked through the world,
> Even from the east to the west.

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These words were followed by tremendous applause, by the wavings of hats and handkerchiefs, and by other tokens of approval of the sentiment implied. After another long pause, the performance proceeded.

DESDEMONA (*kneeling*). Here I kneel.
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse or actual deed.
* * * * *
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—tho' he do shake me off
To *beggarly divorcement*—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me.

There are few educated men of the present day who do not feel how ill Desdemona's protestations of fidelity and affection would apply to the case of the Queen Consort; but the gallery thought otherwise; they could only see in Caroline of Brunswick the ill-treated but still innocent and loving wife—consequently there were loud cheers for the Queen, and the applause was more vehement than before.

The Green Bag.

In a Christmas pantomime of this year, one of the scenes described the Fives Court of the King's Bench Prison. Suddenly enters a barrister in a wig and gown carrying a "green bag."[1] His

[1] The evidence of the Milan Commission was laid before both Houses of Parliament in a green bag.

appearance produces an immense excitement among the prisoners, who forthwith toss him in a blanket, green bag and all. The gallery viewed the spectacle with intense delight, and begged that the rascal might have another toss.

On the 10th of November Lord Liverpool withdrew his Bill of Pains and Penalties. This virtual defeat of the Government was celebrated by illuminations and other tokens of popular rejoicing throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Duke of Sussex visits the Queen.

The Duke of Sussex went from Tonbridge Wells to pay a visit of congratulation to the Queen at Brandenburg House. On his return I accompanied His Royal Highness to a meeting at the "Wells," where such of the visitors as disapproved of the Ministerial attempt to set aside the law of the land endeavoured to get up an Address to the Queen congratulating her upon her escape out of the hands of her enemies. The Duke took a prominent part in the proceedings. That same evening there was a ball at the Assembly Rooms; but at midnight the local authorities, who were of the adverse faction, took away our fiddlers, and the Master of the Ceremonies withdrew his countenance from us by retiring. But we determined to

> "Confound their politics,
> And frustrate their knavish tricks."

We elected Mr. Douglas Kinnaird our provisional

CHAP. IV. Master of the Ceremonies, and under his tuition went through the figures of the quadrille without instrumental music, humming the tunes, as well as our laughter would enable us to do so.

From Tonbridge Wells I went with the Duke of Sussex to Battle Abbey, on a visit to Sir Godfrey Webster. At the bottom of the hill on which the town of Battle is built the horses were taken out of the carriage, and we were dragged up to the Abbey by the populace amidst cries of the "Queen and Sussex for ever!" We were welcomed within the gates of the Abbey by a military band and by a salvo of artillery. Here a large party was assembled to meet the Duke, among whom were Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Hobhouse, the then radical Members for Westminster, and other advanced members of the Liberal party.

Our next visit was to Newstead Abbey, which Colonel Wildman had a few years before purchased of his friend Lord Byron.

From Newstead we paid a third visit to Holkham. In passing through Thetford I shook hands with my old friend Betty Radcliffe. She was a violent anti-Queenite, and desired me to take a message to the Duke, condemning the part he had taken in the trial. As the expressions she used were of the homeliest description, I advised her to give the

Duke a piece of her mind in person. This she did, without any circumlocution, much to His Royal Highness's amusement. CHAP. IV.

On our return to town I accompanied the Duke of Sussex to the "Beefsteak Club," of which "Sublime Society" he was a member.

I was seated between Mr. Stephenson, secretary to the Duke, and afterwards my brother-in-law, and Alderman Wood;—the latter, one of the most prominent men of the day for the advocacy of the Queen's cause both in and out of Parliament.

As I did not know Mr. Wood by sight, I asked Stephenson who my next neighbour was. Without answering me, he rose, and, with much seriousness of manner, declared it to be his painful duty to bring under the consideration of the Club the extraordinary conduct of "Brother Wood," which had brought discredit upon the Sublime Society. He then improvised some alleged disrespect to the Queen—whom he designated as the beloved Consort of her dear lord, our highly popular and never-to-be-sufficiently-venerated Sovereign — and ended by moving that the offending brother should be given in custody of the Sergeant-at-arms to receive sentence from the Recorder. Anon appeared the cook, a solemn-looking man, dressed in the white cap, jacket, and apron peculiar to

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his calling, and carrying, sword-fashion, a huge carving-knife. He approached the Alderman, who immediately became his prisoner.

The Recorder, named Richards, was solicitor to the Duke of Sussex and brother of a then popular chemist in St. James's Street.

After dwelling some time on the heinousness of the offence, the Recorder put on his head the cap in which Garrick used to play "Abel Drugger," and sentenced "Brother Wood" to pass two hours of the following day in the company of "Brother ——," the most taciturn, and—at this time of day there is no harm in saying—the dullest man in the club.

The Alderman heard his sentence with a deep groan, and declared that human malignity could not have devised a heavier punishment.

CHAPTER V.

Ordered out to India.—Appointed Aide-de-camp to Lord Hastings.—Calcutta Theatricals.—Jackal Hunting.—An Indian Fever.—A Cobra Capella.—General Hardwick's Snakery.—A Suttee.—Lord Hastings embarks for Europe.—I am appointed Aide-de-Camp to the Governor-General *ad interim*.—Set out on my Overland Journey.—Arrival at Bombay—Captain Marryat—His Caricatures.—His Description of Clawing off a Lee-shore.

[1821.] I HAD been so long absent from duty that I had almost forgotten that I was a soldier. Towards the close of 1820, however, I was reminded of the fact by the receipt of a prosaic missive from the Horse Guards, intimating that Lieutenant Keppel of the 24th regiment was forthwith to proceed to Chatham, there to join a detachment of his regiment under orders to proceed to join the head-quarters stationed in Bengal. In obedience to this command, I, on the 14th of January, 1821, marched with the said detachment from Chatham to Northfleet, whence I embarked on board the *Lowther Castle*, East Indiaman. Half

CHAP. V. a century has not obliterated from my mind the feeling of depression with which I stepped on deck. The crew were getting in the live-stock. Such hallooing, bleating, cackling, grunting, and quacking, such a villainous compound of bad smells! All was noise, dirt, and confusion. I was sitting shivering on a hen-coop in silent despair when my friend, Mr. Archibald Macdonald, who had come to take leave of me, hearing that the ship would not be ready for sea for a couple of days, took me back with him to town, to dine at the "Catch and Glee Club"—my last London gaiety for some years.

The next morning I took my place on the outside of one of the Greenwich stages, which were then running twice a day to and from London. The driver called my attention to a little steamboat wending its way down the Thames. It was the first I ever remember to have seen. There were, I believe, few of these boats plying "between the bridges," but it was thought a rash act for one of them to venture so near to the river's mouth. "There's the things," said my jehu, "that will ruin us coachmen." Some years later I travelled the same road, and I thought of the prophetic remark of coachee. Steamers were indeed running every hour during the day, but so also were Gravesend stage-coaches.

As these "floating hotels," as Indiamen used to be called, were thoroughly well victualled, they had no occasion to run into port for water or provisions; consequently we passengers could not look forward to breaking the monotony of the voyage by an occasional trip on land. I was debating how I should dispose of my abundant spare time, when I stumbled on Sir William Jones's Persian Grammar, which placed the language of which it treats in so attractive a form that a knowledge of it seemed to me to be an easy attainment. Accordingly I devoted a part of each day to its study. In this manner I picked up more Persian in the four months on board the *Lowther Castle* than I did Latin in the same number of years at Westminster School under the heavy ferule of Dr. Page. CHAP. V.

With the knowledge of the language thus acquired on shipboard, I afterwards managed to make my way from the Persian Gulf to the mouths of the Volga, without experiencing the slightest inconvenience for the want of a medium of communication with the various Mohammedan nations through whose countries my road lay.

I will not ask my readers to share with me the tediousness of a long sea-voyage; suffice it to say, that exactly four calendar months (May 23) after

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the *Lowther Castle* weighed anchor in the Downs she dropped again in Saugor Roads.

Appointed aide-de-camp to the Governor-General.

The next day I landed at the City of Palaces, and shortly after had an audience of the Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of India, to whom I brought letters from his niece, Lady William Russell, Mr. Coke of Holkham, Lord Lauderdale, and Lord Holland. These served me in good stead, for there happened to be a vacancy on his personal staff, to which I was immediately appointed.

My first tour of waiting.

The following week I accompanied Lord Hastings to his country seat at Barrackpore to take my turn of aide-de-camp in waiting. We dined at four in the afternoon. After dinner two phaetons, each drawn by four white horses, came to the door. On one side were ranged seven elephants gaudily caparisoned, especially the one destined to carry the "Lord Sahib," which bore the title of Bahadur (General), and had "a livery more guarded than its fellows." On a word from the Mahout the Bahadur went on all-fours to receive its load. A ladder was placed against its side; Lord Hastings ascended, and bade me seat myself beside him. My first ride was not altogether agreeable. The equilateral movement of the animal in its walk too much resembled that of a ship in a heavy swell.

I remember being struck with the beauty of an

air-plant which formed a succession of festoons over our heads. The elephant was ordered to gather it for me. The delicate manner in which it separated the tender parasite from the tree with its trunk could not have been outdone by the most delicate of human fingers. CHAP. V.

A conceited elephant.

One evening, my attention was arrested by the behaviour of the elephant that was to carry the Governor-General. It would not stand still for a moment, but kept constantly shaking the little ornamental bells of its howdah-cloth. On inquiry, I found that the "Bahadur" being indisposed, this animal supplied its place, and that its contortions arose from the pleasure it felt at the gaudiness of its apparel. When I approached the conceited beast it was making a noise with its trunk like the purring of a cat.

Têtes-à-tête with Lord Hastings.

I used greatly to enjoy these elephantine rides. It was gratifying to a youngster to be on terms of familiar intercourse with a man who, as soldier, orator, or statesman, had been before the world for nearly half a century. On public occasions Lord Hastings was the most stately of human beings; you then saw only the haughty ruler over a hundred and odd millions of fellow-creatures; but *tête-à-tête* in a howdah he was totally different, would talk freely on all subjects, and make no secret of his disputes with the East India Directors,

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who were everything in his eyes but his "much approved and esteemed good masters." But the subject that most interested me was his military life, beginning from 1773, when as Francis Rawdon, Captain of Grenadiers, he had two bullets through his cap at the battle of Bunker's Hill, up to 1817, when by strategically concentrating the armies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, on a given spot on a given day, he annihilated the Pindarrees and wholly subverted the power of the Mahrattas.

There was one subject in which the General and his aide-de-camp took a common interest,—we were both enthusiastic admirers of Shakespeare. As we were tolerably well up in our author, we used to recite to each other our favourite passages, and occasionally with such emphasis that I often wondered what the Mahout must have thought of our seeming altercations.

Lord Hastings an apologist for Richard the Third.

Like Horace Walpole, Lord Hastings was a stout apologist for Richard the Third, and differed from the view that his favourite bard has taken of his character. He contended that Richard was to be judged by the moral standard of the age in which he lived, and not by ours; that his humanity was on a par with that of Edward the Fourth, and that in his short reign of King he did much to mitigate the tyrannical measures of his elder

brother. I was amused to hear him defend Richard for cutting off the head of his ancestor—the Lord Hastings of that day,—he thought that self-preservation fully warranted the deed. CHAP. V.

Private Theatricals.

Private theatricals formed one of the principal amusements in Calcutta in my day. I was not long in enlisting in the corps. Our theatre, the "Chowringhee," was about the size of the Haymarket. In point of scenery and decoration, of everything in short that in theatrical language goes by the name of "properties," it could vie with a London playhouse. As for our actors, some of them had grown grey and bald in the service, and would have done no discredit to any boards.

Chowringhee Theatre.

My theatrical début.

I made my first appearance as Dick Dashall in Martin's comedy of "The Way to Get Married." The part of Tangent was in the hands of Mr. Alsop, a Calcutta stipendiary magistrate, a son-in law of Mrs. Jordan the actress. He was our stage manager, and as much at home in that calling as if he had never followed any other. He was an excellent actor of all work, and wore with equal grace the socks and the buskin.

Horace Hayman Wilson.

Toby Allspice was personated by Horace Hayman Wilson, the first Oriental scholar of his day, known in after times for his continuation of Mill's "History of India" and as Boden Professor of Sanscrit in

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the University at Oxford. In some characters he was without an equal.

Our performances took place on a Friday, in order to secure the attendance of the Governor-General, who came from Barrackpore on that day to attend Council. His Excellency always visited us in great state; wore all his decorations, not omitting the diamond star of the Garter which the Prince Regent had taken off his own breast to place upon his. He was attended by his whole staff of aides-de-camp, secretaries, doctors, and interpreter, escorted by his own body-guard of cavalry and received by an infantry guard of honour at the theatre. At the door the managers were in attendance to conduct his Excellency to his box in the centre of the house, where chairs of state were placed for his and Lady Hastings's reception.

Theatrical Beefsteak Club.

On the Monday following a play-night the amateurs met at the theatre to agree upon the next representation. At my suggestion they formed themselves into the "Calcutta Theatrical Beefsteak Club." The institution was quite a success, and brought around us some of the most agreeable men of the Presidency, whether residents in the capital or birds of passage. We used to dine on the stage. The cast of our next play was the first business of the evening; that disposed of, a pianoforte was placed at the foot of the dinner-table and presided

over by a professional musician, and the rest of the evening was passed in speechifying and in singing catches and glees. CHAP. V.

Calcutta Hunt.

In spite of the warnings of wiser and older heads, I could not resist the temptations of the hunting-field. The Calcutta Hunt was a thoroughly well-conducted establishment. I used to think we made a splendid appearance at the cover side. Two sons of Tippoo Sultan, state prisoners of "John Company," always formed part of our field. One of these "Mysore princes" I met a year or two ago in a London Assembly. Our sport was uniformly good, and we never knew what it was to draw blank. The scent was burning and the pace sometimes killing. I prided myself on my stud. One of my hunters, a hard-mouthed, self-willed animal, always insisted upon being well up to the hounds, and acquired for its rider the name of the "Flying Dutchman."

A pucka fever.

Few persons could indulge in this sport with impunity. Soon after following to the grave a brother sportsman, who landed at Calcutta the same day as I did, I was myself laid low with what was called the *pucka* fever. The staff-surgeon to whom I was consigned was nicknamed "Joe Manton," after the famous gunmaker, from the supposed killing qualities of his prescriptions. By God's good providence, I survived the disease and

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the remedies, but for some time I was hovering between life and death. One morning Lord Hastings paid me a visit, which I rightly conjectured was intended as a last farewell. The disorder was then at its crisis. My doctor had ordered the external application of some strong acid, and Alsop, my brother actor, took off his coat and waistcoat to carry out the prescription. While so employed, a friend came to the door, but immediately closed it after him. The interval between death and interment in India is necessarily brief. On the evening of the day on which Lord Hastings paid me a visit a large party of my acquaintance met at the burial-ground. They had been informed by the friend who had peeped in at my door that "Keppel was dead, for he had seen the undertaker washing the body."

A cobra capella.

One day that I was walking in the conservatory of the Barrackpore Government House, I nearly trod on a cobra capella. It had wound itself into a circle so as to resemble a coil of rope, and was so like in colour to the stone pavement as not to be easily discernible. Attracted doubtless by the moisture, which a serpent so delights in, it occupied the damp spot from which a large flower-pot had lately been removed. As I had no weapon at hand wherewith to do it battle I allowed it to escape. A few days afterwards (June 17) a

cowboy who had been bitten by a cobra was brought to the Government House in the hope that Dr. Sawers, the Governor-General's physician in attendance, would cure him. The doctor gave him some *Eau de Luce*, but the poor lad was past recovery, and died in about half an hour. While living, his body was in a state of perfect repose, the hands open, the palms upwards. There can be no doubt that the asp which Cleopatra employed for her own destruction was the cobra, which she selected probably as the instrument most likely to procure an easy death. Shakespeare makes her call it

> "The pretty worm of Nilus,
> That kills and pains not."

The clown who brings the serpent tells the queen that "his biting is immortal, and that those who die of it do seldom or never recover."

But Sawers contradicted, not what the clown said, but what he intended to say. He, the doctor, once saved the life of a soldier who had been bitten by a cobra. His remedies were large doses of brandy, and keeping the patient, while supported by two men, constantly walking up and down the room, the poor fellow begging in vain to be allowed to lie down and die.

The time when the cobra is most to be dreaded

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is in the rainy season. It is then that the reptile, washed out of its hole, wanders in search of a new home. A not infrequent place of refuge is a bath-room, into which it effects an entrance by the aperture that is made for the escape of the refuse water. No less than three cobras had been killed in the bathroom which I occupied.

My palanquin-bearers warned me against killing a cobra. They told me that some of its relations would avenge its death. They were not aware that Pliny tells a somewhat similar story.

It is probable that the belief which the Hindoos share with the Roman naturalist respecting the revengeful spirit of the cobra has allowed these reptiles to make such head in India. It appears by a recent publication that in the Presidency of Bengal alone no less than 11,416 persons died of snake-bite in 1869.

General Hardwick's snakery.

The general in command of the Barrackpore district in my time, an old gentleman of the name of Hardwick, was passionately fond of cobras, of which he had a large collection. His pets being of a truant disposition, would frequently escape into the adjoining *compounds*, to the no small annoyance and terror of his neighbours. I once paid a visit to his snakery. I saw him seize a cobra by the tail with his right hand, while he passed the body of the animal rapidly through his left till he reached

the hood. He then forced open the serpent's mouth and showed the poison-bag at the base of the fangs. When he let the reptile go, so far from showing irritation at such rough usage, it seemed rather gratified at having been chosen to exhibit the idiosyncrasy of its species in its own person. I forget the name of the author, but I have seen a published account of General Hardwick's collection of reptiles. CHAP. V.

A Suttee.

I find, from a note which I made of the occurrence, that on the morning of the 14th of October, 1822, I witnessed at a distance, at a village called Howrah, on the right bank of the Ganges, the burning of a woman on the funeral pile of her husband. As I was on the left or Calcutta side of the river, I could hear nothing but the sound of human voices and tamtams, and could see little more than an assemblage of figures in white robes hovering round the flames.

The pile was set on fire by the son of the widow, and she, in conformity with the practice prevalent in Bengal, was made fast to the faggots by two bamboos placed across her body.

On my return to the Government House, I had a long conversation with Lord Hastings's Circar (native house-steward), a wealthy Brahmin of high caste. I quoted the opinions of Ram Mohun Roy, who had written several pamphlets against the

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concremation of widows, as being contrary to the Vedas or sacred writings of the Hindoos. The Circar stoutly defended the practice. A few months later he died. In his will he made ample provision for his widow, and left express directions that she should not ascend his funeral pile.

Abolition of Suttee.

Suttee was abolished in India about six years after I left the country, that is to say in 1829, under Lord William Bentinck's administration. It continued, however, in native states till 1847, when Lord Hardinge procured from Hindoo princes and Chiefs its abolition.

During the interval between 1829 and 1847 it was the duty of British officers located in foreign states to be present at any case of Suttee, so as to see that no coercion was used, and to prevail upon the widow, if possible, to forego her intention. My friend, Sir Erskine Perry, has given me the following details of a Suttee, communicated to him by Mr. Graver Lumsden, at which that gentleman presided, in one of the small native states of the Bombay Presidency :—

Mr. Lumsden's Account of a Suttee.

"The widow in this case was a young beauty of very good caste and means. The procession to the pyre was most solemn and picturesque. She, dressed in her best, and with all her jewels on, attended by servants carrying presents, walked slowly round the pile of faggots; and with a

heavenly smile on her countenance, and expressive of happiness that could not be gainsaid, distributed her gifts to all around. Then ascending the pile, and taking her husband's head in her lap, she set fire to the funeral pile, and expired without a groan, and with the self-satisfaction of the most devoted martyr."

I am appointed aide-de-camp to Lord Hastings's successor, ad interim.

[1823.] On New Year's Day of this year Lord Hastings, dissatisfied with his treatment by the East India Company, threw up his high office, and embarked for Europe in H.M.S. *Jupiter*. In the interval between his departure and the arrival in India of his successor, the government devolved provisionally on Mr. John Adam, the senior member of Council, who kindly appointed me to the same post that I had occupied in Lord Hastings's family.

Commence my journey homewards.

Soon after the arrival of Lord Amherst, the Governor-General appointed from home, I set out on my long-projected Oriental journey. Commodore Grant was to have given me a berth on board the frigate in which his broad pennant was flying, but before I could avail myself of his kindness the cholera broke out on board. It may be worthy of remark that the disease confined its ravages to midships, leaving the fore and after part of the vessel wholly unassailed.

Early in November I took a passage in a

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merchantman to Bombay. As the vessel came to an anchor in the harbour of that island, Captain Gillespie, aide-de-camp to the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, the Governor, came alongside, and, in obedience to the orders of his Chief, carried me with him to Pareil, one of the Governor's country seats, which became my head-quarters during my stay.

Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone.

It was worth a trip to Bombay if only to make acquaintance with its Governor. I have the most pleasing reminiscences of that accomplished scholar and very agreeable companion. Mr. Elphinstone took a lively interest in my projected journey, strongly urged me to publish an account of my travels, and suggested several hints which proved of much service to the inchoate author. No person could have been better qualified to offer advice on such a subject, for his "Account of the Kingdom of Caubul" is, from the fidelity of its narrative and the gracefulness of its diction, a model to writers of travels through semi-barbarous countries.

Captain Marryat.

In Bombay harbour I first made acquaintance with Frederick Marryat, then in command of H.M.S. *Lorne*. He had not at that time written any of his charming sea-novels, but he was not unknown to the public as a caricaturist. Two of his productions long held their place in the shop-windows.

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His Caricatures.

One of these represented was "a lee lurch on board an Indiaman." Some forty ladies and gentlemen are seated at the cuddy dinner-table, which suddenly describes an angle of 45 degrees; the guests to leeward are frantically grasping the table-cloth. A negro boy with a tureen of boiling pea-soup is holding on by his heels; you see at a glance what must happen next.

The other is a very tolerable likeness of Marryat himself. He is in full uniform at the Court of a sort of "King Coffee." His Majesty is sitting cross-legged, surrounded by a body guard, at the top of whose spears are bleeding heads. Three giggling negresses, grouped and attired as the Graces usually are, occupy the foreground: they are the three daughters of the cannibal king. The captain is to choose which of them he will make his wife; he has his hand on his heart, and his look of embarrassment is truly admirable.

The *Lorne* at this time was more like a menagerie than a man-of-war, and its Captain by no means a bad showman. Of the manner in which he played this part I was strongly reminded, when a year or two later I read the account of Peter Simple among the wild beasts at Portsdown Fair.

His account of clawing off a lee-shore.

The sensational and graphic description of clawing off a lee shore in the "King's Own" is

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by no means an exaggerated account of what actually happened to the *Ariadne* frigate off the Deserta Islands when Marryat was in command of her. My brother Tom, who was one of his lieutenants, told me that "all hands" had given themselves up for lost, that they kicked off their shoes and stockings and rushed into the rigging, there to await the expected catastrophe.

A similar adventure befell my brother, Harry the Admiral. He was once on board a ship, which it was expected would be dashed to pieces. Like his younger brother, he threw off his shoes and stockings; he then went up the highest part of the rigging: his hope was that when the vessel struck he might be thrown over the rock into smooth water on the opposite side.

CHAPTER VI.

Preparations for my Overland Journey.—My Fellow-Travellers.—Embark on board H.M.S. *Alligator*.—Yard-arm Smith—Land at Bussorah.—Horse-racing in the Desert.—Prepare for our Trip up the Tigris.—Our Arab Guard.—Take leave of our Shipmates.—Arab Black Mail.—Our Voyage up the River.—Koorna.—Our first Interview with the Desert Arabs.—Partridge Shooting in the Desert.—A Lion and Lioness.—Arrive at Bagdad.—Visit to Babylon.—The Pasha of Bagdad.—A residence of Caliph Haroun al Raschid.—Reflections thereupon.—We leave Bagdad.—Are waylaid.—Arrive at Kermanshah.—A curious order of Knighthood.—An Arab Outlaw.—A Moolah.—A Royal Funeral.—We prevent a Duel.—The Moolah's opinion of Duelling.—An audience with the Prince Governor.

Preparations for my Overland journey.

[1824.] At the beginning of each year, Bombay used to be the resort of travellers who wished, on returning to Europe, to avoid the long sea-voyage round the Cape. What was called the "Overland journey" comprised merely a two days' trip across the Isthmus of Suez. My peregrinations

CHAP. VI. embraced a much wider field, and extended to countries then but little known, and a portion of them even now remaining untrodden by the traveller.

My fellow-travellers. It was in the month of January, 1824, that Mr. Ker Baillie Hamilton, Captain Hart of the 4th Dragoons, and Dr. Lamb arrived from different parts of India, in the Island of Bombay, bent on a like expedition to my own. They became my fellow-travellers, and Captain Alexander, R.N., kindly helped us on our journey by giving us a passage to Bussorah in the *Alligator* frigate, of which he had the command.

Set Sail for Bussorah. "On the 27th of January we weighed and sailed. Before sunset the town of Bombay had disappeared from view, and the high ghauts (mountains) which mark this coast were all we could discern of Indian land."

Thus begins Keppel's "Overland Journey to England," in which the adventures of its author appear duly chronicled.

Yard-arm Smith. To return to the *Alligator*, Her first lieutenant bore the name of Smith—not a very uncommon one, perhaps—but he, like many others of its gallant bearers, was distinguished by a *sobriquet* which he had won in battle, and by which he was popularly known in the Navy. This prefix he obtained by his conduct in the famous action

between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* in 1813. The circumstances connected with that passage of arms were worthy of the days of chivalry. A short time previously Captain Broke wrote a very polite and even flattering letter to Captain Laurence of the *Chesapeake*, hoping that he would do him the honour to come out of harbour and try his strength with him. The challenge was promptly and courteously accepted, and the captain of the *Chesapeake* sailed out of Boston amidst the cheers of his countrymen, who prepared an entertainment in anticipation of his victory. As the two ships came to close quarters, Stevens, the boatswain of the *Shannon*, who had served under Rodney and Nelson, lashed them together. After some desperate fighting Broke succeeded in gaining the quarter-deck of the enemy with about sixty of his followers. At the same moment William Smith entered the *Chesapeake* by the fore-yard-arm. The Americans in the rigging fled at his approach on to the deck. One of them, however, he caught by the waistband of his trousers, and hove out of the top. The last who sought to make his escape was a hulking midshipman, with huge boots like those of an English trawler; the foretopmast back-stay had been shot away and trailed on the forecastle. By this rope he slid down, but before he could reach the deck Smith's

feet were on his shoulders, and in this fashion they came down together by the run.

The first use that Captain Broke made of his victory was to stay the impetuosity of his men. While so employed three American sailors attacked him from behind. "Broke parried the pike of his first assailant and wounded him in the face. Before he could recover his guard, the second foe struck him with a cutlass on the side of the head, and instantly on this the third American drove home his comrade's weapon until a large part of the skull was cloven entirely away, and the brain was laid bare."

At the moment that Broke sank bleeding on the deck, Smith had reached the enemy's forecastle in the manner already described. He hastened to raise his captain, followed by the American midshipman, who expected every moment to fall a victim to the fury of the assailants; and such would have been his fate if Broke, the moment before he lost all consciousness, had not touched his collar. So the life of the prisoner was saved, and his English captor promoted to a lieutenancy.

I was not personally acquainted with Sir Philip Broke, but I used to see him frequently at the *levées* of William IV., where he was conspicuous for the black skull-cap which he wore to conceal the handywork of the three Americans on his cranium.

He fought the action in a chimney-pot hat, which is to be seen in its cloven state at Shrubland Park, the seat of his son, Admiral Sir George Broke Middleton, Bart. CHAP. VI.

We had a most charming little voyage up the Gulf, visiting on our way the Imaum of Muscat, a sovereign Arab prince, who very kindly lent us his stud to make an excursion into the interior.

Land at Bussorah.

On the 21st of February we anchored off Bussorah, and arrived in the nick of time to see the new Governor, a Pasha of two tails, make his triumphal entry into the town. Two days after, Captain Alexander, the officers of the frigate, and we travellers paid him a visit. We were regaled in the usual Eastern fashion on sweetmeats, coffee, pipes, sherbet, and rose-water. At last some chafing-dishes, containing incense, were brought for perfuming our beards—a ceremony which was gravely performed by every downy-cheeked midshipman of the *Alligator*.

Horse-racing in the desert.

March 1st.—We went this morning to a horse-race. The spot selected was the great desert which commences immediately outside the town. A circular furrow of two miles marked the course, the stakes consisting of a small subscription amongst our European party. Five candidates started for the prize. A coarse loose shirt comprised all the clothing of the Arab jockey, and the powerful

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bit of the country the only equipment of the horse he bestrode. Thus simply accoutred, at a signal given the half-naked competitors set off at full speed, each giving a shout to animate his steed. The prize was adjudged to an Ethiopian slave. We had neither gay equipages nor fair ladies to grace our sports, but what we lost in splendour and beauty we gained in novelty, and were indemnified for the absence of the bright smile of woman by the animated sight of turbaned Turks, who would gallop past us, jereed in hand, challenge each other to the contest, and, spurred on by their favourite amusement, would, in the exhilarating air of the desert, lay aside the gravity of the divan.

Every youngster of the *Alligator* had provided himself with a half-broke Arabian. One of them, zealous for the honour of his cloth, challenged me to ride a race with him. I accepted; and, in his eagerness to get the weather gauge of the "soldier officer," he ran foul of a comrade, whom he capsized as well as himself. The palm was consequently adjudged to me, though my competitor swore that he should certainly have won if "the lubber had not come athwart his hawse."

Prepare for our trip up the Tigris.

The next stage of our journey was to Bagdad. The ordinary mode of proceeding thither by water was to procure a passage in one of a fleet of boats which took their departure at this season

of the year, whenever their numbers were sufficient to protect them from the attacks of the lawless tribes of wandering Arabs which infested the banks of the river. Our party, however, adopted an unusual, but more expeditious course. We started alone, and had a boat to ourselves. As a defence from the riparian robbers, we engaged a guard of twenty men belonging to the tribes through which we should have to pass. As the voyage was mainly performed by tracking up stream, and we wished to travel night and day, we hired a double set of boatmen. Our whole establishment was under the superintendence of Aboo Nazir, a good-humoured drunken Arab, whose gratitude for a life thrice spared by British influence we considered a sufficient guarantee for his fidelity. To Aboo Nazir we paid beforehand the amount of tribute which it was expected would be levied upon us.

Our Arab Guard.

As soon as there was sufficient water in the canal our boat was moored alongside the British factory. When the gates opened it discovered to us our guard of Arabs, who, armed with swords, shields, and muskets, scrambled on board singing and dancing to the rude beating of the tamtam, and presenting as wild an appearance as their countrymen against whom they were to protect us.

At ten o'clock on the night of the 6th of March, we quitted the frigate to go on board our boat.

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Take leave of our shipmates.

Our shipmates accompanied us to the gangway, gave us a loud cheer, and bade us an affectionate farewell. We were setting out on a journey supposed to be beset with dangers, and one which had been undertaken by few Europeans. The manner of our messmates showed unmistakably that they considered the parting might be a final one. So indeed it proved to be, but not in the manner anticipated. My fellow-travellers long survived the journey, but within two years of their leave-taking, Captain Alexander and five of his officers had fallen victims to the Indian climate.

Arab Black Mail.

This trip up the Tigris was never attended by any real danger, provided the claim to black mail was duly satisfied. But inasmuch as every piastre that did not find its way into the pocket of the sheikh of a tribe remained in Aboo Nazir's, he let slip no opportunity of shirking the contribution, and we, for the fun and excitement sure to be caused by the pious fraud, winked at what we used to call his "bilking the turnpike." Thus, when an occasional slant of wind would enable us to dispense with the tow-rope, we defiantly sailed past the enemy, all hands mustered on deck for the occasion. We travellers and our servants appeared in the after-part of the boat, armed to the teeth, our guard on the forecastle performed the sword dance with more than usual energy, while Aboo

Nazir and our boatmen fired a volley of derisive Arabic upon the angry and bamboozled Ishmaelites. CHAP. VI.

On the 4th of March we arrived off Koorna, situated at a narrow slip of land formed by the confluence of the Euphrates and Tigris. Two miles above the town the plantations of date-trees which had hitherto covered the banks ceased, and the country on both sides was overflowed. We landed in the afternoon on the west side to shoot. The ground was very wet, and the state of the vegetation indicated little fertility. This desolate country, now called Il Jezeenah (the Island), has claims on our interest as the ancient Babylonia, and as the birth-place of Abraham. It is by some held to be the site of Paradise. *Koorna.*

March 9th.—Half-an-hour before sunset we arrived at a village of wandering Arabs. One of them, a wild-looking savage, ran towards us in a frantic manner, and, throwing down his turban, demanded *Buxis* (a present). He was made to replace his turban, but continued screaming as if distracted. His noise and our appearance soon collected a crowd of men, women, and children, the greater number had evidently never seen a European before. *Our first interview with the desert Arabs.*

When we reached the banks of the river we had to wait for our boat which was tracking round a headland. As we were thus for a time in a state

CHAP. VI. of durance, we stood with our backs to the water to prevent an attack from the rear. In the meantime crowds of the Nomads continued to press forward. As their numbers were greatly superior to ours we tried by our manner to show as little distrust of them as possible. Not so our guards, who, from being of the same calling as these marauders, treated them with less ceremony, and stood by us the whole time with their guns loaded and cocked, their fingers on the triggers, and the muzzles presented towards the crowd. Some of the Arabs occasionally came forward to look at our fire-arms, especially our double-barrelled guns, but, whenever they attempted to touch them, they were repulsed by our guard, who kept them at a distance. In the midst of this curious interview, the sheikh, or chief of the village, a venerable-looking old man with a long white beard, came accompanied by two others, who brought us a present of a sheep, for which, according to custom, we gave double its value in money. The sheikh's arrival, and our pecuniary acknowledgment of his present, seemed an earnest of amity, as the crowd, by his directions, retired to a small distance and formed themselves into a semicircle—himself and his two friends sitting about four yards in front.

The scene to us was of the most lively interest. Around us, as far as the eye could reach, was a

trackless desert, and immediately in the foreground were the primitive inhabitants, unchanged probably in dress, customs, or languages since the time of the "wild man," Ishmael, their common ancestor.

Partridge shooting in the desert.

March 10th.—"We went out shooting in the desert and had excellent sport. Hares, black partridges, and snipes were in the greatest abundance. For my own share of the game I laid claim to a brace of partridges, not a little proud that nearly the first birds that ever fell to my gun should have been killed in the Garden of Eden."

One of my critics who quoted this passage of my narrative asked whether instead of partridges the gallant Captain did not mean "birds of Paradise."

"At 2 P.M. we passed the residence of Sheikh Abdallah Bin Ali, an Arab chief. As we were wending our way over the desert tract, unmarked by human habitation, we approached a boy tending cattle, who ran with all his might to a small mound, so gradually elevated as to be scarcely perceptible to us. In an instant, like the dragons' teeth which Cadmus sowed, a large body of men armed with spears appeared on the brow of the eminence, and seemed to have grown out from the till then unpeopled spot. The men set up a loud shout, in which they were joined by women and children, who now made their appearance. All with one accord rushed towards us demanding the nature of our intentions, but once assured of our peaceful

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'disposition, their clamour ceased, and in two minutes we were on the most friendly terms.

A lion and lioness.

"At four o'clock we stopped at a patch of brush-wood jungle, where our boatmen and guard went on shore to cut wood for fuel. In the midst of this employment, one of them disturbed a lion that was sleeping under a bush. The fellow was greatly frightened, and communicated his terror to his comrades, who hastened on board. The lion stole away, and the trackers continued their work without making any objection. Game of every description is abundant throughout in this ancient kingdom of Nimrod, that 'mighty hunter before the Lord.' The spot we were now passing was quite living with animals—flesh or fowl. At every step the boatmen put up pelicans, swans, geese, ducks, teal, and snipes; wild boars were seen galloping about in all directions. A lioness strolled towards our boat and stood staring at us for two or three seconds. Mr. Hamilton and I both fired at her, but as we were only loaded with small shot we did her no injury. The noise of our guns made her turn quietly round, and she trotted away as leisurely as she came."

Arrive at Bajdad.

On the 21st of March we landed at Bagdad, and became the guests of Aga Sarkees, the British agent.

On the 24th of March we set out on our visit to

Visit to Babylon.

the ruins of Babylon. I do not here repeat the results of that expedition, inasmuch as they are fully detailed in my published narrative, and the substance of them is also embodied in Keith's "Spirit of Prophecy,"—a work which its venerable author has lived to see reach its fortieth edition.

Visit the Pasha of Baydad.

On our return from Babylon, we travellers paid our respects to the Pasha of Bagdad, and went through the same ceremonial of sweetmeats, pipes, and coffee, as had been observed in our visit to his brother, the Governor of Bussorah.

A Sketch of Davoud Pasha.

An extract from my "Overland Journey" will show the stamp of man to whom, under Ottoman rule, despotic power was delegated in the first quarter of this century.

"Davoud (David) Pasha is a Georgian by birth, and was formerly a slave to the then Pasha of Bagdad. At an early age he abjured Christianity, and assumed the character of a Mohammedan devotee. Seating himself at the Palace gate, he acquired so large a sum by begging that he became a candidate for the Pashalic. His proposals to the Grand Signior were accepted and answered in the usual manner—an order for the execution of the ruling Pasha, which being carried into immediate effect, the mendicant slave passed quietly into the place of his old master. He was not long in throwing off the mask of ascetic. Convinced that a situation

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gained by blood 'by blood must be maintained'—he has been as ruthless as any of those who had gone before him in the office. No less than fifteen hundred persons have fallen victims to his rapacity or ambition. He is a good-humoured-looking man, apparently between forty and fifty years of age, and of very prepossessing manners. During the interview, I tried to discover in his fine countenance any lines of remorse for such a load of crime. I looked in vain—and remembering Byron's descriptive lines of the famous Ali Pasha of Jannina, found it no less difficult

. . . . " 'to trace
The deeds which lurk beneath and stamp him with disgrace.'"

A residence of Caliph Haroun al Raschid.

During our stay in Bagdad, we were very anxious to see anything that could remind us of Haroun al Raschid of "Arabian Nights'" celebrity; but our researches were far from satisfactory. A tumble-down house was shown us as having once been the residence of the renowned Caliph: there is nothing in its actual appearance worthy of notice, except the judicious situation in which it is built. The Tigris washes its wall, and from its lattices is a fine view of the surrounding scenery.

On returning from this excursion, I made the following entry in my Journal:—

"Here it may not be irrelevant to offer a few

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Reflections thereupon.

remarks on that disposition so observable in Eastern nations to allow the works of antiquity to fade to decay. The Turk, careless and indolent, dozes through his existence, unmindful of the future. With us the actions of our forefathers are associated with our own. One of the motives which stimulates us to present exertion is the recollection of our predecessors, and the hope of handing down our own name to posterity. The Turk, from the insecurity of property, and the frail hold by which he clings to life, regards merely the present moment. To-morrow, he may be dead, or he may be a beggar. To-day is his existence. He knows that, like the mighty Davoud, the slave may become the three-tailed bashaw, but he also knows that the same sum which purchased the head of his predecessor may be given for his own. He exercises power while he may in extortion and oppression. Prodigal of the life of others, careless of his own, he yields when his turn comes with the indifference of a predestinarian, and respectfully submits his neck to the bow-string whenever the vicar of the Holy Prophet dooms him to destruction."

Their fulfilment.

Fifty-two years ago when I penned the foregoing paragraph, it was with a strong presentiment that the Eastern potentate with whom I had lately been sipping coffee would illustrate in his own person the appositeness of my reflections. So it turned out in

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the sequel. Soon after the narrative of this journey had passed through the press, I heard that Davoud Pasha had died the same death as that to which he had subjected his predecessor in office.

We leave Bagdad.

We left Bagdad on the 8th of April *en route* to Kermanshah, the capital of Coordistan. Two days later we crossed from the Turkish into the Persian dominions. This was by far the most dangerous part of our journey. Armed with a firman or Persian passport, the English traveller was almost as safe as in his own country, but lacking it he was virtually an outlaw, and could claim no immunity from any attack that might be made upon him.

Are waylaid on our Journey.

Although no actual harm befell our party, we were several times waylaid on our journey to Kermanshah. On one occasion, shortly before daybreak, three men on horseback—the apparent leader of whom rode a black horse—came suddenly into the narrow mountain-pass through which we were riding, and seemed to be watching us. We thought their conduct somewhat suspicious in this land of robbers, for they preceded us for several miles, but at last they struck into the mountains and disappeared. We heard of them afterwards from a young Arab chieftain at Kermanshah, who informed us that twenty Coords of the Calor tribe (one of the most powerful of Coordistan) had followed us from Khanaki for the express purpose

of plundering our party; that their gang consisted of twelve men on horseback and eight on foot, armed with matchlocks. Their chief, who, he told us, rode a black horse, exactly coincided in description with the person whom we had seen. It seems that they had received intelligence of our party being supposed to consist of an ambassador and his suite travelling with a large treasure. They, however, found us always so much on our guard that they abandoned their purpose of plunder as soon as we got near the mountain pass of Pace Takht (foot of the throne) where a military force was stationed. It was near this place that Sir Robert Ker Porter was attacked on his journey to Bagdad.

A day or two afterwards, our little camp was attacked at Kisra Shereen. We had just made fast our tent doors at night, and were going to sleep, when we heard several shots fired in quick succession. Some robbers had descended the hill, and had commenced unloosing the cords by which our horses had been picketed to the ground, but being fired upon, had fled. Shortly after, another gang, for the same could hardly have got round in time, came to the opposite side and made a like attempt, but they also were repulsed in the same way. We saw no more of the fellows, though, as we afterwards heard, they formed part of the Calor banditti.

On the 22nd of April, being the fourteenth day

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Arrival at Kermanshah.

since our departure from Bagdad, we arrived at Kermanshah. As we were descending a hill three miles from the town, we saw, marshalled at a short distance, a gaily caparisoned cavalcade, habited in the Persian dress. It was easy to perceive that they had assembled in compliment to us. We were speculating who they could be—for we looked in vain for the European costume—when one of the company with a long beard saluted us in military fashion, and in the French language welcomed us to Kermanshah. They turned out to be European residents in the city attended by their united trains of servants and followers. Of these were Messrs. Court and De Veaux, two French officers, to whom we had letters, two Italians, and a Spaniard of the name of Oms. Hassan Khan, one of the principal officers of the Prince-Governor, came to tell us on the part of his Highness that a house had been prepared for our reception. We yielded, however, to the pressing invitation of Messrs. Court and De Veaux and became their guests during their stay.

Knights of the Lion and Sun.

"These gentlemen and the Spanish officer, Señor Oms, are all *Khans* (Lords) of Persia, and Knights of the Lion and Sun, as well as of another order, the decoration of which is a star, with the curious device of two lions fighting for the Persian crown.

"Some years since the present King, Futteh

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A New Order of Knighthood.

Ali Shah, in conformity with one of the most ancient laws of Persia, assembled his sons for the purpose of nominating his successor to the throne. Abbas Meerza, the King's second son, was promised this high dignity. All the Princes present bowed in token of obedience to the royal will, with the exception of Mohammed Ali Meerza, the King's eldest son, and then Prince-Governor of Kermanshah. He alone stood erect. Unawed by the presence of his father and sovereign, he refused to acknowledge the decree. 'May God,' said he, 'preserve the King of Kings; but if my brother and myself should have the misfortune to survive your Majesty' (and he half unsheathed his sword as he spoke) '*this* shall decide the succession to the throne.' On the return of the French officers from some successful expedition against the Turks, they asked the Prince to institute some order of knighthood as a reward for their services. Mohammed Ali, bearing in his mind his oath of enmity against his brother, founded the order with the device of the fighting lions."

Happily for the cause of humanity and civilization the King, Futteh Ali, outlived both his warlike sons, and consequently this fratricidal war did not take place. In 1834, the Shah's grandson, Mohammed, the son of Abbas Meerza, succeeded to the throne, and at his death in 1848 his son

CHAP. VI. Nazr-ul-deen, the present Shah, our late illustrious visitor.

One day during our stay we found Messrs. Court and De Veaux seated in the garden, in company with two Arabs who had lately fled for protection from the Pasha of Bagdad.

A young Arab Chieftain. One of these was the young Arab chief to whom we were indebted for our information respecting the Calor banditti. A few months back this young man's father, with only forty men, defended a fortress against Davoud Pasha, but had ultimately been induced to surrender on a solemn assurance of protection. In the interview that followed the capitulation, the Pasha caused his prisoner's head to be struck off and packed up in a parcel to adorn one of the gates of Constantinople.

An Arab Moolah. The other guest was one Moolah Ali, an Arab though he wore the Persian dress, a man to whom murder and every other crime had long been familiar. This man's features bore none of the marks which romance readers usually ascribe to those of a murderer. On the contrary, his mild eye beamed with intelligence, and when he spoke, his mouth lighted up with so pleasing a smile that the diabolical matter of his speech was forgotten in the attractive manner of his delivery. He was a man whose conscience never troubled him with "air-drawn daggers," but he had a

substantial one in his girdle, ready for use as inclination prompted. CHAP. VI.

"Not many weeks before we saw this Moolah, he was one of the principal persons of Mendali, a Turkish town near the frontier. In those days, he was the bosom friend of Davoud Pasha and 'his best of cut-throats.' It was during this intimacy that he invited sixteen persons to a feast, and placing a confidential agent between each guest, caused every one of them to be put to death, himself giving the signal by plunging a dagger into the breast of the person beside him. Such feats as these we may find in the histories of savage countries. Among all barbarians, the virtue of hospitality, so vaunted, has rarely withstood the excitement of avarice or revenge."

The friendship between the Moolah and the Pasha was not of long duration. Each of these brethren in iniquity, unable to take personal vengeance on the other, have been exercising their spite on the kindred of their respective foes. Seventy of the Moolah's relations have fallen victims to the vindictiveness of the Pasha. In the meanwhile, the Moolah has not been slow in retaliation. Leaving the town of Mendali, attended by several of his tribe, he sallied forth into the desert, and, to use his own expression, struck off at every opportunity the heads of every wearer of a turban.

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We one day asked the Moolah how he generally deprived his enemies of life. "That," replied he, "is as I can catch them. Some I have killed in battle, others I have stabbed sleeping." Another time we had the curiosity to examine his pistols, which were studded with red nails. On inquiring the reason, he told us "that each nail was to commemorate the death of some victim who had fallen by that weapon."

A royal funeral.

April 27.—For two days guns had been fired at intervals, preparatory to the removal of the body of the late Prince-Governor of Kermanshah, for interment at Meshed Ali. On the morning appointed for the setting out of the *cortége*, we put crape on our left arms and sword hilts, and mounting our horses set out at an early hour to witness the ceremony.

As our eagerness to be in time brought us out much sooner than was necessary, we whiled away a couple of hours in observing the various chatting parties, all dressed in black, their merry faces somewhat oddly contrasted with their mournful garb.

Anon there appeared a blind horseman attended by a train of servants, one of whom held his horse's rein—by name, Hassan Khan—to which was added the epithet of *Khoord* (the blind).

In the brief interval of anarchy that had followed

the death of the late King,[1] this Khan became a competitor for the crown, but being worsted, his eyes were put out by his more successful rival. CHAP. VI.

A sudden discharge of artillery, followed by loud shrieks, announced to us that the Prince-Governor had left the palace with the body of his father. We now took up our station near the gates of the town, ready to fall in with the procession.

Near this place, mounted on a handsome charger, was the Prince-Governor's son—Nasir Ali Meerza —a pretty boy, about five years old. His little Highness was attended by a train of courtiers of his own age and size, who seemed to be as well versed in the art of rendering homage as their pigmy Lord was in that of receiving it. He appeared to be quite indifferent to the noise and bustle around him, and returned our salute with the easy air of one long accustomed to receive like marks of respect.

The procession moved slowly out of the town, led by the artisans; each craft having with it a black banner. After them came two hundred Coordish soldiers who were to escort the corpse to Meshed Ali. The escort was preceded by a band of drums and fifes playing a variety of airs—principally English—"Rule Britannia" among others, and

[1] Aga Mohammed Shah, assassinated in 1797.

CHAP. VI. there were also several country-dance tunes. After the military came the representatives of the Church; a body of mounted Moolahs headed by their chief (Bashee), a jolly, drunken-looking fellow, who with a voice amounting to a scream, recited verses from the Koran, in which his followers joined, making the air resound with their vociferous lamentations. Behind them was the corpse of Mohammed Ali Meerza, borne by two mules in that sort of covered litter called a *tuckhte rewaun.*

At intervals, the cavalcade stopped, and each person baring his breast, struck it so violently with his hand that the flesh bore visible marks of the severity of the discipline. At these times the shouts were redoubled, and tears flowed copiously from every eye; large groups of women, veiled from head to foot, and huddled together almost into shapeless heaps, were seated on each side of the road, and were by no means the most silent of the party.

We fell in with the French officers in rear of the troops; two or three chiefs were in the same line with us.

After proceeding almost a mile, we quitted the procession and, halting on one side, waited till the Prince gave us the *marukhus*, or permission to depart. His eyes were red with weeping. The funeral procession arrived at Mahidesht near

sunset, when His Highness ordered the caravanserai to be cleared of its inmates, and taking with him several boon companions, among others the Moolah Bashee, he passed the night in drinking and smoking, determined apparently to keep his father's *wake* in true Irish fashion. The following morning, the merry mourners remounted their horses, and reached Kermanshah without accident; though the Prince was so intoxicated that on arriving at the palace gate he fell off his horse into the arms of his attendants, and was by them conveyed to his own apartment in a state of insensibility. CHAP. VI.

We prevent a duel.

Our departure from Kermanshah was delayed by a quarrel between our hosts, who determined to settle their differences by a duel. We, however, undertook the office of mediators, and after much difficulty succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation.

The Moolah's idea of duelling.

The whole proceeding greatly puzzled our friend Moolah Ali. "How foolish," said he, "it is for a man who wishes to kill his enemy to expose his own life, when he can accomplish his purpose with so much greater safety by shooting at him from behind a rock."

Señor Oms, the Spaniard, having behaved very ill and treacherously during this affair, our hosts determined to represent his conduct to the Prince,

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and requested us to accompany them as witnesses. When we were at first admitted into the garden of the palace our attention was arrested by hearing some one scream a song with all the power of his lungs. In spite of the tipsy hiccough which occasionally interrupted the harmony, we had no difficulty in recognizing the voice of the Moolah Bashee, who with his royal patron, a pupil, was thus passing the rigid Mohammedan fast of the Ramazan. The sudden silence of the singer proved that our arrival had been announced.

An audience with the Prince-Governor.

The Prince, half drunk, and standing with his back against a tree, and supported by a stick, was trying to conceal the effect that the wine had made on his brain. Among those present was Hassan Khan Khoord, the blind Councillor whom we had seen at the funeral. Messrs. Court and De Veaux having related all the circumstances of the case, Señor Oms, who had been sent for, attempted a justification, but was interrupted by Hassan Khan Khoord, who used the expression *Khoor Khoordeed*, a Persian term of reproach for which the propriety of our language has no synonym. We were frequently appealed to to confirm the statements of the French officers, and having in my capacity of interpreter delivered my testimony, I was somewhat startled at the Prince asking me, "*Een keh gofteed deroogh neest?*" (Is not that which

you have been telling me a lie?)—a harsh sound to an English ear, but in this land of falsehood a mere idiomatical phrase of inquiry. CHAP. VI.

Our conference ended with Señor Oms being sent to prison, and the Prince resuming those enjoyments which our presence had so unseasonably interrupted.

CHAPTER VII.

Arrive at Teheran.—Are presented to Futteh Ali Shah.—Interview with another Shah.—Tabreez.—My Valet *ad interim*.—Becomes a Khan.—Resume my Journey.—"The Proud Araxes."—Enter the Russian Territory.—Sheesha.—Baku.—Steppe Travelling.—Smatreetels.—Astrakhan.—A Sturgeon Fishery.—Fair of Nishney Novogorod.—Horsemanship.—A Russian Dance.—Moscow.—Dine with the Governor-General.—A Russian State Prisoner.—First sight of a Macadamized Road.—St. Petersburg.—An Imperial Aide-de-camp.—We are under secret Surveillance.—Departure from St. Petersburg.—General Jomini.—General and Madame de Zabloukoff.—Emperor Alexander.—His Death foretold.—Military Colonies.—Russian Corvée.—Sir Robert Ker Porter.—We are overtaken by a Storm.—Run into a small Harbour in Finland.—Arrive in England.

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Are presented to the Shah.

FROM Kermanshah we proceeded to Teheran, where on the 26th of May we were presented to the Shah of Persia. At the appointed hour, Meerza Abool Hassan Khan, formerly ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and Major (afterwards Sir Henry) Willock, the British Minister, Mr. Ker Baillie Hamilton, and I, set out for our interview. The Persian was in his court dress, we were in full

uniform; and we all wore green slippers and long boots of red cloth, without which none can approach the King. CHAP. VII.

Our reception.

His Majesty received us in a small palace in the middle of a garden, called the *Gulistan*—"Garden of Roses." When we arrived at the top of the avenue leading to the hall of audience, we imitated the motions of the Meerza, and bowed several times, our hands touching our knees at each reverence. We had at this time a good side view of the King, who, apparently from established etiquette, seemed unconscious of our presence. We repeated our bows at intervals. When within twenty yards of the palace, we left our slippers behind us, and the King turning towards us for the first time, said *Beeau bālā*, "Ascend." A narrow flight of steps brought us to the presence-chamber, an apartment open at the two opposite sides, where the roof is supported by spiral pillars painted white and red; a large carpet is spread on the floor; the walls and ceiling are completely covered with looking-glasses. One or two European clocks, probably presents, stand in different parts of the room, but the accumulation of dust upon them shows that they are considered useless lumber. On entering the chamber we sidled to the remotest corner from that which the King occupied. After the usual compliments of welcome, His Majesty asked several questions

CHAP. VII. respecting our journey, and surprised us not a little by his geographical knowledge. The audience lasted twenty minutes. The King was in high good humour, and conversed with unaffected ease on a variety of subjects. He was seated on his heels upon some doubled nummuds; the Persians priding themselves on this hard seat in contradistinction to their enemies the Turks, whom they charge with effeminacy for their use of cushions.

The King had a variety of toys which gave employment to his hands. One was a Chinese ivory hand at the end of a thin stick, called in India a scratch-back, a name which faithfully denotes its office; another was a crutch, three feet long, the shaft of ebony and the head of crystal. I should have known the King from his strong resemblance to the prints I have seen of him in London. I think, however, they hardly do justice to that beard, by which his subjects are in the habit of swearing. It is so large that it conceals all the face but the forehead and eyes, and extends to the girdle. The King was very plainly dressed, wearing a cotton gown of a dark colour and the common sheepskin cap. In his girdle was a dagger studded with jewels of an extraordinary size.

A few minutes before we were presented, we observed two men carrying a long pole and a bundle of cudgels towards the audience-chamber.

We asked the Meerza the meaning: "That machine," said he laughing, "is the bastinado. It is for you if you misbehave; the King never grants an audience without having it by him." The pole was about eight feet long; when the punishment is inflicted the culprit is thrown on his back, his feet are secured by cords bound round the ankles and made fast to the pole with the soles uppermost; the pole is held by a man at each end, and two other men, one on each side, armed with these sticks, strike with such force that the toe-nails frequently drop off. This punishment is inflicted by order of the King upon men of the highest rank, generally for the purpose of extorting money. If Persia were not so fond of applying this emblem of power to a practical use, I do not see why she would not have as much right to her bastinado as Great Britain has to her white staves and "Black Rod." CHAP. VII.

My interview with another Shah.

In withdrawing from the presence of His Majesty, how little did I anticipate that half-a-century later I should have the honour of being admitted to an audience with another Persian Shah,—in the person of Futteh Ali Shah's great grandson, and that I should be received, not in the Garden of Roses at Teheran, but in the garden of Buckingham Palace, where His Majesty was the guest of my own sovereign!

From May 28th to June 14th we were

CHAP. VII. *Tabreez.*

travelling to Tabreez, the residence of Abbas Meerza, the Prince Royal of Persia. I here became the guest of Major (afterwards General) Monteith, an officer of British Engineers, employed in the survey of part of the country lying to the south of the Caucasus. Monteith consigned me to the care of his servant, an Armenian who spoke English perfectly, a man of prepossessing manners and gentlemanly demeanour.

My Tabreez valet.

The following year (1825) I attended the Duke of Sussex to a dinner at Fishmongers' Hall. I was told that a Persian of distinction, charged with some secret mission, had been invited to meet His Royal Highness. Going to the dining-room to ascertain my place at dinner, I found the name of Monteith's servant with the prefix of "His Excellency," in the place of honour next to that of the Duke. On my return to the reception-room I saw the man himself, to whom I went through the form of a personal introduction, and, pretending not to recognize him, talked of my travels in the East as if I were addressing a stranger. He seemed pleased at my forbearance, and we afterwards became great friends.

In Persia, the Christian population meet with such cruel treatment from their Mohammedan fellow-countrymen, that Armenians of property gladly accept employment, however humble, under

European residents, on account of the protection which such service ensures. Monteith's servant was, I believe, a person of this description. CHAP. VII.

Shortly after I left Tabreez, Abbas Meerza, desirous of procuring arms from England, asked the British officers to recommend him a person properly qualified for such a commission. They unanimously suggested Monteith's Armenian, who performed his task with such satisfaction to the Prince, that on his return he was made a Khan (lord). —— *becomes a Khan.*

Beards were at that time as rare in England as they are common now. The Armenian had one of such enormous length that he was almost mobbed in the streets of Sheffield on account of it. One day turning suddenly round on his pursuers, and taking his beard in his hand, he said, "My good people of Sheffield, why do you persecute me so? Is it because I will not use your razors?"

At Tabreez, I parted company with Mr. Ker Baillie Hamilton, who returned home by Poland and Germany. Left free to choose my own route, I projected a line of march through the Russian dominions. For this journey, which lay much out of the usual track, I asked the assistance of Colonel Mazerovitch, the Russian *charyé d'affaires*. His answer was not encouraging. He knew nothing of the country I intended to visit. He had neither

CHAP. VII.

authority to stop me nor to allow me to proceed: upon myself, therefore, must rest the consequences of the undertaking. He could not give me a passport, but had no objection to sign the written document Major Willock had intended should do duty for one.

My arrangements for the new expedition were soon made. In lieu of my old servant, a Turk, I substituted a native of Ghilaun, who could speak Persian and Turkish. I engaged five horses for my baggage and servant, and obtained from the Prince Royal a Mehmandaur and the usual *rukum* or permission to travel.

Resume my Journey.

June 18th.—On the evening of the 18th, our party, of which I was the only Christian, set forth on our journey. Having now no will to consult but my own, I fixed my resting-place for the night when and where inclination prompted. I once took up my quarters in a Tartar hut, but bugs, fleas, and other nameless vermin soon taught me to give the preference to bivouac in the open plain. If I passed the night at a village, it was not in the inside but on the roof of a house.

"The proud Araxes."

The fifth day's march brought me to the Arras, the Araxes of Plutarch. With a motive akin to that which led Byron to cross the Hellespont, I attempted to swim over

"The proud Araxes whom no bridge could bind."

But I was not so successful as the noble poet. The current would have carried me away, if it had not brought me in contact with some friendly boulders, which inflicted no other penalty upon me for my rashness than a few bruises. On my return to my people, I found them and a party of Illyants busied in placing my baggage in a tree, which had been scooped out and fashioned like a child's toy-boat, the fibres of the trunk serving as the painter by which it was made fast to the bank. In this primitive bark we crossed in safety, at the same time that our horses had been made to swim over, though one was nearly carried away by the violence of the stream.

Enter the Russian territory.

As I had now arrived in Russian territory, my Mehmandaur delivered me over formally to the chief of the encampment, from whom he took a written receipt for the safe consignment of my person.

Sheesha.

On the 26th of June I arrived at Sheesha, a Tartar town on one of the affluents of the Arras. Here I was supplied by the Commandant with an order for five horses on all Cossack stations. This order also entitled me to an escort of one or more Cossacks, as occasion might require.

Baku.

Instead of following the usual route to Europe, and crossing the Caucasus at Tifliz, I struck off in an easterly direction, and, after a journey of eight

CHAP. VII. days, arrived at Baku, a town on the western coast of the Caspian Sea. I remained there two days to visit the temple of the fire-worshippers, and then resumed my journey. After a fortnight's hard riding—on one occasion I was two-and-twenty hours in the saddle—I reached Kizliar, the last Cossack station.

Kizliar. At Kizliar, my journey on horseback ended, and that on wheels began. The change was by no means for the better. For whatever relief I gained by a diminution of physical fatigue was more than outweighed by mental weariness.

Steppe-travelling. If anyone would wish to put his powers of endurance to the test, let him cross a Russian steppe in a kibitka. The only relief to the jaded eye from the view of a barren waste is a succession of painted verst posts, which, being placed at equal distances from each other, rather increase than relieve the monotony of the scene. The post-houses are constructed on one and the same model. In a room in every post-house, and in exactly the same part of the room, stands the only provision for the traveller's creature comforts, the *semawar*—a brass urn with boiling water. The smatreetels too, the postmasters, dressed in the same uniform, and, with features cast in the same Tartar mould, are almost as undistinguishable from each other as the verst posts. So after several days' and nights' travelling,

you may almost fancy that you are received by the same officials from whom you parted company several days before. CHAP. VII.

On the subject of *smatreetels* is the following entry in my Journal:—

Smatreetels.—"I know but one more mode of insuring the good offices of the smatreetel, which I shall illustrate in an anecdote of a French nobleman:—This personage, an *attaché* to the embassy of his Court, being on his journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow, had been, as usual, delayed on the road for want of horses; the smatreetel telling him that there were none in the stable. He had one day been deploring his hard fate, full an hour, when a Cossack officer with despatches arrived at the post-house. To dismount from his *arba*, to unsling his whip from his own shoulder, to lay it across that of the smatreetel, to have fresh horses attached to his vehicle, and to be again on his journey—was but the work of a moment. The hint was not thrown away on the Frenchman: he immediately unlocked his portmanteau, took out his Parisian cane, and imitated the action of the Cossack. The effect was equally instantaneous. The little cane, like the wand of Cinderella's fairy godmother, was no sooner waved than a coach and horses appeared and carried off the French magician, who, by repeating this secret of his newly-acquired art, reached Moscow

CHAP. VII. a day sooner than he had any reason to expect."

Sturgeon Fisheries.

On the 23rd of July I arrived at Astrakhan. Here I made a week's halt. During my stay I visited some sturgeon fisheries at one of the mouths of the Wolga. As I can find no mention in any other work than my own of this mode of fishing, I give the following extract from my Journal :—

"The distance was thirty versts, but ten active Kalmuks soon rowed us down. The name of the fishery is Karmaziack. One hundred boats are employed; two persons are in each boat; one, generally a female, rows ; the other hands in the fish. The instruments used are a mallet and a stick, with a large unbarbed hook at the end. Every fisherman has a certain number of lines : one line contains fifty hooks ; these are placed at regular distances from each other ; they are without barbs, sunk about a foot under water, and are kept in motion by small pieces of wood attached to them. The sturgeon generally swims in a shoal near the surface. Upon being caught with one hook, he generally gets entangled with others in his struggle to escape. Immediately on our arrival, the boats simultaneously shoved off from the shore ; each fisherman proceeded to take up his lines ; on coming to a fish, he drew it with

his hooked stick to the side of the boat, stunned it by a violent blow with his mallet, and, after disengaging it from the other hooks, hauled it into the boat. This part of the process was excellent sport. On every side the tremendous splashing of the water announced the capture of some monster of the deep." CHAP. VII.

We next went into a large wooden house on the banks of the river, where a clerk was seated to take an account of the number caught. The "take" of the morning comprised four beloogas, one hundred and ten sturgeons, nine shevreegas, and several sterlets, a small kind of sturgeon which though most delicious are never counted: they are almost peculiar to the Wolga, though occasionally a few are caught in the Don. The Russians make a soup of them, which is as much esteemed by them as turtle is by us. The belooga is a large fish; one of those caught to-day weighed four pood—one hundred and forty-four pounds. The shevreega is like a pike having a very large head. There was also a large black fish called a sam. It is very voracious and will attack a man in the water. The head is not sold, as nobody but the Kalmuks will eat it, and they will eat anything. It was given to our boatmen, who went off in high glee to make a meal of it.

In this house men with hooked instruments draw the fish from the boats, land them in a row and

CHAP. VII. split their heads in two. The roe or *caviar*, and the isinglass, which consists of the tendinous muscle on each side of the back-bone, were then taken out and separately disposed; the bodies were cut in half and washed in a reservoir of water, they were then removed to a large warehouse, between the walls of which is placed a quantity of ice; a few shovels of salt were thrown over them, and by this short process they became ready salted for exportation. The isinglass was taken into a room, where children were employed either in rolling it up in the same form in which it is exposed for sale, or laying it out on flat boards; the former as applied to the external tendinous muscle constitutes the *book*, as the latter does the *sheet* isinglass. In the meantime the caviar was collected in pails, and placed on a frame of network over a large tub; by being passed to and fro, the fat fibres were separated from it, and afterwards converted into oil. This done, there was thrown upon it a certain quantity of salt and water, which after being worked with paddles was drained off by a sieve, and the caviar was put into mat bags; these were squeezed well between two boards, and there the process ended. In the short space of three hours I saw the fish caught, killed, and salted, the isinglass prepared for sale and the caviar ready packed for exportation.

Mr. Tsaposhemkoff hires these fisheries of Prince

Korackchin at an annual rent of four hundred and fifty thousand roubles. Besides this fishery of Karmaziack, he has twenty others. CHAP. VII.

After the exhibition, we retired to a summer-house on the banks of the Wolga. Here a sumptuous entertainment awaited us, consisting among other luxuries of a delicious sterlet and some London bottled porter, which had arrived in this remote and inland quarter in a state of perfect preservation.

As I was stepping into the boat to return to Astrakhan, the superintendent of the fisheries made me a present of some book isinglass, and a bag of caviar taken from the fish which I had seen alive four hours before.

The Fair of Nishney Novogorod.

My next halt was at Nishney (Lower) Novogorod, which I reached on the 8th of August. I arrived at the time of the great annual fair; albeit that fair had none of the characteristics with which Englishmen associate the name—no wild beasts, no booths, no swings, no merry-go-rounds, no fun. All was noiseless, orderly, and dull. Business, not pleasure, was the object of the merchants who had assembled from all parts of the world. I was probably the only person who had been attracted thither solely by curiosity or amusement.

In the afternoon I dined with General Groukoff, the Governor, and in the evening met at his

CHAP. VII. house the Prince of Georgia and other Russian noblemen.

August 11*th.*—The next day the Director of the fair kindly acted as my cicerone to the sights—among others to some equestrian feats. The principal performer, a Frenchman, danced skilfully enough on the bare back of a horse. "Look! look!" said the Director, pointing to him; but my attention was directed to a more interesting sight. The spectators assembled round the ring were natives of nearly every nation in Asia, who, dressed after the manner of their respective countries, exhibited features as varied as their garb. I was amused at the wonder expressed by some Tartar horse-catchers at witnessing a style of riding not dreamed of in their philosophy.

From the Circus we went to the Theatre. The performance was Kotzebue's play of "Pizarro," or "The Death of Rolla," as it is here called. It appeared to differ but little from Sheridan's translation. Rolla was in the hands of a young man who gave full effect to the declamation in favour of freedom. He and the rest of the troop were the "slaves" of a neighbouring prince, who had let them out at so much a head to a strolling *impresario.*

The amusements closed with the national Russian dance. It described the usual process of a

courtship—a proper degree of importunity on the one hand, of resistance and ultimate consent on the other. The female dancer here, a pretty lively coquette, suddenly attracted by my scarlet coat, transferred her attention from her partner on the stage to me in the pit, to the no small amusement of the spectators—myself not excepted.

August 12*th.*—Left Nishney Novogorod on the 12th, and, after three days' and three nights' travelling, arrived at Moscow.

August 15*th.*—During our stay in this city we received every possible attention from its amiable and agreeable Governor-general, Prince Demetrio Galitzin.

We left Moscow on the 28th of August, having engaged a diligence to convey us to St. Petersburg.

A Russian state prisoner.

One morning as we were changing horses, a carriage containing a state prisoner, guarded and heavily manacled, drove up to the inn door. He looked pale and dispirited; no one appeared to be acquainted with the nature of his accusation. He had been suddenly torn from his family at Vladimir, had been travelling night and day, and was not to be allowed to stop till he had reached St. Petersburg. It was with a shudder I heard that he was in all probability doomed to die under the dreadful lash of the knout.

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Arrival at St. Petersburg.

From (Upper) Novogorod to St. Petersburg, the last forty versts of the journey, we travelled over a macadamized road—the first any of our party had ever seen. We arrived at the Russian capital on the 31st of August, just too late to have a glimpse of the Emperor Alexander, who had to set out the day before on a tour of inspection in the south of Russia.

An Imperial Aide-de-camp.

Calling at the British Embassy, we were allowed to take away with us to our hotel some of the later issues of the *Times* newspaper—a most acceptable loan, for we had not heard from home for a whole year. We were soon so absorbed in the search among the births, marriages, and deaths, as to be scarcely aware of the entrance into our *salon* of one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, Prince Nicolas Galitzin, who apologized in perfect English for his intrusion, saying that he had mistaken our room for that of Mr. Wilson. The Prince took a hasty leave, after having first elicited from us that the newspapers belonged to the British Embassy. The next day we were informed by a British resident in St. Petersburg that the Prince was one of the Emperor's spies, and that English travellers were under his special supervision, and that we were evidently indebted for the honour of his visit to the information he had received from our hotel-keeper; for Mr. Ward, the British *chargé*

d'affaires, had forgotten to inform us that the *Times* was a proscribed periodical in Russia, save to the British embassy. Our informant further told us that we were likely to be subject to the strictest surveillance, and warned us to be very careful about our words and actions, as a report of both was sure to find its way to the police authorities. He added that my journey through a country of which the Russians were only then partially in occupation, would render me a special object of suspicion; for migratory as Englishmen were known to be, the authorities would hardly believe that a British officer should have selected such a route for mere personal gratification.

Mr. Rae Wilson.

The Englishman whom Prince Nicolas had professed his intention to visit at the hotel was Mr. Rae Wilson, author of "Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land." He occupied the next room to ours. The identity of his surname and the initial of his Christian name with those of Sir Robert Wilson, whose writings were most obnoxious to the Imperial police authorities, led them to the conclusion that the namesakes must needs be relations. Sir Robert, as all the world knows, was an advanced Liberal; on the other hand, Mr. Rae Wilson, an *arrière* Tory, had an abstract love of monarchs and monarchical institutions, and came to the Russian capital prepared to write a

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warm eulogium upon the Emperor; but the numberless petty vexations to which he was exposed by the meddling of an over-zealous police somewhat altered his views, and when I took leave of him at our hotel, I found him disposed to dip his pen "in gall instead of honey."

We are under surveillance.

The consciousness of the surveillance to which we were subject greatly marred the enjoyment of our visit to the Russian metropolis. If we could have indulged our own inclinations, we should have rushed on board the first vessel ready for sea; but this we were not allowed to do. By the municipal regulations we were compelled to advertise our intended departure in the Government gazette for three weeks consecutively. At the expiration of that period we went to the "Lieutenant du Quartier" in whose jurisdiction our hotel was situated, and applied, each of us, for permission to quit the Russian dominions. As there were divers signings and countersignings to be obtained from other offices, we took this functionary with us in our carriage, and he amused us on the way by giving so minute an account of the manner in which we had passed our time, as to prove to us how faithfully he and his myrmidons had performed their functions.

Leave St. Petersburg.

Armed with our "tickets of leave," we took the steamer to Cronstadt, where lay at anchor the ship

in which we had taken our passage to England. CHAP. VII.
Soon after us there came on board the boat a sickly-looking general officer, so covered with orders and decorations that one could hardly discover the colour of his coat. It was General Jomini, the celebrated strategist, the man who had so materially assisted Napoleon in his rise, and who, when driven by jealousy and ingratitude to seek other service, had not a little contributed to his fall.

Jomini, at the time I saw him, was military instructor to the Grand Duke, afterwards Emperor Nicholas, and was on his way to join his Imperial pupil at Tzarskeoselo. The General did me the honour to keep me in conversation during our trip down the Neva. He asked me many questions respecting the constitution of our Sepoy army; and was especially inquisitive about the Burmese War. I answered truly that the first I had heard of that war was from Russian officers, and that if I had thought hostilities were even probable I should not have left India. I look back with pleasure to my interview with this distinguished Swiss, whose memory deserves to be held in remembrance for having been one of the few officers of high rank who had the courage to plead for the life of Marshal Ney, his former commander.

The time that my vessel was preparing for sea

CHAP. VII. was passed very pleasantly in the society of General and Madame de Zabloukoff, then residing at Cronstadt.

General and Madame de Zabloukoff.

Lady Charlotte Bury, speaking of a dinner at the Princess of Wales's (August 23rd, 1813), says, "The only person I have seen at Kensington for a long time is Madame Zabloukoff, the wife of a General Zabloukoff, a very pretty, agreeable person. Her husband appears clever and sincere."

The General, whom in after years I met frequently in London society, was Captain on Guard at the Imperial Palace of St. Petersburg the night that the Emperor Paul was murdered (March 23rd, 1801). It is hardly necessary to add that suspicion never for one moment attached to him or to his brother officers on duty, as having been accessories to the crime: the Emperor's foes were "they of his own household."

Madame de Zabloukoff was a sister of a near neighbour of my father in the country, Mr. John Angerstein of Weeting Hall, Norfolk. When I had the pleasure of making her acquaintance she had lost none of the agreeableness that my friend, Lady Charlotte, assigned to her. She spoke to me of the state of public affairs in St. Petersburg with a freedom of expression that came oddly from the lips of a person bearing a Russian name. The mention of some of the revelations which she

then made me will explain why I did not think it right to give them a place in my published Narrative. The Emperor Alexander, who had left St. Petersburg the day before my arrival there, was, according to her account, among the most miserable men in his dominions, and in momentary dread of assassination. CHAP. VII.

It was chiefly against the persons in daily attendance upon him that his suspicions were directed. Frequently, he would turn suddenly round upon one or other of them and accuse him of being a "Carbonaro." So haunted was he with the idea of assassination, that he would not sleep two nights consecutively in the same room, nor would he retire to rest until some one had first lain down on his bed—a hard mattress—to prove that it did not contain some instrument of destruction.

Russian disaffection.

These apprehensions, I was informed, were not altogether groundless. A feeling of disaffection towards the person of the Emperor pervaded all classes of his subjects. Madame de Zabloukoff mentioned it as a matter of public notoriety that Alexander was doomed never to return alive to his capital, and that no one was more conscious of such a decree having gone forth than the unhappy subject of it himself. She told me that satisfactory evidence would be offered to the

CHAP. VII. public to show that the death of His Majesty had arisen from natural causes, and that his death would be the signal for a general rising, as a great body of Russians were determined to refuse allegiance to the Archduke Constantine, the heir presumptive to the Crown.

Madame de Zabloukoff attributed this disaffection to the establishment of military colonies. The scheme was first suggested to the Emperor by a Count Aratchief, who was afterwards murdered by his domestics.

The measure, as stupid in conception, as it was barbarous in the mode of its enactment, proved a miserable failure; and is a blot upon a reign otherwise characterized by humanity and useful reforms.

The Russian Corvée.

The idea was to engraft military service upon the agricultural pursuits of a peasantry, and it was hoped thereby to furnish the army with men and provisions. By the Russian *corvée*, the lord was entitled to exact three days' labour in each week from his serfs. These three days the Crown serfs were forced to employ in acquiring a knowledge of the duties of a soldier.

They were now compelled to substitute a military uniform for the warm sheepskin which had heretofore protected them from the rigours of a Russian winter. Their huts were required

to be in the same order as a barrack-room. Arms and accoutrements, articles of furniture, implements of husbandry, each had its appointed place. The dwellings of the colonists were subjected to a rigid military inspection, and every deviation from the prescribed regulations was punished with great severity.

Passive Resistance of the Crown Serfs.

The Crown colonists, who had heretofore enjoyed as large a share of freedom as was compatible with a despotism like that of Russia, were impatient of the military restraint to which they now became subject. In many places they offered a strenuous, though passive resistance to the Imperial decrees. Their contumacy was punished with extreme harshness. Many of them expired under the lash of the knout, and the survivors of the torture were condemned to pass the remainder of their days in forced labour in the mines.

Of all the regulations imposed upon the Crown serfs by the new order of things that to which they showed the greatest repugnance was the depriving them of their beards. My informant told me that in one village where an attempt was made to reduce the inhabitants to submission by force of arms, the mutineers threw the bodies of their relatives who had fallen by the bullets, to their assailants, exclaiming, "Shave them if you like, it is only with life that we will part with our beards."

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As the Empress-mother was about to enter one of the Crown villages, she found the inhabitants lying on their faces across the road. It was intimated to her that they would not rise from that posture until they had extorted from her a promise that she would intercede with her son, the Emperor, for a reversal of the hateful ukase.

On one occasion that the Emperor was at Moscow, the Crown serfs assembled in great multitudes round his palace, and implored him to restore them to their former condition. Upon his refusal, voices were heard calling out that their Emperor was a German, and no Russian, and that he had not a drop of Romanoff blood in his veins.

Sir Robert Ker Porter.

We considered ourselves fortunate in having for a fellow-passenger to England, Sir Robert Ker Porter, for a most agreeable companion he proved to be. He had been historical painter to the Emperor Alexander, and has left behind him at St. Petersburg many samples of his skill. His taste for the fine arts was first called into action by the celebrated Flora Macdonald, who saw, in some of his childish performances, promises of future proficiency. She used to show him drawings of actions in the "'45," in which her *pseudo* waiting-maid, Prince Charlie, had borne a part. These delineations led him in his after career

to give a preference to representations of battle-fields, for although he painted several well-known altar pieces, he was principally distinguished for his panoramic pictures of the "Battle of Agincourt," the "Siege of Acre," and the "Storming of Seringapatam."

Sir Robert, himself a man of letters, was the brother of Anna Maria and Jane Porter, whose historical novels were the delight of the lovers of works of fiction in my young days. The sisters remained in undisputed possession of this field of literature till Sir Walter Scott appeared as a competitor, and ever since "Don Sebastian," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and the "Scottish Chiefs," have been compelled to yield the palm to "Waverley," "Rob Roy," and "Old Mortality."

We sailed out of Cronstadt harbour at the same time with a merchantman and a Russian man-of-war. We had not been many days at sea before we were overtaken by a violent storm. What became of our companions we never knew. Our belief was that they went to the bottom. For ourselves we were so fortunate as to run into a small harbour in the Gulf of Finland.

The only other incident of our voyage was a stay of a few hours at Copenhagen.

"At the dawn of a dull, misty, but to me delightful, morning of November, we made the

CHAP. VII. Suffolk coast: nearly at the same moment we hailed a herring smack, which landed me at Lowestoft, and I had the gratification of dining with my family the same evening."[1]

[1] Journal.

CHAPTER VIII.

Promoted to a Company.—Join my Regiment.—Torrens's "Field Exercises."—Appointed Aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. — The two Wellesleys.—Richard Colley, Earl of Mornington.—His early Promise.—Arthur Wellesley.—His slow Development.—His Demeanour as Aide-de-camp of the Viceroy.—The Wellesleys in India.—Lord Wellesley's Contingent to the Army in Egypt.—A Question to Wellington.—His answer.—Wellington's first Visit to his last Battle-field. — Death of the Emperor Alexander.—A tour of waiting on the Duke of Sussex.—An Illustrious Young Lady.—A Brother Equerry.—A Visit to Holkham.—Joe Hibbert.—Polly Fishbourne.—I appear in Print.—Miss Lydia White.—My admission into Literary Circles.—A dinner at General Phipps's.—Colman and Lady Cork.—Three Agreeable Acquaintances.—Interview with the Duke of Wellington.—Its Result.

Promoted to the rank of Captain.

At the opening of the year 1825, I found myself still a subaltern; but in the month of February I was gazetted to a captaincy, by purchase, in the 62nd Regiment, then quartered in Ireland. In due time I set out to take charge of my company with a full resolve to make up, by a strict application to regimental duties, for the time I had

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Join my Regiment.

wasted in the luxurious and lazy post of a Governor's aide-de-camp. I joined my corps in the south of Ireland. In the course of the summer we were ordered to Dublin, there to undergo a severe course of drill. For this there was a more than usual necessity: a radical reform had just been introduced into the British tactics. Dundas's "Eighteen Manœuvres," which for thirty-three years had prevailed in the army, had given place to Torrens's "Field Exercises." It was decided by the authorities that the new system should be studied from its very rudiments. Accordingly, officers of all ranks, many of them not very firm on their legs, were ordered to re-practise the "goose step." Drill-sergeants followed them everywhere, to prove by the pace-stick whether they had accomplished the regulation number of inches at each stride, while plummets were vibrating to show them the exact number of steps in a minute they ought respectively to take in slow, quick, double, or wheeling time. One consequence—perhaps an intentional one—of resolving the system into its elements, was to drive many of the old hands on half-pay.

"Sixty Acres."

I had the advantage over my superiors of having very little to unlearn. To me Torrens's "Field Exercises" were a pleasing novelty; and not the least agreeable days that I spent at this period of my

military career were then passed in the "Sixty Acres," as our soldiers used to call the drill-ground in the Phœnix Park. CHAP. VIII.

As soon as the regiment was pronounced to be in an efficient state by Sir Colquhoun Grant, the Major-General commanding it received its route for Enniskillen.

My commanding officer at this time was Colonel George Gauntlett. He had been actively employed against the Maroons in the West Indies, and had served the campaign in Egypt. He was one of the smallest men I almost ever saw, out of a show. To him would have applied the story of another little Colonel who was scolding an Irish recruit for hanging down his head. "Heads up, sir—higher—higher still." "Och then!" cried Pat, "good bye, Colonel, for I shall never see your sweet face again."

With Gauntlett I always lived on the best of terms, but he obtained leave of absence and was succeeded in the command by an officer who made my regimental duties so exceedingly irksome that all my fine resolutions gave way, and I sought and found refuge from my persecutor in the personal staff of the Marquess Wellesley, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. *Appointed aide-de-camp to Lord Wellesley.*

Lord Wellesley was the prince of dinner givers. In the first place his *cuisine* was faultless. Then

CHAP. VIII. he had the art of inducing each guest to contribute his quota to the general entertainment. He thus produced a most agreeable amalgam.

Sydney Smith used to describe this sort of host as a good conversational cook, who says to his company, "I'll make a good pudding of you; no matter what you came into the bowl, you must come out of it a pudding."

One of the guests was Moore the poet's friend, Mr., afterwards Sir, Philip Crampton, a most agreeable man. He was that evening in high force. Even if I could remember any of the good things, I could not transmit to paper, the fun, his arch look, or the melody of his rich brogue. As one of his countrymen said of him, "Sure! he's a great conversationer."

Some time before my arrival in Dublin, the Dowager Duchess of Richmond paid a visit to that capital. Her husband, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was famous for the excellence of his dinners and the staunchness of his "Protestant Ascendency" politics. On the arrival of his widow in the Irish metropolis, the admirers of his principles and the grateful recipients of his good cheer agreed together to present her an address.

This proceeding inspired the satiric Muse of Lady Morgan's sister, Lady Clarke, who in a song which created a great sensation at the time, but of

which, I believe, no copy exists, she hit off the characteristics of the members of the CHAP. VIII.

"Great Deputation,
The pride of the nation."

The stanza on my friend the Surgeon-General ran somewhat thus:—

"Then Crampton the dandy
So *nate* and so handy,
With his airs and his graces and arch smiling face,
He came not the physician
But *à la parisien*,
Delighted to pay his respects to her Grace."

Present at the marriage of Lord Wellesley.

I arrived in Dublin just as my new chief was about to be married to the beautiful Mrs. Paterson, the granddaughter of Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signatory of the Declaration of American independence; and I was the aide-de-camp in waiting at the wedding, which took place on the 25th of October of this year.

Richard Colley, Earl of Mornington.

The post which I now held brought me into frequent contact with persons who had been acquainted both with

"The Wellesley of Mysore, and the Wellesley of Assaye."

The elder brother, as is well-known, after carrying away all the honours of school and university, entered Parliament at an early age, and soon

CHAP. VIII. established a character for himself as an orator and statesman. The abilities of Arthur, the younger brother, were of much slower development. The late Earl of Leitrim, who was with him at a small private school in the town of Portarlington, used to speak of him to me as a singularly dull, backward boy. Gleig, late Chaplain-General, in his interesting "Life" of the great Captain, says that his mother, believing him to be the dunce of the family, not only treated him with indifference, but in some degree neglected his education. At Eton, his intellect was rated at a very low standard; his idleness in school-hours not being redeemed in the eyes of his fellows by any proficiency in the play-ground. He was a "dab" at no game, could neither handle a bat nor an oar. As soon as he passed into the remove it was determined to place him in the "fool's profession," as the army in those days was irreverently called. At the Military College at Angers he seemed to have a little more aptitude for studying the art of war than he had shown for the "Humanities," but he was still a shy, awkward lad. When he became aide-de-camp to Lord Westmoreland, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, his acquaintance with the usages of society was as limited as could well be possessed by any lad who had passed through the ordeal of a public school. Moore, the poet, who visited Dublin shortly before

Arthur Wellesley.

Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

me, and who lived in much the same society as myself, alludes in his journal to the character for frivolity which young Wellesley had acquired while a member of the Viceregal staff. The late Lady Aldborough, one of his contemporaries, told me that when any of the Dublin *belles* received an invitation to a picnic they stipulated as a condition of its acceptance that "that mischievous boy, Arthur Wellesley, should not be of the party." Lord Leitrim mentioned to me one of his pranks. It was the fashion of the period for gentlemen to wear, instead of a neckcloth, a piece of rich lace, which was passed through a loop in the shirt collar. To twitch the lace out of its loop was a favourite pastime of the inchoate "Iron Duke." The disastrous campaign of the Duke of York appears to have had a sobering effect upon his character. From that time forth he put away childish things, and betook himself in good earnest to the active duties of his profession.

Lord Wellesley's contingent to the Army in Egypt.

It has often been asserted that if Lord Wellesley had not had the co-operation of so able an officer as his brother, his administration as Governor-General would have been attended with less brilliant results; but I have been taught to believe that the benefits which the brothers derived from each other were tolerably reciprocal. If, on the one hand, the victories of the Sepoy General over the Mahrattas

CHAP. VIII. reflected lustre on the Governor-General who appointed him to the command; on the other hand, the instruction which that Governor-General imparted to his younger brother proved of infinite service to him in his future career. Two military qualities for which the Duke of Wellington became afterwards so distinguished Lord Wellesley possessed in an eminent degree—the faculty of arranging the transport and the victualling of troops. There is one enterprise of Lord Wellesley's to which I think his biographers have hardly done justice—I mean the expedition which he despatched from India to aid a European army in driving the French out of Egypt. This project emanated entirely from himself. He had it in contemplation from the moment he learned that Buonaparte had effected a landing in that country. A year before he received the official sanction for sending this force to the assistance of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, he had matured all the necessary provisions. To despatch an army seven thousand strong across an arid desert was of itself no slight achievement. But fully to appreciate the sagacity of Lord Wellesley's arrangements, it should be borne in mind that half that force was composed of Sepoys, whose prejudices of caste, with respect to food and removal from their own country, had to be considered and provided for.

A Question proposed to Wellington.

To show the importance which the Great Captain attached to the provisioning of troops I here give an anecdote which I believe to be authentic.

At an early period of the Peninsular war a body of general officers were assembled round the dinner-table of Lord Wellington. Military matters were discussed with much freedom. An officer present ventured to ask the Commander-in-Chief, upon whom, in the event of anything happening to his Lordship, the command, in his opinion, ought to fall. No answer was given, and the unlucky General thought that, in modern parlance, "he had put his foot in it." Later in the evening, Wellington delivered his verdict in favour of Beresford. An expression of surprise pervaded the countenances of the guests, as the reputation of that marshal did not stand high among them as a "strategist." "I see," said Wellington, "what you mean by your looks. If it were a question of handling troops, some of you fellows might do as well, perhaps better than he; but what we now want is some one to *feed* our men; and I know of no one fitter for that purpose than Beresford."

Wellington's first visit to his last battle-field.

Lady Wellesley (then Mrs. Paterson) and her sisters, Lady Hervey, the late Duchess of Leeds, and Miss Caton, the late Lady Stafford, were at Brussels in the summer of 1816. The illustrious Prince of

CHAP. VIII. Waterloo was also there at the time. After much entreaty, the sisters obtained his reluctant consent to accompany them to his last battle-field. He had not been there since the day of the action. The ladies dined with him on their return from Waterloo. During the whole evening he scarcely uttered a word, and by his deep-drawn sighs showed how sad a picture was brought to his mind by revisiting the scene of his greatest victory.

Lady Wellesley frequently told me that, desirous as she had been to visit so famed a spot under such auspices, she would not have made the request she did, if she could have foreseen the mental anguish which the compliance with her wish would cause.

Death of the Emperor Alexander.

In the December of this year, intelligence was received in England that Alexander, Emperor of Russia had expired at Taganrog, on the 19th of the preceding month. The account of the circumstances attending his decease coincided so exactly with that which, fourteen months before, Madame de Zabloukoff had taught me to expect would be given, that it could not fail to produce on my mind the belief that the death of the Czar had not proceeded from natural causes, and my father, the only person to whom I had communicated the substance of that lady's conversation, fully shared the

The impression made upon the writer.

impression. I have since been convinced that we judged erroneously. That there were others who came to the same conclusion with ourselves, without the same strong grounds for suspicion, may be inferred from a published letter of the late Miss Frances Williams Wynne :— CHAP. VIII.

"FLORENCE, *Dec. 24th*, 1825.

"We are full of speculations upon the subject of the death of Alexander, which this day's post has announced. Many are inclined to believe that his death has been occasioned by the *hereditary complaint* which proved fatal to his three predecessors. It is now universally believed that Catherine was strangled."[1]

A tour of waiting at Kensington Palace.

[1826.] A grand ball, given by the Lord-Lieutenant, on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, terminated the festivities of the Dublin season. Lord Wellesley retired to the Viceregal Lodge in the Phœnix Park, and, as the services of only one aide-de-camp were required, I shifted my quarters from Dublin Castle to Kensington Palace, and entered upon a tour of waiting upon the Duke of Sussex.

The breakfast hour.

My chief was the essence of punctuality. We breakfasted precisely at nine. As the palace clock

[1] "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality." Edited by A. Hayward, Esq., Q.C.

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struck that hour, its tones were responded to by a host of other loud-sounding timepieces, to be found in every nook and corner of the Duke's suite of apartments. Some of them played martial tunes, others the national anthem. This bell-metal chorus was half drowned by the yapping of a pack of little dogs, which came scampering as *avant couriers*, down the stairs. At the same moment would appear the Duke's page, Mr. Blackman—a black man by name and colour—whose diminutive form set off to advantage the truly imposing appearance of the royal master whom he preceded.

An illustrious young lady.

One of my occupations of a morning, while waiting for the Duke, was to watch from the window the movements of a bright, pretty little girl, seven years of age. She was in the habit of watering the plants immediately under the window. It was amusing to see how impartially she divided the contents of the watering-pot between the flowers and her own little feet. Her simple but becoming dress contrasted favourably with the gorgeous apparel now worn by the little damsels of the rising generation—a large straw hat, and a suit of white cotton; a coloured *fichu* round the neck was the only ornament she wore. The young lady I am describing was the Princess Victoria, now our gracious Sovereign, whom may God long preserve!

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A letter to my grandfather.

Among my grandfather's papers I find the following letter addressed to him, while Commander-in-Chief of the Havanna Expedition. I will presently give my reasons for inserting it here, rather than in the place to which its date would seem properly to assign it.

MAJOR LOFTUS TO GEORGE LORD ALBEMARLE.

"MATANZAS, *Nov. 29th*, 1762.

"MY LORD,

"The only thing extraordinary that has happened since I have been here was the murder of Joseph Barnes, a soldier in the Regiment of Artillery, and in Captain Anderson's Company, by Marcus Vincentz, a soldier in the Regiment of Havanna, who also robbed him of his money and his buckles, on the 19th, at night, in a cruel, treacherous manner, not the least offence being given by the deceased.

"I was informed of the murder the next morning and sent to the magistrate, and desired he might do all in his power to find out the criminal. I also sent out parties all round the town; and one of them, commanded by Ensign McGrath, a brave and active young officer, took him about four miles from this place, and brought him into town, about twelve of the clock. The deceased's buckles and

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some of his money were found in his pocket. I ordered him immediately to be hanged, first showing the buckles and the money to the magistrate and the priest, in order to convince them that I would not execute him without the strongest conviction. They begged that the priest might confess him, and that his body, after execution, might be returned to them, both of which I granted. A little before he was hanged he begged, as he was a soldier, that he might be shot; but I refused him, and told him he did not deserve so much honour. He was executed without the least disturbance. The people in general seemed very well satisfied.

"I am, with the greatest respect,

"Your Lordship's most obedient,

"humble servant,

"A. LOFTUS."

I reproduce this letter here, not from any interest in Marcus Vincentz, who doubtless deserved his fate, but in his captor, the "brave and active young officer," with whom, at a later period of his life, I became personally acquainted.

A brother Equerry.

Perkins Magra (not McGrath, as stated in the letter) was an Ensign in the 17th Foot at the reduction of the Havanna. In a London Gazette of 1762, his name is among the wounded during

the siege. He remained in the regiment till he reached the rank of Major, when he went on half-pay. He was afterwards appointed an Equerry to the Duke of Sussex, and thus he and I were members of the same household. He lived to be upwards of ninety. Although old in dress and appearance, he was youthful in mind, and proved a most agreeable companion. While I was in India, he was seized with a paralytic stroke. I have not the Duke of Sussex's letter by me, which announced the event, but it contained a message somewhat to this effect: "Magra bids me tell George Keppel that half of his old friend is gone, and the other half is ready to follow at a moment's notice." He was also when I returned infirm, but as cheerful as usual. I paid him frequent visits at his lodgings in Quebec Street. One evening, as I was sitting with him at his usual dinner-hour, he told me to call the next day before twelve; but he added: "You shall be admitted whenever you come." CHAP. VIII.

Some engagement prevented me from going there till two. On the Major's servant opening the door to me, he told me that his master desired I should be shown to his bedroom. I there beheld the lifeless form of my old friend, not *in* the bed, but *on* it, and the limbs straightened by the undertaker, preparatory to its being placed in the coffin.

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The right thing to do in the spring of 1826, was to submit your head to the manipulations of Mr. Deville of the Strand, lampseller and amateur phrenologist. Sauntering one morning into Deville's back parlour I found some eight or ten persons assembled. Seated in the middle of the room was a young lady of about nineteen, whom Deville, from an examination of her head, pronounced to be not only a good musician, but if she liked might be a composer of music—a judgment that was at once confirmed by an elderly lady standing near her, evidently her mother. I suspected at the time that both ladies were in league with the lecturer; but I discovered afterwards they were the wife and daughter of Mr. Richards, the Duke of Sussex's solicitor, and, like myself, then saw Deville for the first time. My turn came next. He spoke of my powers of memory, and of the facility I must have of acquiring languages. He told me how I was in the habit of conducting an argument. He said if I ever turned my attention to mathematics I should probably find that my task would be easy enough so long as I proved my proposition by means of lines, but that, from the defective state of the organ of numbers, I should have great difficulty in demonstrating by the arithmetical process. The truth of this observation I ascertained two

years afterwards, when I became a student at the Senior Department of the Royal Military College. To illustrate the scanty allowance of order in my cerebral structure, Deville made a very shrewd guess of the untidy condition of my room as I had left it in the morning. Asmodeus could scarcely have given Don Cleopas a better view of the interior of a dwelling than did Deville of the state of my lodgings on the second floor of No. 28, Bury Street, St. James's. CHAP. VIII.

Deville told us that, a few days before, the Duke of Wellington came to him, accompanied by one or two other gentlemen. He had never seen his Grace before, but knew him at once from his likeness to the prints of him in the shop windows. After examining his head, Deville said, "If I did not know in whose presence I have the honour of standing, I should have said that according to phrenological science the organ of cautiousness was so strongly developed in your Grace's head as to make it difficult to account for that firmness of purpose, of which your brilliant achievements have formed so irrefragable a proof." The Duke answered, "If you mean that I was nervous in going into action, you are perfectly right; but I never found that this feeling ever interfered in the slightest degree with a proper discharge of my duties."

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I was much inclined to treat this statement of Deville's as apocryphal, until I stumbled upon the following passage in Moore the poet's journal, under date of April 22nd, 1826: "Immediately after breakfast, Colonel Napier arrived to look at Bromham House; an able man; is employed in writing an account of the campaigns in the Peninsula. In talking of phrenology, said that the Duke of Wellington has not the organ of courage, but has that of fortitude or resolution very strongly. The Duke owned himself that this corresponded to his character."[1]

Holkham hospitality.

Early in November I accompanied the Duke of Sussex to Holkham. For three successive months Mr. Coke kept open house for his friends. Among his annual guests were Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians, and the Duke of Gloucester. These Princes desired to be considered as private friends, and dispensed with the attentions that etiquette usually assigns to persons in their station of life. The *battues* began the first Wednesday in November, and continued twice a week for the rest of the season. The quantity of game killed in the three months was probably not much more than it is now the fashion to slaughter in as many days; but the flint and

[1] Russell's Life of Moore, vol. v. p. 57.

steel guns were always fully employed, and everybody was satisfied with his day's sport. The *non-battue* days were passed, either in the turnip-fields among the partridges, or in the salt marshes in pursuit of snipes and wild fowl. In a shooting establishment like Holkham, gamekeepers are persons of importance. Several of these were characters in their way. There was old Joe Hibbert, who had been a prizefighter in his youth. On one occasion, Sir John Shelley, who was celebrated for his neat sparring, challenged Hibbert to a set-to with the gloves, and some of the young men mischievously promised Joe a good tip if he would administer a little punishment to Sir John. Joe put on the gloves, but soon drew them off again; and, turning round upon his backers, exclaimed, "Not for twice the money would I strike a gentleman!" CHAP. VIII.

Polly Fishbourne.

One of Joe's colleagues, but of a different sex, was Polly Fishbourne, keeper of the Church Lodge, who, when I last heard of her, was still alive. She must be about my own age. She had large, black eyes, red cheeks, and white teeth; her hair was cropped like a man's, and she wore a man's hat. The rest of her attire was feminine. She was irreproachable in character, and, indeed, somewhat of a prude. Polly was the terror of poachers, with whom she had frequent encounters,

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and would give and take hard knocks; but generally succeeded in capturing her opponents and making them answer for their misdeeds at Petty Sessions.

A dear basket of eggs.

A Norfolk game preserver once offered Polly a shilling a piece for a hundred pheasant's eggs. She nodded her head. Soon after she brought Mr. Coke a five-pound note. "There, Squire," said she, "is the price of one hundred of your guinea fowl eggs." Of course the Squire made Polly keep the five-pound note.

Polly and the Bull.

One time that I was staying at Holkham, a bull killed a labouring man in the salt marshes. The savage brute was standing over his victim, and a crowd was assembled at the gate, when Polly appeared at the opposite side. There was a cry, "Get out of the way, Polly, or the bull will kill you." "Not he," was the reply; "he knows better." She was right. The moment he saw her he backed astern to the remotest corner of the inclosure. It turned out that the animal had once attempted to run at her, but she lodged a charge of small shot in his muzzle.

An attempted liberty and its punishment.

Two young gentlemen once paid a visit to Holkham in the summer time. The dinner hour was half-past three, but the guests were not forthcoming. It was eight in the evening before they put in an appearance, and then looked uncommonly sheepish.

At day-break they decamped without beat of drum. It transpired that they had expressed a wish to see the Church, and applied to Polly, the keeper of the Church Lodge. On their way thither one of them attempted to rob the said keeper of a kiss. Luckily for them they were guests at the hall, or she would have treated them as she used to treat the poachers. She resorted to a milder punishment; while they were in the belfry admiring the surrounding scenery, Polly turned the Church key upon them. CHAP. VIII.

[1827.] On the 10th of January the Duke of Sussex attended the Duke of York's funeral at Windsor. I was prevented by a severe cold from attending His Royal Highness, but I well remember the precise date, because on that day my "Overland Journey from India" first saw the light. It had a success which a work of ten times its merit could not hope to achieve in these days of universal authorship. The press spoke of it with great indulgence, and their favourable notices caused it to pass through several editions; indeed, the first impression went off so rapidly that in a very few weeks my publisher asked me for a revise. *I appear in print.*

One of the first fruits of my authorship was admission to the literary coteries of Miss Lydia White, an elderly lady who lived in a very small house in Park Lane. Upon entering her drawing- *Miss Lydia White.*

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room, I found her reclining on a sofa, and surrounded by many of the leading men of letters of the day. Although she was then, as she and her visitors alike knew, suffering from a disorder which in all probability would end fatally, suddenly, and almost immediately, she cheerfully and agreeably discharged the duties of hostess. I was to have dined with her the day on which she died. To this projected dinner Sir Walter Scott thus alludes in his "Diary:" "January 28th, 1827:—Hear of Miss White's death. Poor Lydia! she gave a dinner the Friday before, and had written with her own hand invitations for another party. Twenty years ago she used to tease me with her youthful affectations—her dressing like the queen of chimney-sweeps on May-day morning, &c., and sometimes letting her wit run mad; but she was a woman of wit, and had a kind, feeling heart."

Literary and other notabilities.

The "Overland Journey" opened to me other houses not usually accessible to young men about town. At Sir George Phillips's in Mount Street, I made the acquaintance of Sydney Smith, Sir James Mackintosh, Hallam, and Macaulay. In "Conversation Sharp's" little dining-room in Upper Grosvenor Street, I met men who could boast of personal acquaintance with members of the "Club," *e.g.*, such, for instance, as Burke, Johnson, and Reynolds. Lord Essex used to give very pleasant

dinners of eight covers to persons of all callings. At Mr. Edmund Byng's I used to have for fellow guests the leading actors of the day—Matthews, Liston, Dowton, Fawcett, Harley, Yates. I met poets at Samuel Rogers's breakfasts, and punsters at General Phipps's—at the house of this last-named officer I remember meeting George Colman, the author of "Broad Grins," James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," and Jekyll, *nonpareil* of the punsters. The old lady of the company was the Dowager Lady Cork. Puns were of course the staple of the entertainment. I record one by way of a sample: "Mr. Colman," said Lady Cork, "you are so agreeable that you shall drink a glass of champagne with me." "Your Ladyship's wishes are laws to me," answered Colman, "but really champagne does not agree with me." Upon which Jekyll called out, "Faith, Colman, you seem more attached to the *Cork* than the bottle."

Three agreeable acquaintances.

I at this time made the acquaintance of three agreeable young men, who used to meet at each other's lodgings. They were then unknown to fame, but their abilities were such that they could not always remain in obscurity—Henry Lytton Bulwer, the late Lord Dalling, his brother Edward, the late Lord Lytton, and Alexander Cockburn, now Lord Chief-Justice of England, then a student of Middle Temple, but not called to the bar.

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Interview with the Duke of Wellington.

Lord Wellesley's term of office was drawing to a close. The surrender of his post involved that of mine, and opened upon me the unpleasant prospect of having soon to return to regimental duty under a disagreeable commanding officer. Promotion seemed the best mode of avoiding the contingency. A friend who had unsuccessfully pleaded my cause with the Duke of Wellington, the lately-appointed Commander-in-Chief, advised me to make a personal application to his Grace. I did so. The "Iron Duke" thoroughly looked the character. "Sir," said he, in his most chilling accents, "you will be pleased to send in a memorial of your claims to promotion and you will receive an answer through the usual channel." Nothing was left me but to obey. In the memorial, I made the most of my scanty services, and threw in the "Overland Journey" by way of a make-weight. Anon came a letter, "On His Majesty's Service," from the Horse Guards. It was "the answer through the usual channel." Judge of my surprise and joy when I found that it announced my promotion to an unattached Majority. The friend who applied to the Field-Marshal in my favour thanked him for his prompt compliance with his request. "You have nothing to thank me for," was the answer; "it was the young fellow's book that got him his step."

CHAPTER IX.

The Hoo.—Lady Dacre.—Hoo Theatricals.—Cosy.—Join the Hatfield House Company.—Our *Corps Dramatique.*—The Marchioness of Clanricarde.—Theodore Hook.—Our Audience.—The Ghost of Queen Elizabeth.—A Distinguished Brother Actor.—Harrington House Theatre.—Travellers' and Raleigh Clubs.—James Holman, the Blind Traveller.—Return to Ireland.—Lord Plunkett's Definition of the Word "Personal."—A Vice-Regal Dinner.—Lady Morgan and Lady Clark.—A Masquerade Group.—A Poetical Sketch of Dublin Society.—Lady Morgan and her Sister "Livy."—Pass Christmas holidays at Bowood.—Make a new acquaintance.—Moore and his Melodies.—Sloperton Cottage.—Extracts from Moore's "Journal."—The Bowood Servants' Ball.—A day with Poet Moore.—My Lodgings in Bury Street.—Enter the Military College.—Bagshot Park.—Death of Lady de Clifford.—Meet the Duke of Orleans at Cobham.—Lady Elizabeth Brownlow's Account of the Visit.—A *Soirée* at Mrs. Norton's.—Theodore Hook.—Lord Castlereagh and Mrs. Norton.—The two Chin-men.

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The Hoo.

I PASSED much of the summer of 1827 at The Hoo, Lord Dacre's seat in Hertfordshire. It was my home whenever I chose to make it so.

Lady Dacre.

Lady Dacre, recognised by artists as the best modeller in wax in Europe, was known also in the

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Accounts of our performances found their way into the newspapers, and "Pomps and Vanities" created quite a sensation in the West-end of London.

Moore's promise to join our corps.

February 18th, 1828, Moore, the poet, says in his Diary;—"Met Lady Dacre, talked about her private theatricals: said I should be very happy to join in them next year, which seemed to give her great delight."

Charles Young, the Tragedian.

A constant guest at the Hoo was Charles Young, the tragedian, whom I believe I have seen in almost every character he ever played. As Hotspur, he was without a rival. In one of our walks, I told him that "I could never dissociate that arch rebel from his personator Charles Young." He laughed, and patting his heavy under-jaw—the only defective feature of a very handsome face—exclaimed, "Fancy Harry Percy with my pudding chops!"

The Hatfield House Corps Dramatique.

The success of Lady Dacre's play revived a long dormant taste. Private theatricals became all the rage. Hatfield House was the first to follow the lead set by the Hoo, and I accepted an engagement in the new company. Among my fellow-comedians were Lady Salisbury, our hostess; Lord and Lady Francis Leveson Gower, afterwards Lord and Lady Ellesmere; Lord Morpeth, afterwards Lord Carlisle; Mrs. Robert Ellison, a sister of Lord Rokeby; Mrs. Robert Ellice; Sir George Chad; and Lord Normanby's brother, Colonel, afterwards Sir Charles Phipps.

Our playwright.

The pieces performed were French vaudevilles adapted to the Hatfield stage by Theodore Hook,

CHAP. IX. and they suffered no deterioration by passing through the hands of the author of "Killing no Murder."

The survivors of this corps are Lady Clanricarde and Mr. James Stuart Wortley. Since I made the above note, the lady I here speak of has passed away from us. In Hook's adaptation of "Les Premiers Amours" Lady Clanricarde played the part of the soubrette, and I that of the serving man. A letter of Macaulay to his sister reminds me of her personal appearance, and of a salient *trait* in her character, which, differing from the great historian, I used to think greatly became her.

"The Marchioness of Clanricarde is, you know, Canning's daughter. She is very beautiful, and very like her father, with eyes full of fire, and great expression in all her features, she showed much cleverness and I thought a little more of political animosity than is quite becoming in a pretty woman.

"The daughter of a statesman who was a martyr to the rage of faction, may be pardoned for speaking sharply of the enemies of her parent, and she did speak sharply. With knitted brows and flashing eyes, and a look of feminine vengeance about her beautiful mouth, she gave me such a character of Peel as he would certainly have no pleasure in hearing."

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Charles Phipps as King of Sweden.

Charles Phipps was to act the part of a King of Sweden, but having no star, a despatch was sent to the Duke of Wellington to borrow his. The messenger returned with His Grace's Insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Sword. It is worthy of remark that the box which contained the order had evidently never been opened before.

Our audience.

On one grand occasion, the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, almost every member of the Cabinet, and nearly the whole of the *Corps Diplomatique* came from London to witness our performances.

The Epilogue.

The Hatfield epilogues were usually assigned to me. On this special evening I had to recite a very clever one by Lord Francis Leveson in the character of the ghost of Queen Elizabeth. I am disturbed in my grave by the goings on in a house that had served me as prison and palace. My wrath is roused by finding that such mummeries have the sanction of the descendant of my sage minister, Lord Burleigh. In retiring I stumble accidentally into the Green Room, and my feelings as a "Virgin Queen" are shocked at seeing "a man without his coat." I swoon; the curtain drops.

A distinguished brother actor.

But our solemnities did not stop here. An illustrious actor had his part yet to play. While the audience was designedly detained some minutes

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in the theatre, our corps had hurried into "King James's Room." On an ottoman at one end was placed a gilt chair, and in it in royal state sat Queen Elizabeth. On each side were ranged the *dramatis personæ*. The Duke of Wellington was then asked in his capacity of Prime Minister to make his obeisances to the sovereign. With a loud hearty laugh, such as many must still remember, he showed that he fully entered into the fun, and at once accepted the *rôle* assigned him. Surrounded by the members of his cabinet, and by the representatives of the crowned heads of Europe, he approached the throne in mock solemnity, and did homage to my Majesty.

The health of Queen Elizabeth's Ghost.

The festivities closed by a sumptuous banquet. Theodore Hook, in unusually high force, astonished the company by his wonderful improvisations. One only toast was drunk, "Long life to the Ghost of Queen Elizabeth." To this loyal effusion the Regal phantom was graciously pleased to answer in Norman parliamentary French, "La Reyne remercie ses loyaulx sujets, et ainsi le veult."

"Harrington House" Theatre.

After "starring it" some time in the provinces, Charles Phipps and I made our first appearance on London boards. Our new theatre was "Harrington House." It was first set on foot by the late Duchesses of Bedford and Leinster, and Lady

Caroline Sandford, daughters of Lord Harrington, for the amusement of their father, whose age and infirmities prevented him from stirring abroad. Among our most efficient performers were the Duchess of Leinster and Lady Caroline, Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, now Elizabeth, Countess-Dowager of Harrington, and the Honourable Georgina Elphinstone, now Lady William Godolphin Osborne.

The "Travellers' Club."

My "Overland Journey" obtained for me a ready admission into the "Travellers'." The Club, which was yet in its infancy, occupied a shabby, low-roomed house on the north side of Pall Mall. But what we lost in good accommodation, we gained in good company. We never enjoyed each other's society so much after we shifted our quarters to the big house on the other side of the way.

The "Raleigh."

Another Travellers' Club, of which I was an original member, was called the "Raleigh." It consisted of men who had visited the least known portions of the globe. We dined once or twice a month together at the "Thatched House," in St. James's Street. The Arctic region was represented by Captains Parry, Back, and Franklin; and the South Pole by another captain of the Navy whose name I forget. I was sole member for Babylon. Another of our number was James Holman, a lieutenant in the Navy. He had been

James Holman, the Blind Traveller.

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struck by blindness in a storm at sea. In this helpless state he had travelled over the greater part of the north of Europe, and of each journey published an account. Prior to leaving St. Petersburg for Siberia, Holman caused Sir Andrew Wylie, the Emperor's physician, to examine his eyes in order that that gentleman might satisfy his Imperial master that no danger could accrue to the state by allowing a sightless man to proceed on his journey. So morbidly suspicious, however, was Alexander at this time that he took it into his head that Holman was a dangerous spy, and caused him to be arrested on the confines of Siberia, and conveyed by force beyond the Russian frontier.

In Holman's published account he takes for his motto the words of Joseph's brethren to their father Jacob: "The man, who is the lord of the land, spake roughly to us, and took us for spies of the country."[1]

Return to Ireland.

At the close of the London season, I took up my abode at the Viceregal Lodge in Phœnix Park. Since I had last seen Lord Wellesley I had become an author, and was not a little proud of bringing him a copy of a third and revised edition of my work. As I fully expected, he received my present with some good-humoured banter. Before

[1] Gen. xlii. 30.

he glanced at the contents, he opened the book at the title-page. To my name were attached the initials of a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society. "F.A.S.," he exclaimed; "do you know that those letters mean a fellow abominably stupid? and you have only to add F.R.S. to your next edition, and you will be a fellow remarkably stupid into the bargain." A thorough purist in language, Lord Wellesley next fell foul of the words "Personal Narrative," the title which my publisher had substituted for "Overland Journey," and he, the publisher, had borrowed it from Humboldt's "Personal Narrative of Travels in South America." The same evening Lord Plunkett, recently appointed Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, dined at the Lodge. The Viceroy renewed the attack on my "malaprop" adjective. "One of my aides-de-camp," said he, "has written a personal narrative of his travels—pray, Chief-Justice, what is your definition of 'personal'?" "My lord," replied Plunkett, "we lawyers always consider *personal* as opposed to *real*." The only persons present when this witticism was uttered were Lord Wellesley and myself, but it has several times found its way into print. The last who quotes it is Charles Greville, and he had it from George Villiers, afterwards Lord Clarendon, who had it from me.

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Lord Plunkett's definition of "Personal."

If my memory serves me, this was a dinner given

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A Vice-Regal dinner.

by the Lord-Lieutenant to the members of the legal profession; and a very pleasant one it proved to be. The mere enumeration of some of the names will show, to those who remember Lord Wellesley's first Irish administration, what materials there were for an intellectual feast. William Lamb, the Irish Secretary, afterwards Lord Melbourne; Chief-Baron O'Grady, afterwards created Viscount Guillamore; Chief-Justice Bush, and Mr. Doherty, then a King's Counsel, afterwards Lord Chief-Justice of Ireland. I was not lucky enough to be at the same end of the table as the Chief-Baron, for he it was who kept those within earshot of him in a roar; and as I cannot record any of the good things he said on that occasion, I will give an anecdote in which his name occurs.

O'Grady and Bush.

A cause of much celebrity was tried at some county assizes. Chief-Baron O'Grady was the presiding Judge. Bush, then a King's Counsel, who held a brief for the defence, was pleading the cause of his client with much eloquence, when a donkey in the court set up a loud bray. "One at a time, brother Bush!" called out his Lordship. Peals of laughter filled the Court. The Counsel bore the interruption as he best could. The Judge was proceeding to sum up with his usual ability of speech: the donkey again began to bray. "I beg your Lordship's pardon," said Bush, putting his

hand to his ear; "but there is such an *echo* in the Court that I can't hear a word you say." CHAP. IX.

Lady Morgan.

A number of pleasant people used to assemble of an evening in what has been called "Lady Morgan's snug little nutshell in Kildare Street." When I first made the acquaintance of the lady of the house, she was in the height of her popularity. I found her occupied in preparing for the press her novel of the "O'Briens and O'Flahertys." In this work, as she told me, I am made to figure as a certain Count—a great traveller—who made a trip to Jerusalem for the sole object of eating artichokes in their native country.

Lady Clark.

The chief attraction in the Kildare Street "at homes" was Lady Morgan's sister, Olivia, wife of Sir —— Clark. Her conversational powers were so greatly superior to those of her novel-writing sister, that I cannot help suspecting that the work which went in the name of one was a joint production.

A Masquerade group.

I once joined a group at a masquerade in which both sisters figured. Lady Morgan was a Marquise of the Court of Louis XV., a character which, from her habit of interlarding her conversation with French epithets, became quite natural to her. Lady Clark enacted the part of an Irish lady of the last century upon whom the Pope had bestowed the title of Countess of the Holy Roman Empire. She

CHAP. IX. wore a high-crowned hat, and that description of riding-habit called a "Joseph." It was of a bright snuff-colour, and had metal buttons as large as crown-pieces down the front. I personated a Maçaroni of the same period, fresh from Italy; but I did not do justice to my part from the desire I had to catch some of the pleasantries which the Irish Countess was dealing out to all around.

Dublin Society. Lady Clark used to sing some charming Irish songs. They were for the most part squibs on the Dublin society of the day. I fear, from inquiries I have made, that not a copy of any of them is to be found. A verse of one of them, giving a sketch of the Irish metropolis of my day, runs somewhat thus :—

"We're swarming alive,
Like bees in a hive,
With talent and *janious* and beautiful ladies;
We've a duke in Kildare,
And a Donnybrook fair,
And if that wouldn't plaze yez, why nothing would plaze yez;
We've poets in plenty,
But not one in twenty
Will stay in ould Ireland to keep her from sinking;
They say they can't live
Where there's nothing to give.
Och! what business have poets with *ating and dhrinking!*"

The authoress of the "Wild Irish Girl," justly proud of her gifted sister Olivia, was in the habit

of addressing every new comer with "I must make you acquainted with my Livy." She once used this form of words to a gentleman who had just been worsted in a fierce encounter of wits with the lady in question. "Yes, ma'am," was the reply; "I happen to know your Livy, and I would to heaven your *Livy* was *Tacitus*."

A new acquaintance.

I passed the Christmas holidays of this year at Bowood, Lord Lansdowne's country seat. A Bath coach dropped me at the park gate. As soon as I was dressed, I went down into the drawing-room. Although it wanted twenty minutes to dinner, I found the hearth-rug already occupied by a bright, intelligent-looking little man, with a turned-up nose. To my remark, that we were before our time, my new acquaintance answered that he was a near neighbour, and had come over on foot. Being fresh from town, I thought I would give the country gentleman the latest news; but was rather surprised to find that he was more *au courant* with what was going on in the great world than I was; and I was still more puzzled when he sat down to dinner; for every time that I attempted to say a good thing, my little friend *capped* me. At last I whisperingly asked Lady Lansdowne the name of her very agreeable neighbour. "Oh!" was the reply, "I thought you were acquainted. Mr. Moore, let me introduce you to Major Keppel."

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Thus began my intimacy with the modern Anacreon, which death only brought to a close.

Moore and his Melodies.

The next morning Moore sang most of his charming melodies. Among others, "The Slave," a song expressive of the sympathy of the writer in the abortive insurrection for which his friend and college-chum, Robert Emmett, paid the forfeit of his life. I wish I could convey to my reader an idea of the spirit which the poet threw into the words

> "We tread the land that bore us,
> Her green flag glitters o'er us;
> The friends we've tried are by our side,
> And the foe we hate before us."

Moore's own Diary shows that it was by the merest chance that he had not ranged himself under that same green flag and shared the fate of its ill-starred leader.

Sloperton Cottage.

After luncheon, I walked with Moore to his home, "Sloperton Cottage," about two miles distant from Bowood, a humble thatched house, with a well-stored library of presentation copies. Having escorted the poet to Sloperton, he returned with me to Bowood. On the way, he told me that much of his poetry was composed in his walks between the two houses. I have read somewhere that some one asked to be shown to the *study* of Coleridge, the

poet. "This, sir," said the maid-servant, "is master's dining-room; but he *studies* in the fields."

Anecdote of himself.

Moore was amused with a story that I told him I had heard of himself.

A French lady, a stranger to him, throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed, "Oh, le cher Lord Byron!"

"Pardonnez-moi, Madame, je m'appelle Moore."

"Mais Moore le poète, n'est ce pas?"

"Oui, Madame."

"Alors c'est le même chose,"—and then followed a second *accolade*.

William Napier.

That same day I met at dinner, at Bowood, Colonel William Napier, whose first volume of his "History of the Peninsular War" had just made its appearance.

Extract from Moore's "Journal."

Under date of December 26th, Moore writes in his Diary: "Walked into Devizes. Found when I returned that Lord John Russell, Kerry, and Keppel had been while I was out."

Bowood Servants' Ball.

This evening there was a Servants' Ball at Bowood, Lord Lansdowne being among the most energetic of the dancers.

In his Diary for the 28th, Moore writes: "Lord John Russell and Keppel walked home with me, and sat some time with Bessy."

The same Autobiography reminds me of a very pleasant day I spent with the writer.

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A day with the Poet.

[1828.] "February 19, 1828.—Called upon Rogers after breakfast. Keppel with him. Came away together. I introduced him to Murray. Went afterwards to Colburn, where he made me a present of his book. From thence to his grandmother, Lady de Clifford, a fine old woman."

Moore was then collecting materials for his "Life of Byron." At his desire, I introduced him to Lord Sligo, who was an early friend of the noble poet. After giving a faithful account in his Journal of the conversation that followed, Moore writes:—

My Lodgings in Bury Street.

"Went with Keppel to his lodgings, 28, Bury Street, St. James's, for the purpose of seeing the rooms where he lives (second floor), which were my abode off and on for twelve years. The sight brought back old times. It was there I wrote my 'Odes and Epistles from America;' and in the parlour Strangford wrote most of his 'Camoens.' In that second floor I had an illness of eight weeks, of which I was near dying; and in that shabby second floor, when I was slowly recovering, the beautiful Duchess of St. Albans (Miss Mellon), to my surprise, one day paid me a visit."

Enter the Military College.

On the retirement of Lord Wellesley from the Viceroyship of Ireland, I entered the Senior Department of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst.

While a student at Sandhurst I was frequently

the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, of whose kindness to me, at various periods of my life, I have a pleasing recollection. Bagshot Park, then occupied by their Royal Highnesses, is Crown property. George II. made a grant of it to my grandfather and his brothers, Augustus and William, for their respective lives. In the panels, which are wainscoted, are several portraits of the family. At the death of my grandfather, in 1772, Bagshot came into the occupation of Admiral Keppel, but he, wishing to make over the residence to George III.'s brother, Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, applied to his Majesty for a renewal of the grant. The request was peremptorily refused. According to family tradition, the King was so rejoiced at thus defeating the wishes of two persons so obnoxious to him as his brother and my uncle, that he burst into a paroxysm of laughter, which lasted so long as to constitute the first symptoms of that mental malady of which the unhappy monarch soon after gave such unmistakable proofs.

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Bagshot Park.

In the autumn of this year I was called away from my studies by the alarming illness of the friend I loved most upon earth—my kind, good grandmother, Lady de Clifford. I was seldom absent from her sick chamber. A few hours before her death I took a chair by her bed-side, which had lately been occupied by my sister Mary.

Death of Lady de Clifford.

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and grasped her hand. Sight, hearing, and speech had left her, and she was pronounced by the doctors to be insensible; but she no sooner felt the texture of my cloth coat than she showed her consciousness of my presence by pressing my hand to her lips.

By her will I was declared her residuary legatee, and the possessor of her estate in Ireland.

Meet the Duke of Orleans at Cobham Hall.

Early in June, Lord Darnley, who had known me from my childhood, asked me to help him to do the honours to the Duke of Orleans, afterwards King of the French, who had signified his intention of honouring him with a visit at Cobham Hall, his beautiful seat in Kent. For the following account of the proceedings on that occasion I am indebted to my noble host's grandson, the present Lord Darnley, who at my request applied for information to his aunt, Lady Elizabeth Brownlow, at the time I speak of unmarried and living under her father's roof.[1] She writes in answer:—

Lady Elizabeth's account of the Visit.

"I well remember the event respecting which my old friend, Lord Albemarle, requires information, and I believe I am the only member of the family now living who could tell him what he desires to

[1] Lady Elizabeth Bligh, daughter of John, fourth Earl of Darnley, married in 1833 her cousin, the Rev. John Brownlow, son of the Rev. Francis Brownlow by Lady Catherine Brabazon, and died 13th November, 1872.

know. I remember the time, for although kept waiting until four o'clock in the morning, it was one of the pleasantest evenings among the many happy ones spent at Cobham, because all exerted themselves to make the time pass agreeably; indeed I do not know when I laughed more, all were so good-humoured and jolly. The visit was quite an *impromptu*, arising from a wish expressed by the Duke of Orleans to visit Cobham and the new docks at Sheerness. My father, mother, and I went to Cobham for the occasion. S.A.R. was expected at about midnight, as he was engaged to dine at Lansdowne House. Men on horseback with flambeaus were sent to light him through the woods of the London approach, but before he arrived it was broad daylight. The company had their patience put to the proof by looking at the supper laid out under the chandelier in the "Gilt Hall." There were, besides Lord and Lady Darnley and myself, my brother-in-law Charles Brownlow,[1] Lord Brabazon,[2] Colonel Gascoigne,[3] and an esteemed member of a much esteemed family — Major Keppel, and we found *his* and Lord B.'s fun and good humour a great boon during the otherwise

[1] The Right Hon. Charles Brownlow, afterwards Lord Lurgan, married, in 1822, Lady Mary Bligh.

[2] The present Earl of Meath.

[3] Now General Ernest Frederick Gascoigne, 59th Foot.

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dreary hours. Well! after the royal party at last arrived, and we had gone to bed for two or three hours, we assembled for breakfast in the Picture Gallery. After breakfast, the whole party set out for Strood, where they were to embark. My mother and I accompanied the Duke in an open carriage through the woods, and my father drove the Duc de Chartres in a curricle, and others followed to the place of embarkation. I should have liked the sail, &c. in my father's yacht, but felt shy at being the only lady present, and returned with my mother."

The trip up and down the Medway occupied several hours. The narrow precincts of the quarter-deck of a yacht brought us Englishmen into close contact with the illustrious foreigner. His Royal Highness was very affable and communicative, talked freely of the good and evil that had marked his chequered career, not perhaps anticipating the still greater vicissitudes that yet awaited him. He seemed to take pleasure in reverting to that early period of his life when, under the feigned name of Chabaud, he earned a livelihood as a teacher of mathematics.

Lord Anglesea and his handsome boys.

In our trip to Sheerness we fell in with Lord Anglesea, who was sailing in the Medway in his yacht. We hailed him, and he came on board to pay his respects to our Royal shipmate. The gallant noble veteran was accompanied by his

two handsome sons, Lords Alfred and George Paget, then boys at Westminster, now General officers. CHAP. IX.

In going over the Dockyard, we fell in with a petty officer who had been a sailor on board a man-of-war at anchor in the bay of Palermo on the day on which the Duc de Chartres was born.[1] "My Lord," said the old salt to the young prince, "I knew you when you was but a *babby*." *A young Prince and an old salt.*

After inspecting the Docks we returned to Cobham to an early dinner, and the royal party crossed over to France that same evening.

Wit and beauty have seldom been crowded into so small a space as occasionally found admittance into Mrs. Norton's tiny drawing-room at Storey's Gate, Westminster. One evening during the discussion in the House of Commons on a Beer Bill, I was present at one of these agreeable *réunions*. Theodore Hook formed one of the party. I was on a sofa, talking and laughing with Mrs. Norton's sister, Mrs. Blackwood—afterwards Lady Dufferin, or "Nelly," as she was called by her sisters. "Now, Mr. Hook," said our hostess, "tell us something about Nelly and 'Cosy,'" the name of the character which I played in Lady Dacre's comedy, and the *sobriquet* by which I was known to the ladies of the Sheridan family. Hook immediately *A Soirée at Mrs. Norton's.* *Theodore Hook.*

[1] The Duc de Chartres was born at Palermo on the 3rd of September 1810.

CHAP. IX. went to the piano, and to a tune of his own composing, sang a string of verses which began somewhat thus—

"If any one here is stupid or prosy,
He should just take a lesson from Nelly and 'Cosy';"

and some fifty or sixty verses to the same air and the same rhyme. His supply of ludicrous associations seemed inexhaustible. There is no knowing when he would have come to an end, if Lord Castlereagh had not come in thirsty from the House of Commons, from a debate upon the Beer Bill, and helped himself to some brandy and water. The impromptu battery was now turned from Mrs. Blackwood and me, and pointed to the new-comer. Suddenly changing his tune, the improvisatore now sang—

"Hallo! my Lord 'Cas,' what do you do here?
With your brandy and water instead of your beer?"

and so on, till some new incident furnished fresh fuel to the fire of his muse.

Lady Castlereagh and Mrs. Norton.

Lord Castlereagh and Mrs. Norton were cousins by the mother's side. At a dinner at Lady Farquhar's both of them happened to arrive late. Hook was asked to sing: he assented, upon condition that Mrs. Norton should stand by him and light four candles. The beautiful bride obeyed, and Hook strung together some thirty stanzas assigning

the most ludicrous reasons for the tardy appearance of the cousins. Bowing most profoundly to Lord Castlereagh as he rose from the piano, he concluded with CHAP. IX.

"He smiles—and he talks—he rides—and he sings,
And thinks he is certain to win her;
And that is the reason my Lord Castlereagh
Was a little too late for his dinner."

The two chin-men.

The town was at this time running after a foreigner who played, or pretended to play, tunes on his chin. How he produced these sounds I do not pretend to explain. All I know is that his execution was wonderful. I remember listening a whole afternoon to his variations on "The Last Rose of Summer." The then Chairman of "Ways and Means" in the House of Commons was Mr. Grant, who, to distinguish him from two other members of the same surname, and from a remarkable protuberance of his lower jaw, was popularly called "Chin Grant."

I was present one evening when, in some most amusing verses, Theodore Hook descanted upon what he called the Swiss and Scotch chin-men. Both, he said, had one object in view—the "Ways and Means;" but they differed in the attainment of their end. The foreigner depended solely on the *chin*—the Scotchman on the eyes and nose (Ayes and Noes).

CHAPTER X.

Aspect of the "Eastern Question" in 1829.—Public Opinion. on the Turkish Military Organization.—On the Campaign of 1828.—Dr. Walsh's Account of the Balcan.—Set out for Turkey. — Zante.—"Campbell's direction post."—. Egina.—Visit to Athens.—Boatswain of H. M. S. *Wasp.* —Join the British Squadron.—Land at the Entrance of Dardanelles.—Constantinople.—Visit to the Ambassador. —My Fellow-guests.—Captain Lyons and his Two Sons. —Execution of Three Greeks.—*En route* to Adrianople.— Field-Marshal Diebitsch.—A Question of Identity.—Departure from Adrianople.—The Selimno Pass of the Balcan. —Shumla.—Our Wretched Quarters.—An Execution.— Visit to the Grand Vizier.—Our Dialogue.—Departure from Shumla.—The Pravadi Pass.—Our First Night's Quarters.—Carnabat.—Our Adventures by Flood and Field. —Louleh Bourgaz.—Chorli.—Return to Constantinople.— Ball at the French Embassy.—The French Ambassador and Ambassadress.—Journey into Asia Minor.—Return to England.

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[1829.] I HAD now been for three years leading an idle, desultory life, and in spite of pleasant visits to country houses like Cobham, time hung heavily

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on my hands. I made several unsuccessful applications to the Horse Guards to be placed on full pay, and began to languish for some active occupation. Just at this time public attention was directed to Turkey—England's special *protégée*. Some improvement in the internal administration of her affairs had procured for her sovereign, Mahmoud the Second, the reputation of a Reformer. Under his auspices, it was hoped that she would shortly take her place among the civilized nations of the world.

Aspect of the "Eastern Question" in 1829.

But it was mainly to the military organization of Turkey that attention was now directed. So long as the Janizaries had an existence, all attempts at amelioration of any kind, every one felt, would have been futile. But now this lawless soldiery had been exterminated and replaced by an army formed on a European model, of the new levies high expectations were formed, and the events of the preceding year (1828) seemed to favour the idea.

Public opinion on the Turkish Military Organization.

"Look," said the believers in Turkish regeneration, "look to the behaviour of this young army, when confronted for the first time with one of the most warlike powers of Europe. See how they forced Russia to raise the siege of Silistria, to abandon her strong position on the heights of Shumla, and to remain for the whole winter on the north side of the Balcan."

On the Campaign of 1828.

This mountain chain was supposed to be of great

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height—to present, as it were, a sort of Alpine barrier which the genius of a Napoleon alone could surmount.

Dr. Walsh's account of the Balcan.

The theory derived strength from the publication of "A Journey from Constantinople to England," by the Rev. Dr. Walsh, Chaplain of the British Embassy at the Porte. This work, which went rapidly through three editions, adopted the popular hypothesis of the impregnable nature of the Balcan range.

I set out for Turkey.

My intercourse with Mohammedans in my former journey had given me a more than usual interest in the questions involved, and determined me to test the correctness of the various surmises by personal observation. With this intent I, on the 13th of June (my thirtieth birthday), took my departure from England, in the hope, which, however, was not realized, of reaching the Turkish camp before the close of the campaign.

My first point was Ancona, where I arrived a day too late to catch a steamer to Corfu. I then went to Naples, and being again disappointed, I proceeded to Otranto. From this "heel of the boot" I took shipping for Corfu, where I landed

Zante.

on the 21st of July, arrived at Zante on the 25th, and the following day dined with an old friend in the person of Lord Charles Fitzroy, the British resident in the island. Overlooking the town is

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"Campbell's direction post."

a precipitous conical hill. On its summit was a high gibbet with three arms. When I was quartered at Zante there were suspended from these arms the bodies of three men executed by order of General Campbell, and the gibbet was called by our men "Campbell's direction-post." Riding under the fatal tree in the afternoon, I pointed upwards, and observed to an old Zantiote acquaintance—"What! my old friends there still?" "Oh, no!" was the reply. "Your friends have been removed long ago; but fresh crimes have required fresh examples, and the bodies you now see are those of a new set of murderers."

Arrive at Ægina.

Two days later, after dining with Sir Frederick Adam, the Lord High Commissioner, I accompanied Captain Finucane, an old brother officer, charged with despatches for Mr. Dawkins, the British resident in the Archipelago, on board H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*. On the 30th of July we landed in the Gulf of Corinth. Crossing the Isthmus to Calamachi, we hired an open fishing smack, which landed us at Ægina the following morning.

Trip to Athens.

At Mr. Dawkins', the British Resident's breakfast-table, I met Captain Edward Hoste, R.N., whose ship, the *Wasp*, lay at anchor in the harbour. Hearing me express a wish to see Athens, Hoste sent orders to sling a cot for me in his cabin, and to make ready for sea. By the time breakfast was

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over the *Wasp* corvette was lying with her sail set and her cable up and down. The moment we stepped on board, she tripped her anchor, and filled. In a couple of hours we were sailing into the ancient harbour of the Piræus. The next morning (August 2nd) we landed, a party of nineteen, to visit the ruins of Athens. The Bey—for the city was in possession of the Turks—not only sent us an escort, but placed his whole stud at our disposal. Some of us had a horse to himself; others "rode and tied." Behind each Turkish horseman was a little British midshipman, *en croupe*. In this fashion we saw all the antiquities of the—

> "Eye of Greece, mother of arts
> And eloquence."

Before we left Athens we called upon the Bey to thank him for his civilities, and left behind us that which made us welcome visitors in his eyes—a hamper containing six bottles of rum.

In the courtyard of the Bey's house we saw the head of a Greek fixed by its long hair to a nail on a board, in the same manner as represented in the photograph of the heads of the murderers of Messrs. Herbert and Vyner.

Boatswain of H.M.S. "Wasp."

I passed nine very pleasant days with Edward Hoste; and then, at the invitation of Captain (now Admiral Sir William) Martin, G.C.B., I shifted

my berth from the *Wasp* corvette to the *Samarang* frigate. In taking leave of my *Wasp* shipmates, I must say a word of my friend the boatswain—a man whose form combined the strength of a Hercules with the symmetry of an Antinous. He obtained his rating two years before as a warrant-officer for his conduct at the battle of Navarino. The ship in which he served had just run alongside a Turkish man-of-war. Holding his cutlass between his teeth, he swung himself on to the gangway of the enemy. Then, taking his weapon out of his mouth, he called out to the astonished Osmanlis, "Make a lane, you lubbers! I'm a-coming;" and showed them the meaning of his words by hacking his way through them and cutting down their captain. CHAP. X.

Join the British Squadron.

We fell in with the squadron on the 16th of August, and I remained with them till the 2nd of September, when the captain of a Dutch brig of war gave me a passage as far as the Castles, at the entrance to the Dardanelles. Here I disembarked, and made the rest of the journey to Constantinople on horseback. On my way thither I fell in with large parties of Turkish troops. They were half-grown lads, of a slouching gait, and presenting a most unmilitary appearance. Yet it was just this description of soldiers that kept a Russian army in check a whole campaign. These fellows allowed

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Arrive at Constantinople.

me to pass unmolested through their ranks, and to reach Constantinople in safety. Three days' sight-seeing in the Turkish metropolis laid me low with a fever. When well enough to leave the house, I accepted Sir Robert Gordon, our Ambassador's, invitation to recruit my strength at Therapia, his charming country residence on the banks of the Bosporus. I here met a large party of my countrymen, among others, Lord Yarmouth (the late Lord Hertford), Mr. Edward Villiers, a brother of the late Lord Clarendon; Mr. Robert Grosvenor, now Lord Ebury; and Lord Dunlo, afterwards Lord Clancarty.[1]

Visit to the Ambassador.

My fellow-guests.

Captain Lyons and his two Sons.

At anchor in the Bosporus, and almost opposite the Ambassador's house, lay H.M.S. *Blonde*, commanded by Captain, afterwards Admiral Lord Lyons. With him were his sons, two little midshipmen, of the respective ages of twelve and ten—great favourites with everybody, whether afloat or ashore. Richard, the eldest, is the present Lord Lyons, our Ambassador in France. The younger, Edmund, but universally known by the name of Jack, was killed in the night attack on Sebastopol under the immediate command of his father, the Admiral.

Within a week of the death of his son, poor Lyons had to bewail the loss of his dear friend

[1] William, Earl of Clancarty, died April 26th, 1872.

and coadjutor, Lord Raglan. From the double bereavement he never rallied in either health or spirits. The last time I saw him was a year after these two sad events. [1856.] We met in the House of Lords, of which assembly he had lately become a member. In his shattered frame and careworn countenance, I could scarcely recognize the active and light-hearted captain of the *Blonde*. He survived his losses three years, and died soon after escorting the Queen on a visit to the late Emperor of the French, on the occasion of the opening of the Cherbourg docks. CHAP. X.

Our mode of living.

In referring to my published Journal, I find that during my stay at Therapia Lyons and I were almost inseparable. In the mornings we used to wander together among the evergreen and vine-clad hills which overlook the Ambassador's house. In the evenings I was always a passenger in his launch on the Bosporus, in his sailing-matches with the boats of the Turkish men-of-war. Lyons's boat was cutter-rigged. Passing one afternoon under the stern of the Turkish flagship, we were recognized by the Capidan Bey (Captain of the Fleet), a fine, handsome-looking man, with a black beard, dressed in a scarlet uniform, and wearing superb diamond stars and crescents on each breast. At sight of us the Bey jumped into his own barge, which was rigged with two lateen sails, and, taking

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the helm himself, challenged us to race. The truth of an historian compels me to add that the Turk was the winner.

Three Greeks hanged.

Lounging one day along the sea-shore with Lyons, Grosvenor, and Villiers, we came to a village where three Greek murderers had just been hanged. "Each man was suspended from a separate gallows. The implement of execution was of the most primitive description. Three posts of unequal size, as if they had been found by chance on the spot, had been placed, not *in*, but *on* the ground, and, meeting at the top, formed a triangle, not unlike that from which scales are suspended in England. The rope by which each culprit was hanging was rove through a ring at the top of the triangle, and twisted in a slovenly manner round one of the posts. The perpendicular of the triangle was seven feet high; and the malefactors were hanging so low that their feet were within a few inches of the ground."

En route to Adrianople.

While under the depressing influence of illness, I had but the one thought of returning home by the first ship; but the healthful breezes of the Bosporus wrought such a change in my way of thinking, that, after a week's stay at Therapia, I found myself setting out on a tour through European Turkey. In this expedition I had Lord Dunlo for a fellow-traveller.

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We reached Adrianople, the head-quarters of the Russian army, after a somewhat fatiguing journey of four days, and became the guests of Mr. Duveluz, the British Consul.

Are the guests of the British Consul.

As in duty bound, we called upon Field-Marshal Count Diebitsch, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army, but he neither received us nor returned our visit. Indeed he totally ignored our existence. I have had much intercourse in my time with Russian officers, and Diebitsch is the only one of rank of whose lack of courtesy I have ever had reason to complain. It was probably with some irritation at his treatment of us that I made the following entries in my Journal :—

Field-Marshal Diebitsch.

"Field-Marshal Count Diebitsch is a little, fat, plethoric-looking man, scarcely five feet high, with a large head, long black hair, a complexion of the deepest scarlet, and a countenance expressive of a certain irritability of temper, which has elicited from the troops, in addition to his proud title of Zabalcansky (the Trans-Balcanian), that of the *Semawar* (the tea-kettle).

"Diebitsch was the second son of a Prussian officer on the staff of Frederick the Great. At an early age he obtained a company in the Russian Imperial Guard. At this time the King of Prussia paid a visit to the Emperor Alexander. It was Diebitsch's duty to mount guard on the royal visitor. The

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Emperor foreseeing the ridiculous figure the little Captain would cut at the head of the tall grenadiers, desired a friend delicately to hint to him that he had better resign the post for the day to another officer. The friend delivers his message, but adds, "L'Empereur dit il faut convenir que vous ayez l'extérieur terrible." So irritated was the future hero of the Balcan at this delicate hint that he threatened to quit the Russian service, and was only pacified by obtaining superior rank in a regiment of the line."

Another extract from this Journal, published five-and-forty years ago, may probably call to mind a certain question of identity which was raised in a late celebrated trial.

A question of identity.

"An officer of Uhlan cavalry, well known to our Consul, was walking along the streets of Adrianople when a Bulgarian woman rushed towards him, exclaiming, 'My dear boy, what! now you are in a fine dress are you ashamed of your poor mother?' Soon after an older woman claimed him for her grandson, and the younger branches of the family hailed him as a brother. He made his escape for the time, but in passing again was upbraided for his unnatural conduct in disowning his relations. Thus assailed, he applied to the Field-Marshal for protection. An inquiry was established by the Bulgarian archbishop. The parties were confronted. The supposed

mother said her son had a scar on his left forehead; the officer's cap was removed, the scar was on the identical spot. The woman exclaimed, 'He had that scar ever since he was eight years old.' Here several Russian officers interposed and said that the officer left St. Petersburg without the scar, and received it in an affair with the enemy before Shumla. Thus ended this 'Comedy of Errors.'"

Departure from Adrianople.

We left Adrianople on the 1st of November, *en route* to Shumla, the head-quarters of the Turkish army. For three days successively we were almost strangers to the luxury of dry clothing; the weather oscillating the whole time between rain and snow. Nor were the objects that met our view of a nature to dispel the gloom which our personal discomforts caused us. The villages through which we passed were deserted by their inhabitants and for the most part in ruins, and our line of march was strewed with the carcasses of horses, buffaloes, and camels, and the sides of the road lined with the fresh graves of men.

The Selimno Pass.

The scenery and weather improved when we approached Selimno, the town which gives its name to the Pass of the Balcan we were about to traverse the following morning. It was this pass of which Dr. Walsh's description had made such an impression on the British public the year before. The following extract from my notes, made on the spot, will show

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how widely I differed in opinion from that reverend gentleman respecting the strength of this supposed obstacle to the advance of an invading army.

The Selimno Pass of the Balcan.

"*November 5th.*—After a ride of three miles we entered the mountain gorge. The Balcan here runs north-east and south-west. We traversed its side, which is covered with vineyards from the summit to the base. The road, which was paved at the beginning of the ascent, was in good order, and broad enough in the narrowest part to allow two carriages to pass: it is practicable for artillery, and indeed for every description of wheel conveyance. The soil of the country of which the road is made is of sandstone, which, containing a proportion of common clay, forms quickly, when broken into pieces, a compact substance, admirably adapted for the purpose. It is impervious to damp; for it was neither affected by the rain of the four or five preceding days, nor by the fall of snow which was melting at the time. It is easily repairable, the soil itself forming the materials. With so much facility is this road constructed, that any cart actually makes its own road by the track of its wheels. This remark is not only applicable to this part of the Balcan, but is generally to the hilly parts of Roumelia and Bulgaria which we traversed. Hence it is evident that should an army wish to cross the mountain by the Selimno Pass, it has nothing to

do but to cut away the brushwood, draw it on one side, and the baggage and battering-trains form the road. This in fact was what the Russians did in that part of the Balcan by which they advanced. They cut down a few trees, and filled up the inequalities of the ground. The number of carriages that accompanied that army is a proof how trifling were the difficulties they had to encounter. Almost every field-officer had his *calèche*, the general officers three or four, and every company a cart for their camp "kettles."

Its other Passes.

Since the publication of my Narrative, it appears that the obstacles to an invading army are even less formidable than I had anticipated; for instead of there being only five passes in the Balcan, as was then supposed, there are no less than thirteen, "besides numerous bye and cross roads, all equally fit for carts or artillery."[1]

Arrive at Shumla.

Two days' march brought us to Shumla. The streets were so full of Turkish troops that our horses could hardly make their way through the crowd. We were taken for Russians, but no other attempt was made to annoy us than by the soldiers making an insulting noise with their mouths, and bawling *Muscov* (Muscovite) with all the strength of their lungs.

[1] General Jochmus's journey into the Balcan, 1847,—"Journal of Geographical Society," vol. xxiv. pp. 30 85.

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Our wretched quarters.

We took up our quarters at a wretched khan in the market-place. Our apartment, eight feet square, was below the level of the ground, and so damp as to be almost in a muddy state. A few wooden bars served for a window-frame, but there were neither windows nor shutters; the door was full of holes, and did not meet its posts or its lintel by several inches.

An Execution.

Within a few yards of the khan we saw from our room, which faced the entrance, eight or ten persons stand for a few seconds in a circle and then disperse. We found the object of their attention was a human body from which the head had just been severed. The neck was much jagged as though several blows had been inflicted before the decapitation had been effected. The corpse was yet warm and smoking. So indifferent did the people seem to this spectacle that it did not cause the slightest stir in the market.

Visit to the Grand Vizier.

November 10th.—At seven in the morning we sallied forth to pay our respects to the Turkish Prime Minister. His residence was dirty and dilapidated. The court-yard was full of cannon, some of which had been taken from the Russians. We ascended a flight of stairs, passed through a host of attendants, and, without being detained a moment, were ushered into the presence of his Highness.

He was seated on an ottoman in the corner of a dark, unornamented room. He wore loose flowing robes and the old Turkish turban, a head-dress that is held in great abhorrence at the Porte, being considered a mark of Janizarism.

Redschid Pasha.

Mohammed Redschid Pasha was Seraskier (Commander-in-Chief) in Roumelia in 1825, and had not long been promoted to the vizierate. He was a Georgian by birth, had coarse and severe, but not unhandsome features, large eyes, rather an aquiline nose, and good teeth. He appeared to be about fifty years of age, and his originally black beard had begun to assume a greyish tinge. He had no affectation in his manner, and Georgian liveliness seemed to be struggling with Turkish decorum. As soon as we had made our obeisances, he motioned us to sit down. We placed ourselves on his right hand. Lord Dunlo being next to him, Michalachi, the dragoman, stood at a respectful distance, the haughty official who had visited us the night before being transformed into an abject slave—his arms were folded, his eyes cast down, and large drops of perspiration stood on his brow. Lord Dunlo was dressed as a civilian, I wore my uniform. The Vizier spoke Turkish; Italian was the medium of conversation.

Our dialogue.

"Do you speak Turkish?" was the first question.

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"Not a word."

"Who are you?"

"This gentleman," I answered, pointing to Dunlo, "is an English Lord. I am a British officer."

The Vizier to me:

"What is your rank?"

"A major in the nizam (regular) army."

"Against whom have you served?"

"Against the French."

Here the Vizier remarked that the English had an excellent navy, but that the land troops were not in such good repute.

Now, as I guessed that it was the French instructors of the Turkish troops that had cast this slur upon my profession, I pointed to my Waterloo medal, which I told the Vizier I had received for having assisted at the final overthrow of Napoleon, the famous French Emperor. The analogy between Turkish and Persian enabled me at once to detect Michalachi in giving a wrong interpretation to my words. Thinking my reply would not be palatable to his master, he tried to convert what I said into a compliment, but I interposed with a "*Yok! yok!* no! no!" to the amusement of the Vizier, at the interruption, after my professed ignorance of his language.

"Have you seen anything of Russian troops?"

"In France, Russia, and Turkey."

"Do your tactics resemble theirs?"

"In all essential points."

"What is the difference between them?"

"I think ours superior. We adopt the march in line more generally than the Russians. They form in three ranks; we, by marching in two, can show a greater extent of front to an enemy."

"In what other points are your manœuvres different from theirs?"

"We have a new system of evolutions by which instead of moving from the flanks as the Russians do, we can also form from the centre, a mode which ensures celerity, the great object of all military movements."

"Show me one of these," said the Vizier.

This was rather an unexpected request, but, desirous to prove the superiority I had claimed, I tried to remember something of what I had learned in the Phœnix Park.

I supposed a battalion in line having to cross a bridge to meet the attack of an enemy on the opposite side. I accordingly ordered my two centre sub-divisions to advance, making the remaining sub-divisions fall into column by bringing up their right and left shoulders, and the bridge being crossed, re-forming line on the two centre sub-divisions.

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"What is the advantage of this?" was the Vizier's next question.

"In a mountainous country like Turkey, especially in such a country as that about Shumla, the manœuvre would be of use in the passage of a defile, and enabling a more rapid re-formation into line."

I saw at once that I had made an impression upon the Vizier, and I determined to follow it up. I now supposed that the enemy was advancing towards a narrow gorge to the rear.

I had hitherto occupied a place on the Vizier's right hand, below Lord Dunlo, and was proceeding to explain, when his Highness told me to come close to him. I obeyed till our knees touched; thus without any premeditation on my part, I found myself face to face with the Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish army, and in the novel position of instructing him in the art of war.

My battalion was supposed to be in line. I was to change front to the rear on the centre. As a preliminary step I had to make my two centre companies change places. This part of the process was rather difficult to explain through the medium of a foreign language, and with a civilian for an interpreter. The Vizier had in his hand a chaplet of wooden beads, which I asked him to lend me. I made these describe a figure of eight, and by using

the centre oblong bead, showed the change of front, I then countermarched the wings, and, after two rehearsals, I succeeded in showing the nature of the movement.

The only person present at this interview was Michalachi, the interpreter. The Vizier now clapped his hands, and the room immediately filled with *meeralis* and *binbashees* (generals and colonels). "Look," said his Highness to them, "at this young officer. He is your inferior in rank, and yet he knows more of your profession than all of you put together." Then, turning to me, he said, "It is not the fault of the Osmanli soldier, for he is brave enough, but of these ignorant fellows, that he is not oftener successful in the field."

Our departure from Shumla.

On the 14th of November we left Shumla on our return journey to Constantinople, and that same evening crossed the Balcan by the Pass of Pravati. A few deserted huts at a narrow part of the gorge, and a breastwork, pierced for five guns, at the summit of the hill, were the only indications of any attempts made by the Turks to repel their invaders.

The Pravati Pass.

Through this Pass, the Russian army, under General Diebitsch, crossed the Balcan in the summer of this year. Through the same Pass, but from the southern side of the mountain (*Mons*

CHAP. X. *Hæmus*), Alexander the Great forced his way twenty-two centuries before.

Our first night's quarters. Snow, fog, and a hard frost followed each other as we journeyed on. When the sun began to set we strained our eyes anxiously for a human habitation. We met no one—all was silent and desolate in that mountain region. At length we reached a deserted village called Chalcovatch. Only the shells of some of its hovels remained; for the inhabitants, driven out by the ravages of war, had fled with all their movable property.

Most desolate was the hovel in which we at last took refuge. It was the only one that could boast a door; but as the planks of which our room was formed were so rudely nailed together as to give us a view of the mountains between the crannies, we were not tempted by its comforts to a long halt, and made an early start for Carnabat. The frost was severe, and the ice on nearly every mountain stream was strong enough to bear our horses' weight, remaining unbroken by the wheels of the peasants' waggons. The road was so slippery that we were obliged to dismount, and numerous were the falls that occurred to man and beast.

Carnabat. Carnabat, our halting-place, contained about 600 houses. We passed the night on the damp floor of an uninhabited hovel, and next day, after its minarets receded from our view, we lost sight for

a time of every vestige of habitation. The few villages we passed were unroofed and deserted. The country forms a succession of slopes, chiefly covered with dwarf oak, and there is an occasional vineyard or corn-field. That night, after crossing the Granack, we shared the cottage of a Bulgarian peasant. CHAP. X.

On, next day, to Kibellerah, through pouring rain, for a thaw had come on suddenly. We crossed a succession of wooded hills, and then a fruitful valley, and were drenched to the skin, long before we reached our halting-place—a temporary barn—where we slept soundly on some chopped straw. *Kibillerah.*

It still poured with rain when we went on to Petra, next day; and, on the following morning, we came in for a heavy storm of thunder and lightning. At Leffigee, a ruined village, we took shelter in a hovel without windows, the possession of which was disputed by a party of Cossacks, who tried to dislodge us by fierce looks and gestures, the leader pointing to his sword and grasping his pistols. We, however, remained masters of the field. *Our adventures by flood and field.*

After half-an-hour's march, next day, we came to a mountain torrent, and found the whole valley under water, which came up to the flaps of our saddles before we could reach the ordinary channel.

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A party of Cossacks, whom we fell in with, were searching, like ourselves, for a fordable place; and several of these tried to sound for a passage with their spears, but in vain.

Our perils by flood and field.

At last, we saw a village on the opposite side, with a waterfall and a mill, the inhabitants of which encouraged us by signs to cross the stream. With a party of Cossacks in our rear, we thought it wiser to make the attempt; but our horses were weak, lame, and tired; and Minas, our Surijee, was all but carried away by the rush of water. However, we tried again, the villagers on the other side directing us by signs (for their voices were drowned by the roar of the torrent) to keep close to our saddles, as the least unsteadiness would hurl us into the yawning gulf.

At length, to our great joy, we reached the opposite bank, with no other inconvenience than a thorough soaking to ourselves and baggage.

Our friendly villagers gave us a breakfast of bread and cheese. As to wine and milk, they had been "requisitioned" by the Cossacks.

We now found that there was yet another and a larger stream to go over. We procured a guide to show us the way; but the bridge across it was three feet under water. We remained on the brink the rest of the day, and returned for the night to the house where we breakfasted. The rain had

ceased, and the water returned to its usual channels. Snow was on the ground, and the wind was piercingly cold. In five hours we came to the vineyards that mark the entrance to Louleh Bourgaz. We passed into the town over a handsome bridge, and came to a spacious and well-constructed bazaar. The streets were full of Turkish soldiers. The houses, with the exception of a few tobacconists' shops, were all closed, padlocked, and deserted. We occupied a wretched little room without a fireplace. A sheet of paper did duty for a window. The roof was full of holes. We slept, as usual, on the cold ground.

Louleh Bourgaz.

The cold was intense after we left Louleh Bourgaz. Dunlo and I agreed that we had never felt anything like it. As long as we could ride fast, we were in no danger, though the sting of cold was painfully acute; but when, towards the evening, we were forced to halt and wait for some merchants who had joined our cavalcade, it was almost impossible to fight against the feeling of drowsiness, which, if yielded to, must necessarily have ended in death.

A Tartar and four soldiers were frozen to death this evening on the same road. Numbers of people, so said our servant, Mustapha, perish each winter on the plains we traversed. Few horses will face the hail-storms which frequently come on.

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The traveller is forced to let his steed take its own course, and, there being no landmarks to guide him, he is lost in the snow.

Intense cold of the Balcan.

Homer, Xenophon, Tacitus, Ovid, and Virgil, whether they speak of the rivers, hills, or dales of this *Hœmus*, the chief mountain of Thrace, bear testimony to the inclemency of the climate.

Chorli.

I shall not easily forget the miseries of the night we spent at Chorli, in a mudchamber riddled with holes, and with shutters that would not shut. We tried to stop the interstices with a sheepskin, which did its work so ill that the snow found its way on to our blankets.

Arrive at Constantinople.

Next day, no post-horses to be had. We were detained thirty-six hours "*gelidis in vallibus Hœmi.*" Two days after we reached the British Embassy at Constantinople, at four in the afternoon.

Constantinople—at least the Perote portion of it—was unusually gay at this time. We travellers indemnified ourselves for our rough ride from Shumla by joining in all its amusements. A host of Russian officers were here on leave of absence. Dancing was the order of the day. Among other gaieties were three pleasant balls at the French Embassy. Here let me say a word of the host and hostess of these festivities.

Count de Guilleminot.

His Excellency General Comte de Guilleminot, Charles X.'s representative at the Porte, served

with distinction under the first Napoleon. He was at one time aide-de-camp to General Moreau, and was present at nearly all the great actions fought in Germany, Spain, Russia, and France. At Waterloo he commanded the division posted on the extreme left of the French army. It was his division that began the battle by the attack on our Guards at Hougoumont. Baudoin, one of his Brigadier-Generals, was the first officer of note on either side who fell in the action. Moreover, it was one of Guilleminot's batteries that so annoyed the brigade to which I belonged. CHAP. X.

Madame de Guilleminot.

Nor was Madame la Comtesse de Guilleminot a stranger to a battle-field. At the breaking out of the French Revolution, she and her sister, Les Demoiselles Fering, entered Dumouriez' army as privates in a hussar regiment. They shared in most of the French victories of that period. Their gallantry in the field soon obtained them commissions. The sister of Madame de Guilleminot was killed at the battle of Valmy (1792). One of the sisters—I forget which—received a sword of honour for her conduct in the face of the enemy. In the dignified and graceful deportment of the Ambassadress of a Regal Court it was difficult to realize the idea of the young Republican *sabreuse.*

My next journey was into Asia Minor in quest of some Roman ruins of which no account had been

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My Journey in Asia Minor.

given by any traveller. My explorations were attended with complete success, but as the details have already been published, and have more of antiquarian than of general interest, I will not give them a place in this narrative.

Captain Maitland.

I ate my Christmas dinner this year in Smyrna harbour, on board H.M.S. *Asia*, 74. Her captain, Frederick Maitland, was the officer to whom Napoleon had surrendered himself a prisoner fourteen years before.

Return to England.

[1830.] Resuming my journey on the 5th of January, I set out on my return to Constantinople, which I reached on the 23rd. Here availing myself of such aid as I could pick up from men-of-war, transports, and merchantmen, I found my way to Malta. At anchor in the harbour lay H.M.S. *Spartiate*, 74 guns, under orders to return home to be paid off. Her commander, Captain Frederick Warren, hearing I was in want of a passage, gave me a berth in his cabin and a seat at his table; and sometime in the month of March the "Spare-shot," as the sailors called their craft, landed me at Portsmouth after a somewhat eventful journey of nine months.

CHAPTER XI.

Visit to Paris.—Dine with the King of the French.—Aumâle and Albemarle.—My Father Master of the Horse.—My Journey Across the Balcan.—King William's Visit to my Father.—The Court at Brighton.—The King and the Paddocks' Keeper—Twelfth Night at the Pavilion.—Toast-drinking extraordinary.—Sykes and "Punch."—The State-Coachman and the Guard of Honour.—Lord Dudley and Ward.—His opinion of Pavilion Cookery.—His Dinner to the Duke and Duchess of Clarence.—I am elected Member for East Norfolk.—The Chairing.—Anecdote of William Windham the Statesman.—Take my seat in the first Reformed Parliament.—Princess Victoria's Visit to Holkham.

[1830.] I MADE two visits to Paris this year, after my return from Turkey. At the first I was present at the "Grands Couverts," and saw Charles X. eat his last dinner in public. It was then and there that I met the French Artillery Officer to whom I have alluded in my notes on Waterloo.[1]

[1] See vol. ii., p. 29.

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The second visit was in company with my father. Louis Philippe, with whom the year before I was a fellow-passenger in Lord Darnley's yacht, had just been raised to the throne of France. We were most graciously received by the new King, and dined frequently at the Tuileries. His Majesty was pleased to accept a copy of my "Overland Journey," and to assure me that he had read it, and that it was already in his library.

Aumâle and Albemarle.

The King, on presenting my father to his sons, pointed out the Duc d'Aumâle, then a boy, nine years of age, as deriving his title from the same town in Normandy as the Keppel family.[1]

On recrossing the British Channel, I found that England as well as France was under the rule of a new sovereign.

My Father Master of the Horse.

In November, the Liberal party came into power, when my father, for the reason I have already stated, received the appointment of Master of the Horse. Lord Albemarle was nearly of the same age as William IV., and his simple, unaffected manners were well suited to the genial frankness of the sailor

[1] "Albemarle, Albamarla, ville et duché de Normandie—aujourd'hui Aumâle. Voir ce nom. Le titre d'Albemarle s'est aujourd'hui conservé en Angleterre, mais il n'est plus que nominal, depuis que la ville d'Aumâle a été enlevée à Richard par Philippe Auguste en 1194." (French Geographical Dictionary.)

King. As my father's son, I became a frequent guest at St. James's Palace.

The King's Visit to Lord Albemarle.

The stud-house was assigned to Lord Albemarle as a residence. The King paid him frequent visits there, and won golden opinions for his universal affability. He insisted on going everywhere, and being shown everything, and he had a civil word to say to everybody. The keeper of the paddocks was very fond of repeating the first words that were addressed to him by his Sovereign. "Mr. Worley," said William IV. to him, "you and I and 'Eclipse' were all born in the same year." The King was not quite correct in his date; "Eclipse" was his Majesty's senior by a good twelvemonth.

"Twelfth Night" at the Pavilion.

[1831.] The Court passed the Christmas holidays at Brighton. I was invited on Twelfth Night to the Pavilion to draw "King and Queen." The character naturally belonging to Queen Adelaide fell to her lot. The King for the evening was one of the pages, Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Hudson, since distinguished for the able manner in which he discharged the duties of British minister at the Court of Turin.

"Keppel's Journey across the Balcan."

Early in this year I published the notes which I had made of my visit to European and Asiatic Turkey. As I have already stated, one of the objects of that journey was to endeavour from personal observation to judge whether the dominant

CHAP. XI. classes of the Ottoman Empire had a fair claim to that character of civilization with which the British public were disposed to credit them two years before. The result of the inquiry produced on my mind the conviction, that not only were there no grounds for the belief in Turkish Regeneration, but that, on the contrary, the barbarism of the Osmanlis was, from the very nature of their institutions, beyond all cure. Such is the opinion I then placed on record, and still hold; and from the phase which the "Eastern Question" is now assuming, it would appear that I am not so singular, as I once was, in this way of thinking.

Toast drinking extraordinary.

William IV. was very fond of making after-dinner speeches and of proposing toasts. There was at this time a footman of the Royal household—a little fat red-faced man—of the name of Sykes. One evening after dinner, the King proposed somebody's health "with all the honours." Sykes, who was behind the screen, filled a tumbler of claret, and tossed it off to the toast; but, the room being full of looking-glasses, it seemed as if a whole regiment of Sykeses were offering libations to Bacchus. The next morning the good-natured King said to my father, "As I am afraid you and I were not the only witnesses of Sykes's indiscretion, I wish you would manage to keep him out of sight till the whole affair is forgotten." My father accordingly

sent Sykes as gate-keeper to a remote lodge in Windsor Park; whence some few years later, when I became a member of the royal household, he had emerged, and was porter at the equerry's entrance to the Castle.

Sykes and Punch.

Sykes lived to figure in *Punch* as one of the celebrities of the period. There came to England at this time some North American Indian Chiefs, called the "Ojibbeways." They were very desirous of seeing the King. According to *Punch*, they went down to Windsor for the purpose. The first person they fell in with was Sykes. Seeing a short man in a scarlet coat, with huge gold epaulettes, and not very unlike William IV.—at least, as he appeared on the sign-posts—the Ojibbeways thought they were in the presence of their "great father;" and *Punch's* cartoon of the week represents them as circling round Sykes, and treating him to a war-dance.

The State Coachman.

Another of the royal servants figured indirectly in the history of this time. Mr. Roberts, the little portly state coachman, whose carriage was ordered so suddenly on the memorable 22nd of August, 1831, when the King dissolved Parliament in person on the defeat of the Reform Bill.

Every one knows the story as graphically told by my father's old friend, Harriet Martineau—how the King resolved to go down instantly and dissolve

CHAP. XI. Parliament with his own voice—how he refused to wait for the royal carriages, and called for a hackney coach—how Lord Durham drove off in the Lord Chancellor's carriage to the Master of the Horse, and startled him in the middle of his late breakfast: all this is now a mater of history. "Lord Albemarle," says Miss Martineau, "started up on the entrance of Lord Durham, asking what was the matter. 'You must have the King's carriage ready instantly.' 'Very well, I will just finish my breakfast.' 'Not you; you must not lose a moment. The King ought to be in the House.' 'Lord bless me! is there a revolution?' 'Not at this moment, but there will be if you stay to finish your breakfast.' So the tea and roll were left, and the royal carriages drove up to the palace in an incredibly short time. The King was ready and impatient, and walked with an unusually brisk step. And so did the royal horses in their passage through the streets, as was observed by the curious and anxious gazers."

Concerning the excited state of the royal horses, I know more than even Miss Martineau. As the carriage containing the King and his Master of the Horse was passing the guard of honour, the Ensign in charge of the colours lowered them to the Sovereign, according to the established formula. The usually impassive "cream-colours" took umbrage at

this act of homage, swerved, and broke into an undignified trot. Mr. Roberts, the coachman, whose mind and body were alike thrown off their balance by the unwonted hurry of the morning, and by the insubordination of his steeds, proceeded, in utter forgetfulness of the Royal presence, loudly to anathematize the guard of honour generally, and the standard-bearer in particular. Before the procession had reached the Horse Guards, the opprobrious epithets had winged their flight to the officials within the building. The consequence was, that Mr. Roberts, who had played so important a part in the morning pageant, was compelled to make a public apology to the offended guard of honour before it was marched off to its private parade.

In one of the King's visits to the stud-house his carriage was a long time coming to the door. His Majesty got into a passion, and threatened to make a terrible example of the dilatory coachman. However, before the equipage arrived, the King had cooled; all he said to the man was, "Sir, if you keep me waiting again I'll report you to the Master of the Horse."

Lord Dudley and Ward.

During my stay at Brighton I was thrown much in company with Lord Dudley and Ward, shortly afterwards created Earl Dudley. There must be many now living who have heard his two voices—his gruff bass and his high treble. Moore mentions

CHAP. XI. that some one said it was like Lord Dudley conversing with Lord Ward. This peculiarity reminds me of the end of one of Matthews' songs about a man with two tones in his voice, who, having fallen into a pit, cried for assistance to an Irishman, and the Irishman's reply:—

"'Help me out! help me out!' Zounds! what a pother!
If you're two of you there, why not help one another?"

Who has not heard of Lord Dudley's eccentric habit of giving utterance to his thoughts in a loud soliloquy?

He was a frequent guest at the Pavilion. His knowledge of good living led him easily to detect a great falling off in the royal *cuisine* since the decease of George IV.; sitting next King William he exclaimed in his deep bass, "What a change to be sure!—cold *pâtés* and hot champagne."

The King and Queen, when Duke and Duchess of Clarence, once dined with Lord Dudley, who handed her Royal Highness in to dinner. Scarcely seated, he began to soliloquize aloud, "What bores these Royalties are! Ought I to drink wine with her as I would with any other woman?" and in the same tone continued, "May I have the honour of a glass of wine with your Royal Highness?" Towards the end of dinner he asked her again, "With great pleasure, Lord Dudley," she replied,

smiling; "but I have had one glass with you already." "The brute! and so she has!" was the rejoinder. CHAP. XI.

The Parliament, which when last mentioned in this narrative was being dissolved by the King in person, did not outlive the year.

Election movements.

Months before the dissolution, preparations for contests were making in the open constituencies. Norfolk was not idle. The leading landowners of the eastern division met in a small back room in Norwich to decide upon their candidates. They selected first William Windham, a nephew of the celebrated statesman whose names he bore, and whose estate he inherited; but they could not agree upon his colleague. Squire A. was jealous of Squire B. and B. of C., and so on half way through the alphabet. While they were assembled in secret conclave, a member of the Government, whom I met in the streets of London, said to me, "Your Norfolk country gentlemen are letting the county slip through their fingers. Why don't you lend them a hand? Shy your hat into the ring, and see what will come of it."

Am a Candidate for East Norfolk.

[1832.] Acting upon the advice contained in the fistic metaphor, I put forth an address to the "Free and Independent Electors" of East Norfolk. The Squirearchy were astounded at this act of audacity in a man not owning an acre of land in the county.

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However, there was no help for it. Either they must choose me or split the party. A public meeting was held, and I was declared the second candidate on the Whig interest. This demonstration brought upon us two opponents in the persons of Lord Henry (now Marquis) Cholmondeley, and Mr. Nathaniel Peach. After a spirited contest we Whigs were returned by large majorities.

My colleague and I, upon being declared Knights of the Shire, went through the ceremonial of chairing. In all previous elections the Members used to appear in full Court dress—bag wig, buckles and sword—but our committee decided that we should dispense with that part of the ceremony. In all other particulars we conformed to ancient usage.

A Norfolk chairing.

The chairing in Norfolk differed from that of other counties. A chair of state, gaudily decorated, placed on a platform and supported by poles, was borne on the shoulders of four-and-twenty stalwart men. By the side of this chair the member-elect took his stand, and in this manner was carried through the principal streets of Norwich. At intervals, the bearers made a halt, and by a simultaneous action tossed their burden so high as to give him occasional peeps into garret windows.

When William Windham, the statesman and the uncle of my colleague, was elected for Norfolk,

Right Hon William Windham.

he underwent a like ordeal. As a boy at Eton, he was famous for his cricket and his fighting, both of which accomplishments were called into play on the day of his chairing. While in one of his aerial flights, a ruffian in the crowd threw a paving stone at him. If it had reached his head it might have caused a vacancy for the county; but he saw the missile coming, caught it in his hand, jumped off the platform and pummelled the stone-thrower within an inch of his life; the next moment he was to be seen in mid-air again bowing to the ladies as if nothing had happened.

First Reformed Parliament.

[1833.] On Tuesday the 5th of February, I took my seat in the first Reformed Parliament. Among the numerous ills which, according to a certain class of politicians, would arise from the passing of the Reform Bill, there was one upon which much stress was laid. Henceforth, it was argued, men of rank and station would cease to desire a seat in Parliament, and even if so inclined, their entrance would be debarred. Thus the administration of the country would pass into the hands of men occupying a lower step in the social ladder. The Cassandra prophets were wrong for once.

There was no lack of titled and untitled aristocracy in the new House. Still there were some of its members who could scarcely have hoped to enter Parliament under the old nomination system.

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First there was Gully, the ex-prize-fighter, the honourable member for Pontefract—a silent, respectable, inoffensive member, whom I had the pleasure frequently to accompany into the lobby on a division. Then there was Tom Attwood, M.P. for Birmingham, who had threatened to march to St. Stephen's at the head of two hundred thousand men and carry the Reform Bill *vi et armis*. When he first addressed the House he was listened to with the courtesy which that assembly uniformly accords to a new member, but after giving utterance to some common-place remarks, clothed in a somewhat strange phraseology, and delivered in a strong Warwickshire dialect, he speedily lapsed into insignificance.

But the great object of dread was William Cobbett, the democrat, the denouncer of Kings and Lords, the man who in his Grammar had treated as synonymous terms "Mob, Parliament, House of Commons, Den of Thieves." To those gentlemen who most dreaded his appearance among them "his bark proved waur than his bite"; he spoke but seldom; and then generally in an anti-liberal spirit. Dressed in a uniform suit of pepper-and-salt, he had somewhat the appearance of a quaker, albeit the "Society of Friends" was his special aversion. When I first saw him he was a healthy, florid, countryfied-looking man. Before he entered upon

his new calling he had been accustomed to rise and to go to bed with the sun, but, being compelled to reverse the usual order of his existence, in a few weeks he sank into the grave. CHAP. XI.

One evening on taking my place, I found "on his legs" a beardless youth, with whose appearance and manner I was greatly struck; he had an earnest, intelligent countenance, and large expressive black eyes. Young as he was, he had evidently what is called "the ear of the House;" and yet the cause he advocated was not one likely to interest a popular assembly—that of the Planter *versus* the Slave. I had placed myself behind the Treasury Bench. "Who is he?" I asked one of the ministers. I was answered, "He is the member for Newark—a young fellow who will some day make a great figure in Parliament." My informant was Geoffrey Stanley, then Whig Secretary of the Colonies, and in charge of the Negro Emancipation Bill, afterwards Earl of Derby; and the young Conservative orator was William Ewart Gladstone—two statesmen who each subsequently became Prime Minister—and leader of the party to which he was at this time diametrically opposed.

Princess Victoria's visit to Holkham.

In the summer of 1835, my sister, Lady Anne Coke, summoned me to Holkham, to help her to do the honours in receiving the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent. Great were the preparations

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on the occasion. Their Royal Highnesses were expected at dinner, but they were detained two hours by the "bankers" (navvies) of Lynn, who, in an excess of loyalty, insisted upon drawing the Royal carriage round the town.

The "Egyptian Hall" at Holkham was brilliantly lighted up, and filled with persons anxious for a sight of their future Queen. At length a carriage and four, escorted by a body of yeomanry cavalry, drove up to the door. Three ladies alighted. Mr. Coke, with a candle in each hand, made them a profound bow. When he resumed his erect position the objects of his homage had vanished. They were the "dressers." Soon after, their Royal Highnesses appeared in person. Both were most affable. The youthful Princess, in particular, showed in her demeanour that winning courtesy with which millions of her subjects have since become familiar.

CHAPTER XII.

Death of Mrs. Fitzherbert.—The Duke of Wellington and my Father.—History of two Miniatures.—George IV.'s dying request.—Horace Smith.—Am appointed Groom-in-waiting to the Queen.—In attendance at the Coronation.—Visit to Charles Fox's Widow.—In attendance upon Her Majesty on the day of her Marriage.—Presented to the Princess Royal.—Termination of my Court life.—Succeed to the Family Title.—Move the Address.—Bearer of the Cap of Maintenance.—The Duke of Wellington—His last appearance in a Public Pageant—His last appearance at a Wedding—His last Speech in Parliament—His last Waterloo Banquet.—Accompany the Lord Mayor and Corporation to Paris.—Mr. James Stuart Wortley.—Banquet at the Hotel de Ville.—The Lord Mayor's "Chasseur."—Am Presented to the Prince President of the Republic.—Les Caméléons.—A Scene in the House of Lords.—A Dinner at Lord John Russell's.—A Dinner at the Poet Rogers's.—The End.

[1837.] In the month of March of this year died Mrs. Fitzherbert, a lady who had occupied a large share of public attention, and one associated in my mind with a number of childish recollections.

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She was buried at Brighton, where a handsome monument was raised to her memory by the Honourable Mrs. Dawson Damer, her adopted child, and the "Minnie Seymour" of my nursery days.

In one of the pamphlets of her day, Mrs. Fitzherbert is described as "legally, really, and happily for the country, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales."[1]

William IV. treated her with much kindness and consideration; he allowed her to wear widow's weeds for the deceased King; urged her to assume the royal liveries, and in her visits to the Palace, observed those external marks of courtesy which a British Sovereign usually shows to a sister-in-law.

Four years before her death, there appeared in "Lord Holland's Memoirs of the Whig Party," some passages which reflected on the relation in which she stood to George IV. when Prince of Wales.

In consequence of this publication, Mrs. Fitzherbert committed certain documents to the charge of Lord Stourton, as one of her nearest relatives, and to my father as her oldest and most trusted friend. Lord Stourton was prevented from acting by illness, and Lord Albemarle became Mrs. Fitzherbert's sole nominee.

It was then arranged with the approval of King

[1] By Horne Tooke.

William, that the Duke of Wellington as executor of George IV. should meet Lord Albemarle at Mrs. Fitzherbert's house in Tilney Street, and that they should destroy all documents which in my father's opinion were not deemed necessary for the vindication of her character.

Documents relating to Mrs. Fitzherbert's Marriage.

The documents retained were :—

1. The mortgage on the palace at Brighton.
2. The certificate of the marriage, dated December 21st, 1785.
3. Letter from George IV. signed by him.
4. Will written by George IV.
5. Memorandum written by Mrs. Fitzherbert, attached to a letter written by the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony.

The papers were made into a packet, and having been first sealed by the Duke of Wellington and my father, were lodged at Coutts's bank, where they now remain. They are declared to be "the property of the Earl of Albemarle," they are, however, not *my* property, but are held in trust by my brother Edward, as my father's executor.

Some idea of the mass of manuscripts committed to the flames may be formed by an expression of the Duke to my father, after several hours' burning: "I think, my Lord, we had better hold our hand for a while, or we shall set the old woman's chimney on fire."

At an early period of their marriage, George,

CHAP. XII. *History of two Miniatures.*

Prince of Wales, presented Mrs. Fitzherbert with a large diamond. This jewel she caused to be divided into two parts. In one part was inclosed the Prince's portrait, which she reserved for herself. The other half, containing her miniature, she gave to His Royal Highness. Soon after their final separation, it was agreed betweeen them that all tokens of affection which each had received from the other should be returned. The arrangement was carried out by Mrs. Fitzherbert, but the Prince failed to restore her miniature. Too proud to ask for an explanation, Mrs. Fitzherbert lived and died in ignorance of what had become of her present.

When on his death-bed, George IV. desired the Duke of Wellington, whom he had appointed his executor, to take care that he was buried in the night-clothes in which he lay.

Soon after His Majesty had received the assurance that his wishes should be complied with, he breathed his last. Left alone with the lifeless form of his Royal Master, the Duke was seized with an irrepressible desire to discover the motive which had led the King to make so strange a request. Approaching the bed, he discovered round the King's neck, attached to a very dirty and faded piece of black riband, the jewelled miniature of Mrs. Fitzherbert.

The poor King's dying request was fulfilled to the letter, and he carried with him to the grave the image of her, who was perhaps the only woman he had respected as well as loved.

The portrait of George, Prince of Wales, was bequeathed by Mrs. Fitzherbert to Mrs. Dawson Damer, and she left it in her will to her daughter, Georgiana, the late Countess Fortescue. It is now the property of her husband—the present Earl Fortescue, to whom I am indebted for these particulars.

Not long after Mrs. Fitzherbert's death, Mrs. Dawson Damer, sitting next to the Duke of Wellington at dinner, asked him what he thought had become of her dear old friend's miniature. The Duke actually blushed at the question, and, after some humming and hahing, pleaded guilty, with most amusing confusion, to having yielded to the impulse of a curiosity *plus fort que lui.*

In June of this year died William IV. I was one of the crowd that saw his youthful successor on the day of her Proclamation. She appeared at the open window of the Privy Council Chamber in St. James's Palace, looking on the quadrangle nearest Marlborough House. Never shall I forget the enthusiastic cheers which greeted the slight graceful figure of the illustrious young lady, nor the thrill of chivalrous loyalty that ran through the

CHAP. XII. assembled multitude. At the sound of the first shouts the colour faded from the Queen's cheeks and her eyes filled with tears. The emotion thus called forth imparted an additional charm to the winning courtesy with which the girl-sovereign accepted the proffered homage.

Horace Smith.

I passed this autumn at Brighton. Here I first made acquaintance with Horace Smith, of punning celebrity—one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses." At a dinner at the Duke of St. Albans's, some one was predicting that negro emancipation would be followed by a general massacre of the white population. At this moment a sudden gust of wind filled the room with soot. "Your worst fears are verified," said Horace, turning to the speaker. "Behold an insurrection of the blacks!"

The demise of the crown caused a general election. Captain, afterwards Sir George Pechell, was a candidate for Brighton. During the contest he broke his leg, and by the accident was saved many awkward questions from electors respecting his future votes. I dined with Smith on the day that Pechell was returned to Parliament. "What are Pechell's politics?" I inquired of my host. "Oh, Whig, decidedly," was the answer. "Why Whig?" I asked. "Because he is at the head of the poll." "His broken leg," I observed, "has served him in

good stead." "It was," replied Horace, "the only leg he had to stand upon."

The Queen opens her first Parliament.

In 1838, I was appointed Groom-in-waiting to the Queen, just in time to have the honour of attending Her Majesty on the occasion of her opening her first Parliament in person. I was again in waiting upon the Queen on the day of her coronation.

The Queen's Coronation.

Visit to Charles Fox's Widow.

It was during one of my tours of waiting that the King and Queen of the Belgians were guests at Windsor Castle. Her Belgian Majesty's *dame d'atour*, Madame d'Hoogvoorst, expressed a great desire to see the widow of Charles Fox. Accordingly, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Mr. George Byng, Comptroller of the Household, now Earl of Strafford, and I, accompanied her to St. Anne's Hill. We experienced a most cordial reception. Our hostess, who lived very nearly a century, was in her ninety-third year, but still hale and handsome. She insisted upon showing us all over the house herself, pointing, among other things, to the tiny table on which Mr. Fox wrote his "James II." We all underwent a close scrutiny. When she came to George Byng she said musingly, "Ay, good looking enough, but not so handsome as old George," meaning Byng's uncle and namesake, who represented Middlesex in her husband's lifetime. I

CHAP. XII. reminded Mrs. Fox of my games of trap-ball with the statesman. She well remembered the circumstance, and explained that when the swelling in Mr. Fox's leg prevented him from walking, she used to encourage him to play this game with children as a means of taking exercise: "but," added she, "he required no encouragement from me, for you know, my dear, how fond he was of you all." I now learned that the Duke of Bedford was another of the boys with whom Fox had been in the habit of playing trap-ball.

We spoiled our dinners by a sumptuous luncheon. A profusion of costly wines was placed on the table. The butler, nearly as old as his mistress, kept constantly filling her glass. "If you don't take care," said the Duke of Bedford to him, "you will make the old lady quite tipsy." "And what if I do?" was the reply; "she can never be so in better company." Turning round to the old man, the Duke inquired whether there were many Tories in the neighbourhood. "Please your Grace," was the reply, "we're eat up with them."

In attendance on the Queen at her Marriage.

[1840.] *February 10th.*—I was in attendance upon the Queen on the occasion of her marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. After the ceremony I accompanied the Royal pair to Windsor.

Presented to the Princess Royal.

On the 23rd of November of the same year I had the honour of being presented by her father to

the Princess Royal of England, now Her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Prussia, that illustrious lady being at the time I was admitted to her presence scarcely eight-and-forty hours old. CHAP. XII.

[1841.] In August this year Lord Melbourne sent in his resignation. Mine followed as a matter of course, and thus my Court life was brought to a close. In November I was promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy by the Brevet in honour of the birth of the Prince of Wales.

I am now a full General, but my military career came virtually to an end at the time that I was *shelved* by an unattached majority.

In the Parliament of 1847 I was returned Member for Lymington. I held the seat for only two Sessions, urgent private business compelling me to accept that mysterious office under the Crown called the "Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds."

Alderman Reynolds.

My memory calls to mind a member of that Parliament who used to amuse the House with his sallies, Alderman Reynolds, who represented the City of Dublin on the Repeal interest.

A furious onslaught was once made on the Repeal party by an Orange Member conspicuous in those well-shaven days for a pair of moustaches —that ornament being usually worn only by Hussar Regiments and by the cavalry of the Household Brigade. The Alderman in reply

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designated his antagonist as the Honourable and *Gallant* Gentleman. "I am not in the army," interposed the Orangeman. "The Honourable Member says he is not in the army, but I think, if he has quitted the trade," here he put his hand to his own upper lip, "he ought to take down the *signboard.*"

[1849-1851.] By the death of my father in November, 1849, my brother, Augustus Lord Bury, became fifth Earl of Albemarle, and he dying in March, 1851, I succeeded to the family title and estates.

I accompany the Lord Mayor to Paris.

[1851.] The principal event of the year was the visit of the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London in answer to an invitation to them from the Préfet de la Seine and the Municipal Body of the French Metropolis, in acknowledgment of the hospitalities which their countrymen had experienced during the London International Exhibition.

A card was one day put into my hand inviting the Duke of Albemarle to be of the party. As no one had held that title for a hundred and seventy years, I thought that the representative of the Albemarle of the Revolution might fairly stand in the place of the Albemarle of the Restoration. So I wrote to the Préfet an acceptance of the proffered honour.

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Mr. James Stuart Wortley.

We, the guests, left London on Friday, the 1st of August. On board the steamer which conveyed us across all were strangers to me except Mr. James Stuart Wortley, a brother of the then Lord Wharncliffe, a Privy Councillor and Recorder of London, but better known to me as the *primo tenore* of the Hatfield House Theatrical Company of former days. A sudden lurch of the vessel nearly threw my friend off his balance. "Keep your luff, Jim," I called out, to the surprise of the municipals, who stood aghast at any one addressing so grave a functionary as their chief criminal judge in this familiar style.

A rough passage produced its usual effects, especially upon such of my shipmates as came from the East-end of London, and had been in the habit of faring sumptuously every day.

At Boulogne, we were received on the quay by the *élite* of the town. Passing under a series of triumphal arches, intended to betoken the *entente cordiale* existing between the two countries, we arrived at the buffet of the Railway Embarcadère. Here we sat down to a sumptuous repast. It is almost superfluous to say that we acquitted ourselves like Englishmen; and by the aid of *pâté de foie gras*, washed down by champagne, amply indemnified ourselves for our late discomforts at sea. One luxury, of which there was a goodly supply, remained untasted, to the manifest surprise of our

CHAP. XII. entertainers—some old Jamaica rum, of which they fully believed that we English, of whatever rank or sex, were in the habit of partaking as freely as they do of their *vin ordinaire.*

On our arrival at Paris, Sir Charles Musgrove, the Lord Mayor, was carried off in great state to the Hôtel de Ville, while we his suite, as we were considered, became inmates of the Hôtel Meurice.

I regret that I did not make a collection of the French daily records of this first week in August, as they would show in what light the office of Lord Mayor of London was viewed by our neighbours. They evidently considered this functionary to stand in the same relation to our sovereign as did the Maires du Palais in the olden times to the Carlovingian kings.

Lord Russell tells me that when, as a young man, the late Lord Romilly visited Paris, at a time when he was giving promise of making a figure at the bar, some French friend said to him, "To what dignities may you not aspire? You may become Lord Chancellor, who knows, even," added he, "Lord Mayor of London."

The few newspapers to which I have had access describing our visit, though they do not make any special reference to the social or political *status* of our metropolitan chief magistrate, show the impression his appearance produced upon the Parisians.

The *Journal des Débats*, describing a visit which the Lord Mayor paid to the Legislative Assembly, says: "Le très honorable Sir Charles Musgrove, Baronet, parait être âgé de soixante ans environ. Sa physionomie inspire déférence et respect. Jusqu' ici nous pouvons dire, aucun prince étranger n'a été reçu avec autant d'honneur que le Lord Maire dans l'Assemblée Legislative de France." CHAP. XII.

Another journal, speaking of the Lord Mayor when about to return to England, states that from "la physionomie franche et ouverte du très honorable Sir Charles Musgrove on pourrait dire d'avance ses bons et loyaux sentiments."

August 2nd.—Our entertainments began by a grand banquet given by the Préfet de la Seine. We went in a sort of procession from Meurice's to the Hôtel de Ville. We were saluted on our way by occasional greetings of welcome from the adult population, but we did not seem to be so much in favour with the little *gamins*, who showed their democratic proclivities by the shrill cry of "*À bas les aristos!*" *Dinner at the Hôtel de Ville.*

The dinner, such as no other capital in the world could produce, was given in the apartment where Robespierre received the wound which was still bleeding when it became his turn to pass under the knife of the guillotine. Our personal appearance at the feast was not such as to favourably

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dispose towards us so dressy a people as the French. By the stupidity, or, as some would have it, by the spitefulness of some Anglo-hating *douanier* at Boulogne, the luggage of many of our countrymen did not reach Paris until after the dinner hour. While some of the aldermen were habited in paletots and shooting-jackets, others wore their gowns of office. These last did not escape the *humeur moqueuse* of our hosts, who inquired what offence these poor gentlemen had committed to be compelled to wear robes of fur on such a piping hot day in August. The Lord Mayor's postilion attracted universal attention. He wore his state livery. The short, tailless jacket was one mass of gold lace. The richly bullioned cap was surmounted by a gilt semi-lion almost as large as its wearer. "Who is he?" inquired everyone. A Frenchman who pretended to be well qualified to answer, said it was the "Lord Mayor's *chasseur*, who attended Sa Seigneurie on all his hunting expeditions."

The health of the guests was gracefully proposed by the Préfet, and that it was as gracefully acknowledged, it is only necessary to say that Lord Granville was our spokesman.

Les grandes eaux de Versailles.

August 3rd.—The programme for this day was "Les grandes eaux de Versailles." As this was no new sight to me I did not go. Those who did came back in the worst possible temper. Armed

with their tickets of admission, they presented themselves at the garden at the appointed time. But no! no one could be allowed to enter before the arrival of "Le grand Lord Maire d'Angleterre." For two mortal hours city magnates "who had passed the chair" were kept kicking their heels outside the garden gates.

Visit to the Prince-President.

August 4th.—A *déjeuner à la fourchette*, given by the President of the Republic, Prince Louis Napoleon, at the Château de St. Cloud. When I first visited this same Château two Prussian sentries stood before the door, and Field-Marshal Prince Blücher was the self-constituted tenant. I was presented to the President by our Ambassador, Lord Normanby. His Imperial Highness was very civil, and walked with me some little time about the pleasure-grounds. He expressed his satisfaction at receiving my countrymen at a time when Paris was in such a state of tranquillity. "You see, Lord Albemarle," he added, "we can do very well without revolutions."

"Les Caméléons."

August 5th.—Review of the troops in the Champ de Mars. Grand ball at the Hôtel de Ville. I was present at neither. I went instead to the theatre, where I was told I should see Frenchmen enjoy a hearty laugh at their own expense. The piece was an extravaganza entitled "Les Caméléons; ou, soixante ans en soixante minutes, en six Tableaux et demi."

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By way of prologue, the god Proteus appears as cicerone to a sort of Prince Rasselas from the Happy Valley on a visit to a people especially under the influence of that sea-deity. This introduces the "Premier Tableau," which is intended to represent the Court of Louis XVI. The walls of the royal apartment, which are adorned with silver fleur-de-lis, are white—the first hue of the Caméléons. The courtiers also are in white from top to toe. They are all on pleasure bent, and are singing and dancing, without bestowing one thought on the morrow;

"Du prèsent il faut jouir,
Rions de l'avenir;"

when lo! "le deuxième Tableau" (First French Revolution). Scene—Paris. On every house is inscribed "Prison." The white courtiers have become Red Republicans, and their features undergo as complete a transformation as their dress. The dance of pleasure is changed into that of the *Carmagnole.* "Nous sommes libres!" shouts one. "Oui," respond the rest. "Égaux?" "Oui." "Frères?" "Nous sommes frères." They now say simultaneously, "Mon frère, tu m'es suspect." Each grasps his neighbour furiously by the collar and sings like a maniac a *vaudeville,* the burden of which is,—

"En prison
Toute la nation."

They have all dragged each other off to prison, with the exception of a fat little Caméléon, who, having nobody else to lay hold of, exclaims, "Je me suis suspect,', seizes his own throat, and carries himself off to the air of CHAP. XII.

"En prison."

"Troisième Tableau" (First Empire). Scene—an open field—a camp in the background. Grouped as trophies are the flags of all the nations of Europe (those of England alone excepted).

The Caméléons have become tricolores. They wear the uniform of the Grenadiers of the Old Imperial Guard. They have a thorough *blase* air. By way of passing the time, it is suggested that they should take some capital city. A map is brought. "Let us take Amsterdam." "We took that last night." "Madrid! C'est gentil à prendre." "We took Madrid the first thing this morning. But how stupid of us!" says one of them, "we have forgotten Berlin." To a soldier—"Va, prendre Berlin!" "And then Vienna! How droll nobody ever thought of Vienna!" To another soldier—"Va, prendre Vienne." The first soldier comes back. "Nous avons conquis la Prusse." The second, "Nous avons conquis l'Autriche." The preceding speaker then says with a yawn, "Since we have no more kingdoms to conquer, nothing is left us but

CHAP. XII. to repose on our laurels; but first let us raise a memorial to our achievements." The Caméléons throw their firelocks into a large cauldron, from which there straightway rises a representation of the column in the Place Vendôme.

"Quatrième Tableau" (Restoration of the elder Bourbons). Scene — The fleur-de-lis apartment. Here we have a crown and sceptre, a large genealogical tree, ribands and decorations of the order of St. Louis. The band plays royalist airs. A *vaudeville* is sung, of which the refrain is,—

"C'est aujourd'hui certain
Le droit divin."

The Caméléons are first black, implying that the Church party has regained its ascendency, but they afterwards resume the white.

"Tableau cinquième" (the Orleans Dynasty). This scene is a squib on the wholesale stock-jobbing which marked the reign of Louis Philippe. The Caméléons are blazing in gold and silver. The conversation turns wholly on scrip. Fortune, blindfolded and standing on a wheel, passes and repasses over the stage. "We are rolling in riches," is the cry; "but we want a change. Let us have a radical reform, and celebrate it by a banquet." A table is drawn across the stage. Fortune appears

for a moment; her wheel makes a retrograde movement; and the table suddenly changes into a barricade. This brings us to

"Tableau sixième" (the anarchy of 1848). Scene —a street in Paris. The street-lamps smashed to pieces, columns overthrown, trees cut down, "Maison à vendre" on every house. The Caméléons, once more Red Republicans, pass repeatedly to and fro. To make confusion worse confounded, the *rappel* is continually beating to arms. The Caméléons are in all the colours of the rainbow. One runs against the other. "Pardon, Monsieur," "Je ne m'appelle pas Monsieur," "Pardon, Citoyen, what is the name of this place?" It is "La Place de Louis XV.," cries one. "Pardon, c'est la Place de la Révolution," says another. "Pardon, c'est la Place de la Concorde," says a third. "It is now high time that——" here the actor looks towards the prompter, who, after a considerable row, is dragged out of his eggshell, and shows a blank page. The audience is angrily addressed from all parts of the house. The author is called for, and appears in the form of a small boy, who tells the audience that the history of the Caméléons stops there, but, without committing himself, ventures to hope that he may soon be able to announce "le plus heureux dénouement." Four months later was the famous "Coup d'État."

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The next day we, the British Municipals, had the honour of meeting the Prince-President at our Ambassador's in the Rue St. Honoré. Between two trees in the garden there had been a child's swing. The transverse bar and the ropes still remained. Bernal Osborne, pointing first to the ropes, and then to the sheriffs who stood beneath in their gold chains, asked me in a loud whisper whether he had not been invited to a hanging match.

My Memoirs of Lord Rockingham.

[1852.]—On Tuesday the 3rd of February my "Memoirs of the Marquess of Rockingham" first saw the light. I should have been content, as in a former edition, to pass over in silence any further mention of this work, but that since the publication of it I have become better acquainted with the early history of my hero, and I here give a revised sketch of his character.

Charles Watson Wentworth, second Marquess of Rockingham, born 19th March, 1730, was the youngest of five sons, none of whom, with the exception of himself, arrived at the age of manhood. He was educated at Westminster,[1] which in his, as in my time, found favour with the great Whig

[1] In an article which appeared in the *Times* upon Jesse's "Etonians," Lord Rockingham is stated to have been educated at that great seminary, and it is evident from the context that I was the means of misleading the writer.

families of the country. But little is known of him till the winter of 1745, when, at the age of fifteen, he went to Wentworth to pass the Christmas holidays. One morning he went out hunting, attended by a confidential groom, one Joseph Cobb. Night came on, but neither master nor groom made their appearance. The next day it was reported that Lord Higham, as he then was, and "Jos," were seen riding in a northerly direction. A short time afterwards a letter arrived from the truant himself, dated Carlisle, the head-quarters of the Duke of Cumberland, who had just taken the field against the Pretender. Zeal for the Whig cause had impelled him to join the royal army. His family were, or professed to be, much displeased with him for the anxiety his escapade had occasioned them. One only stood up for the youthful volunteer —his aunt, Lady Bel Finch,[1] who, being of a kindred temperament, rejoiced that "the monkey Charles had shown such a spirit." The letter which obtained his father's pardon has not been preserved. But amongst his own papers I found the following

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[1] Lady Isabella Finch, daughter of Daniel, Earl of Winchilsea, and sister of Mary, Countess of Malton, afterwards Marchioness of Rockingham. She was Lady of the Bed-Chamber to the three eldest daughters of George the Second. At the Coronation of George the Third some gentleman passing rudely by her, Lady Bel knocked him down with her fist.

CHAP. XII. to the Countess of Malton. It is without date, and written in a large schoolboy hand :—

"DEAR MADAM,

"When I think of the concern I have given you by my wild expedition, and how my whole life, quite from my infancy, has afforded you only a series of afflictions, it grieves me excessively that I did not think of the concern I was going to give you and my father before such an undertaking; but the desire I had of serving my king and country as much as lay in my power did not give me time to think of the undutifulness of the action. As my father has been so kind as entirely to forgive my breach of duty, I hope I may and shall have your forgiveness, which will render me quite happy.

"I am, Madam,

"Your very dutiful Son,

"HIGHAM."

But the "monkey Charles" was not really the scrapegrace which the tone of his letter might lead the reader to imagine. The "afflictions" of which he accuses himself to have been the cause, arose principally from the jeopardy in which his high spirits were constantly placing the frail form of his mother's only son. Like a genuine Yorkshireman, he was passionately fond of horses, and was never so happy as when on the back of an unbroken

thoroughbred colt. In the pursuit of his favourite amusement he was once thrown off and dragged for some distance by his foot hanging in the stirrup. From the effects of this accident he never completely recovered. It did not cure him of his love of rough riding. His niece Charlotte Countess Fitzwilliam, once saw him ride an untrained racer at a high wattled gate. The horse leaped short and, had well-nigh broken its own neck and that of its rider. The latter, however, nothing daunted, succeeded in the next attempt in forcing the animal to clear the leap.

Travelling one day between Newark and Grantham in his coach and six, and with a large suite, as was then customary for men of his wealth and station, Lord Rockingham found his retinue arrested in their progress by a pack of hounds crossing the road. Immediately the outrider on the swiftest post horse was dismounted, his spurs fixed on the heels of his master, and the next moment Lord Rockingham was seen flying across the country, while the flapping pistol holsters appeared to serve him as wings. I have been told another anecdote of Lord Rockingham, in which he appears in a still less dignified situation. On a "public day" at Wentworth, while waiting in his drawing-room to receive the whole of the North and West Ridings at dinner, his attention was arrested by a refractory

CHAP. XII. mule, which was trying to disencumber itself of the boy carrying letters to the post. The impulse was too strong to be resisted. Starred and gartered as he was, Lord Rockingham rushed downstairs, dismounted the letter-carrier, and seated himself in the saddle. The mischievous animal seems to have had an inkling of the quality of its new rider, for off it set at full gallop, and relaxed not its speed until it had lodged its honourable load in a horse-pond.

To Lord Rockingham is due the merit of having been the first to introduce an improved system of agriculture into his native county. He had two model farms at Wentworth, one managed by a Scotchman on the Scotch course of husbandry, the other by a Herefordshire man on the mode practised in that county, thus bringing under the observation of his neighbours and his tenantry two very different methods of cultivation.

Eighteen years the leader of a party, and twice summoned to the councils of his reluctant sovereign, this nobleman holds a prominent station in the reign of George III. Nor can it be objected to him that the fidelity of his adherents was secured by the ordinary ties of faction or interest. Faith to their leader was, to the Whigs, a virtual renunciation of all those rewards which a chief magistrate has it in his power to bestow. Their

adherence was the loyalty of respect and affection, not the casual allegiance of a cabal. It stood the test of long discouragement. It survived the severer trial of a brief official prosperity. The causes of the attachment of his followers must be sought in the character of the leader himself. Lord Rockingham possessed by nature a calm mind and a clear intellect; a warm, benevolent heart, of which amiable and conciliatory manners were the index. He was imbued with sound views of the principles of the Constitution, and with a firm resolution to make those principles the guide of his actions. If eloquence were the sole criterion of a great leader or a great minister, Rockingham would have but small claims to such a title. The malady which consigned him to the tomb when he was little more than fifty years of age had imparted to his frame a sensibility of nerve which only extraordinary occasions enabled him to overcome. He was a hesitating and an inelegant debater. His speeches, like those of the late Lord Althorp, commanded attention, not from the enthusiasm aroused by the persuasive arguments of the orator, but from the confidence placed in the thorough integrity and practical good sense of the man. He stood in a similar relation to a great minister—to a Fox, a Grey, a Russell, or a Gladstone—which an able chamber-counsel bears to an Erskine. He lacked

CHAP. XII. the outward graces—he possessed the inward power. If success in public measures be a test of ability, Rockingham stood pre-eminent. In no one year between the Revolution and the Reform Bill were so many immunities gained for the people, or, more properly speaking, so many breaches in the Constitution repaired, as in what was contemptuously called his "Lutestring Administration;"[1] and all too in the face of one of the ablest and most unscrupulous oppositions, of which the King himself was the head.

In his relations to George III., Rockingham was "impar congressus Achilli." He was thoroughly in earnest, but his earnestness was for his country. The King was likewise in earnest, but his earnestness was for his prerogative. Had George III. possessed common sincerity, Lord Rockingham's efforts to preserve the American colonies would probably have been effectual. But between the minister whose "virtues were his arts,"[2] and the monarch, who, like Lysander, pieced the lion's hide with the fox's skin, the struggle was unequal, and Rockingham was arrested in his career of usefulness, and added one more ministerial victim to royal duplicity.

[1] Charles Townshend said, the Rockingham "was a lutestring administration, fit only for summer wear."

[2] A quotation from Burke's inscription on the mausoleum at Wentworth, erected by the late Lord Fitzwilliam in honour of his uncle, Lord Rockingham.

The day on which my Memoirs of Rockingham were published was the first day of the sessions. At the request of Lord Lansdowne I consented to move the address in the House of Lords. On the same morning, as I was ruminating upon the Royal speech, of which mine was to be the echo, I received the Queen's commands to carry the cap of maintenance on the approaching ceremonial of Her Majesty's opening Parliament in person, the Marquess of Winchester, the hereditary bearer, having been prevented by indisposition from attendance. Although I arrived at the Palace of Westminster a good hour before the time, the Duke of Wellington, whose office it was to carry the sword of State in the same ceremonial, had preceded me, so the hour was most agreeably spent in a *tête-à-tête* with the illustrious veteran.

Duke of Wellington's last public pageant.

This was the last public pageant in which the Duke took a part.

The next time I saw the Field-Marshal was on the 15th of June at No. 6, Tilney Street, on the occasion of the marriage of Lord Newark, now Earl Manvers, with Georgiana de Franquetot, daughter of the Duc de Coigny. It was the house I had so well known when Mrs. Fitzherbert was its occupant, and recalled to mind the time when I used to sit on the Prince of Wales's knee. The extreme heat of the room sent me to the balcony. The

CHAP. XII. Duke of Wellington came there soon afterwards. We exchanged our reminiscences of the former owner of the house. The recollection of the very curious employment in which he had been jointly engaged with my father greatly amused him.

The Duke's last speech in Parliament.

This was the last wedding at which the Duke was present. That same afternoon, I remember seeing him at the House of Lords with the wedding favour in his button-hole, and hearing him address a few words to the House: it was the last speech that he uttered in Parliament.

Three days later I was the Duke's guest at the Waterloo banquet.

His last Waterloo banquet.

On the three preceding anniversaries of the battle, I had seated myself at the lower end of the room, as the junior officer present, and was about to do so again, when the Duke sent Lord Fitzroy Somerset to place me opposite himself. We dined that day off a superb China service given to the Duke by the King of Prussia, Frederick William III., each plate having special reference to some event in the great Captain's life, beginning with Eton College and ending with Waterloo. His Grace, who appeared in excellent health and spirits, hoped that he should have the pleasure of seeing us there again the following year. On his right hand

sat the Neapolitan Minister, Prince Castelcicala. Under the title of Count Ruffo he had served at Waterloo as a lieutenant in the Enniskillen Dragoons. In Siborne's list he appears among the killed, but there he sat that evening *in propriâ personâ*. "I will give you," said his Grace, "the health of an illustrious foreigner whom I had the honour of having under my command at Waterloo, Prince, Prince——" here he stopped. We all knew whom he meant, but did not dare to prompt him. At last Lord Sandys, who, as Lord Arthur Hill, had been his senior aide-de-camp in the action, called out, "The Field-Marshal gives the health of Prince Castelcicala." "Exactly so," said the Duke, "that's the name, Prince Castelcicala." These are the last words I ever heard him utter. CHAP. XII.

This was the Duke's last Waterloo banquet. We sat down to dinner, eighty-four in number. Of these, General Sir Charles Yorke, Constable of the Tower of London, General Lord Rokeby, Colonel of the Scots Fusilier Guards, and I are the only survivors.

In the November of that year I was present at the Duke's funeral.

A smile in the Lords.

[1853] I was witness to a curious scene in the House of Lords, on the 25th of April of this year, and as a very imperfect account of it is given in Hansard, I offer my version. The debate was on

CHAP. XII. the Clergy Reserves in the Canada Bill. Lord Derby made some remarks in his speech, from which the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Wilberforce) expressed his dissent by shaking his head and smiling. The noble Earl took exception at the gesture. The Bishop admitted the smile, but denied all intention of thereby imputing anything offensive.

Lord Derby: "I accept at once the explanation that has been offered by the Right Reverend Prelate; but when he tells me that it is impossible for him to say anything offensive, because he has a smiling face he will forgive me if I quote in his presence from a well-known writer, without intending in the least to apply the words to him:

"A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

Lord Clarendon: [in a voice of thunder.] "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Lord Derby: "What noble Peer is it whose nerves are so delicate as to be wounded by a hackneyed quotation?"

Lord Clarendon: "I am that Peer, and protest against any noble Lord applying, even in the language of poetry, the epithet of villain to any Member in the House—most of all do I deprecate the use of such an expression by a lay Peer towards a Right Reverend Prelate."

Peacemakers rose on both sides of the House.

The reporters had left the gallery—in those days the Reporters' Gallery was cleared on a division—the House was proceeding to a division. Lord Clarendon, who had been greatly excited, poured out a glass of water and drank it off. Lord Derby at the same time filled another bumper of water and called out across the table, "Your good health, Clarendon;" and so the affair ended. CHAP. XII.

Lord Derby was probably not aware that the same quotation from "Hamlet" had, more than fifty years before produced a somewhat similar scene in the House of Commons. My authority was the late Sir Robert Adair, who was present. The contending parties were Tierney and Pitt, who had fought a duel a short time before. Tierney was addressing the House. Pitt smiled contemptuously, upon which Tierney said, "The Right Honourable Gentleman smiles, but need I remind him that 'a man may smile and smile,——'" here he paused. "Take the fellow a message from me," cried Pitt to one of his followers; but before the bearer of the hostile mission could reach the Opposition benches, Tierney added,—"and yet be a minister." So the affair ended in a laugh instead of a fight.

Dinner at Lord John Russell's.

I dined this summer with Lord and Lady John Russell at Pembroke Lodge. My fellow guests were Sir George and Lady Grey, who, with myself, were invited to meet Mrs. Beecher Stowe. We

CHAP. XII. severally did our best to amuse the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a work which was at this time making a *furore* in London. "Depend upon it," whispered Lady Grey to me after dinner, "we shall all be down in the next book." So we were. For my own part I am well satisfied with the figure I cut in "Sunny Memories." Amongst other things, I am given credit for some characteristic and comical stories about the Duke of Wellington. One of these I remember, and as it amused Mrs. Beecher Stowe, it may have the same success with my readers. It is a squib on the autocratic manner in which the Iron Duke used to carry on duty in the latter years of his command of the Army.

Sitting next a lady at dinner who had a smelling-bottle containing musk, the Duke, according to my story, said to her, "In India, ladies put musk rats into their smelling-bottles." "They must be very small rats then," observed the lady. "Not at all, about the size of English rats." "Then their smelling-bottles must be very large." "Not at all, no bigger than yours." When the gentlemen entered the drawing-room, Lord Fitzroy Somerset whispered to the lady, "You now see the sort of difficulties we have at the Horse Guards; we are required to put very large rats into very small bottles."

In the course of the conversation I said jokingly to Mrs. Stowe, that in England a man might as soon kill

Mrs. Beecher Stowe on Fox-Hunting.

a man as a fox. Here are Mrs. Stowe's comments upon that observation: "At dinner the conversation turned upon hunting. I told Lord Albemarle that I thought the idea of a whole concourse of strong men turning out to hunt a fox or a hare—creatures so feeble and insignificant, and who could do nothing to help themselves—was hardly consistent with manliness, that if they had some of our Indian buffaloes the affair would be something more dignified and generous. Thereupon they all laughed, and told stories of fox-hunters. It seems that killing a fox except in the way of hunting is deemed among hunters an unpardonable offence, and a man who has the misfortune to do it, would be almost as unwilling to let it be known as if he had killed a man."

A dinner with Rogers, the Poet.

[1854.] It does not often happen to a man to be one of a dinner party of five, in which there should be two nonagenarians. Yet such was my lot, when, in the summer of 1854, I took my cousin, Sir Robert Adair, the diplomatist, to dine with Mr. Samuel Rogers, the poet. The late Duke and Duchess of Bedford completed our quintet.

The conversation at dinner turned upon the authorship of "Junius." I had my own theory on the subject. In the early editions of "Junius," the frontispiece represents bees hovering round a hive. Underneath are the words, "Nos numerus

CHAP. XII. sumus," a motto intending (and, as I conceived with truth) to imply that more than one person was concerned in the work. Throughout the letters George Grenville is spoken of in terms of eulogy to which neither his talents nor his conduct entitled him. According to my hypothesis he was not the author, but the originator of the Letters; he employed Mr. Charles Lloyd, his former secretary, a celebrated squib-writer of the day, author among other works of "A Pair of Spectacles for Short-sighted Politicians," to convey the materials for the work to Mr., afterwards Sir Philip Francis, who dressed them up in his own language; and after Mr. Grenville's death, Lord Temple continued to supply matter to Francis through the medium of Mr. Lloyd until within seventeen days of the latter gentleman's death. Since that time no letter of Junius ever appeared; a circumstance that may explain George III.'s observation to General Desaguilliers—"We shall hear no more of Junius."

The company were disposed to consider Francis as the whole and sole author. If he were so, he must have had a bad time of it at the Abbey—for he was a frequent guest of Francis and John, Dukes of Bedford, at whose house he used to meet Fox, Fitzpatrick, and Hare, all of whom thought very humbly of these letters in point of style and composition, and quizzed them without mercy in

presence of Francis, who, I was told, always appeared on tenter-hooks when this criticism was going forward. CHAP. XII.

"How," I asked Rogers, "could Francis accept the hospitalities of men whose grandfather he had so maligned?" I was answered that he was fond of good company and good cheer, and he was sure to find both at the Abbey. Of his love of the pleasures of the table the poet gave us a sample. At a city feast, Francis sat next a gentleman who was slowly enjoying some turtle-soup, evidently reserving a large lump of green fat for a *bonne bouche*. Sir Philip looked upon the process for some moments with an envious eye. At last he seized the delicious morsel with his fork and transferred it to his mouth. He then gave the stranger his card, saying, "Sir, I am ready to make you the most ample apology, or to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman, but I must say you had no right to throw such a temptation in my way." The citizen, much as he loved calipash, loved life more, and was content to accept the first of the alternatives.

Francis was too ready to give or receive satisfaction. I have heard that, one evening at Holland House, Lady Holland desired a gentleman (the late Mr. Allen, I believe) to find out from Francis himself if he were the author of "Junius." Thus

CHAP. XII. commanded, the gentleman inquired of Sir Philip whether he might ask him a question. "At your peril, Sir," was the reply. "Well," said Lady Holland to the gentleman, on his return, "is Sir Philip Francis 'Junius'?" "I don't know," was the answer, "if he is Junius, but he is certainly *Brutus.*"

Rogers and Adair died the next year (1855), and within a few months of each other.

Conclusion. The date of this last of my "jottings" reminds me that I have reached the period to which on embarking on this task I proposed to restrict my labours. It is, I think, therefore, high time for me to lay down my pen, and my readers who have had the patience to accompany me thus far will have probably arrived at the same conclusion.

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